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Edward
S. C.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LITERARY LADIES OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY

MRS. ELWOOD,

AUTHORESS OF "AN OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA."

PHILADELPHIA:

G. B. ZIEBER AND COMPANY.

1845.

C. SHERMAN, PRINTER,

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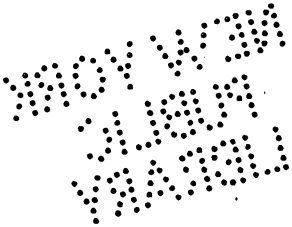
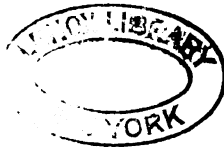
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PREFACE.

THE idea of the following work was first suggested to the writer, by her partiality to the literary performances of her own sex, and from her anxiety to obtain information concerning the lives and characters of those individuals in whose productions she took an interest, without, in general, being able to gratify her curiosity; for, though there are books professing to give an account of women, illustrious from their station, remarkable for their adventures, or celebrated for their worth and abilities, yet is she not aware of there being any published Biography of Literary Females of the past and present century.

It has been her wish to execute to the best of her ability the work she has undertaken, yet is she apprehensive that in some cases, from the difficulty of obtaining precise information, errors may be discovered in these volumes.

She begs, however, to deprecate the severity of criticism, by stating that they are intended only for such of her own sex, who, not feeling themselves equal to profound and abstract subjects, can derive amusement and information from what is professedly too light for the learned, and too simple for the studious.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

LADY MARY PIERREPOINT was born in 1690, at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire. She was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, fifth Earl of Kingston, who was, in 1706, created Marquis of Dorchester by Queen Anne, and, in 1716, Duke of Kingston by George I. He was the youngest of three brothers, who successively bore the title of Earl of Kingston. Their father was the son of William Pierrepoint, of Thoresby, surnamed "Wise William," who adhered to the Parliament, and was courted and caressed by Cromwell: whilst his brother, the second Earl of Kingston, was among the adherents of King Charles I., by whom he was created Marquis of Dorchester. Their mother was a Wiltshire heiress of the name of Evelyn, which ever since has been a favourite Christian name with her descendants.

The Countess of Kingston was Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of Basil, second Earl of Desmond and third Earl of Denbigh, whose nephew, Lieutenant-General Fielding, the son of his youngest brother John, was father of the celebrated author, Henry Fielding.

The Duke of Kingston was a man of pleasure and gallantry, feared rather than beloved by his children. In her letters, Lady Mary observes, that Richardson described his character without knowing it, when he delineated that of Sir Thomas, the dissipated father of Sir Charles Grandison. He retained a dignified and handsome appearance till late in life, and his granddaughter, the Countess of Bute, whilst quite a child, remembered his entering her mother's dressing-room, with the authoritative air of a person entitled to

admittance; when Lady Mary, who was at her toilet, all dishevelled as she was, with her long hair floating about her shoulders, according to the custom of the day, immediately fell upon her knees to ask his blessing.

He was advanced in years when he married, much to the annoyance of his family, the young and beautiful Lady Isabella Bentinck, daughter of the Earl of Portland. She was considerably the junior of her husband's daughters, who evidently considered her to have sacrificed herself to an old man solely from interested motives.

At the duke's death, in 1726, after the funeral had taken place, the widowed duchess saw company in state, according to the established fashion. The apartments and staircase were all hung with black cloth. The duchess, closely veiled with black crape, sat under a high black canopy, upright, in her state bed, at the foot of which, ranged like mutes in a tragedy, stood the grandchildren of the deceased duke. The room was lighted by a single wax taper, and she thus received the compliments of condolence, tendered in person by every lady upon her visiting list,—if relations, clothed in appropriate mourning,—who, amidst profound silence, curtsied in and out, approaching the bed with due solemnity, upon tiptoe.

Viscount Newark, the Duke of Kingston's only son, died before his father, at an early age, of that terrible disorder the small-pox, which at that time raged with impunity, carrying off persons of the highest rank and station. In Lord Petre's family, eighteen persons fell victims to it in the space of twenty-seven years, and he himself, celebrated in the "Rape of the Lock" as the ravisher of Arabella Fermor's hair, died of it at the age of three-and-twenty, just after his marriage with a young and beautiful heiress. Lady Mary herself suffered severely from it; and though her beauty was not seriously injured thereby, yet she lost her eyelashes in consequence, which gave an air of fierceness to her fine and brilliant eyes. In one of her two Eclogues, written in 1715, she probably describes her own feelings under those of the lady recovering from that disorder.

Lord Newark left a son and daughter, and the question upon whom the guardianship of his children was to devolve at the decease of his father, raised fierce cabals and contentions in the family. Lady Mary says, in one of her letters, "Mamma and I were in an actual scold when my poor father died. She has shown a hardness of heart upon this occasion that would appear incredible to anybody not capable of it themselves."

Eventually, Lady Frances Pierrepoint, for the care of whom four hundred pounds per annum were assigned, was placed under the charge of Lady Gertrude Pierrepoint, who had married William Cheyne, Viscount Newhaven.

The death of Lady Kingston, whilst her children were still so young, was a serious misfortune to them, as they

were consigned to the care of persons evidently not competent to undertake the charge of educating individuals of their rank and station in life. Lady Mary speaks of her own education as having been a very bad one. "Exactly the same as *Clarissa Harlowe's*," says she; "her pious Mrs. Norton so perfectly resembling our governess, who had been nurse to my mother, I could almost fancy the author had been acquainted with her. She took so much care from my infancy to fill my head with superstitious tales and false notions. It was none of her fault that I am not at this day afraid of witches and hobgoblins, or turned Methodist."

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Lady Mary Pierrepont early shewed signs of brilliant abilities; and the following anecdote, which she loved to recall, proves that she was an object of pride, if not of affection, to her young and fashionable father. He was a member of the Kit-Cat Club, consisting of the most eminent Whig statesmen and wits of the day,—so called from a pastry-cook of the name of Christopher Cat, famous for making matton pies, (also named after him,) which constantly formed part of their entertainment; and the portraits of its members, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, less than a full, and larger than a half-length, to adapt them to the height of their club-room, were termed Kit-Cat size, from the name of the club.

At one of their meetings, when they were choosing toasts for the year, Lord Kingston suddenly nominated his daughter, Lady Mary Pierrepont, then but eight years of age, as being prettier than any lady on the list, and to prove his assertion, he immediately sent for the child to be brought thither, when she was received by all present with acclamation. Her claims were unanimously allowed, her health was drunk with applause, and her name was engraved in form upon a drinking-glass. She was overwhelmed with flattery, praises, and caresses, and the ecstasy she felt on the occasion she had not words to express. Indeed, according to her own account, she never again passed so happy a day, and probably never again enjoyed so complete a triumph. It was, however, a most singular trial for a child, as the love of display and of admiration likely to be engendered by such a scene, might have laid the foundation for most unhappy effects; and indeed, throughout her whole life, Lady Mary appears to have had a craving for something which she never obtained.

She certainly never seems to have been happy, or contented even, with her situation. Neither in her single nor her married life, as a daughter, a wife, or a mother, did she find felicity, and her friendships were constantly interrupted and broken off by misunderstandings and quarrels. In allusion to her former life, she says to her sister, "Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us in possession of all we wanted. * * * These things convince me that we are here in an actual state of misery. I am satisfied I have been one of the condemned ever since I was born."

Whilst young, Lady Mary read with eagerness every thing which came in her way, and devoured with avidity the voluminous romances of Scuderi and Calprenède, which were then still fashionable. She began to make

verses, and some lines of her composition, written at the age of twelve years, are still in existence. She seems to have taught herself the learned languages, for in 1709 she says, "I am now so much alone, I have leisure to pass whole days in reading. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master. I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any very great progress; but I find the study is so diverting, I am not only easy but pleased with solitude that indulges it." In July, 1710, she sent to Bishop Burnet, who had occasionally kindly superintended her studies, her translation of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, saying, "Here is the work of one week of my solitude; by the many faults in it, your lordship will easily believe I spent no more time upon it; it was hardly finished when I was obliged to begin my journey, and I had not leisure to write it over again."

It was early in life that she undertook to do the honours of her father's house at Thoresby, and in those days it required no small degree of personal strength to undergo the fatigue of sitting at the head of the table, as the lady there installed, not only had to invite and to press her company to eat, but had also actually to carve every dish with her own hands, and each joint was brought up to her to be operated upon. There were then professed carving-masters, and Lady Mary took lessons three times a week, that she might be able to perform with grace and dignity on her father's public days; but on these occasions she took care to eat her own dinner beforehand, that she might have nothing to interrupt her functions as hostess. The gentlemen guests never thought of offering any assistance, as it would have been conceived an insult if the humblest individual at table had not been helped by the lady of the house. The duties of the master in those days consisted merely in pushing the bottle after dinner, and in keeping up the conviviality of the party.

Among the associates of Lady Mary in early life, may be enumerated Mistress Smith, as young ladies were then termed, the daughter of the Whig Speaker Smith; Dolly Walpole, as she was called by her friends, the sister of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Lady Townshend; Lady Anne Vaughan, the daughter and heiress of Lord Carberry, who married Lord Winchester, and was afterwards Duchess of Bolton; and Mrs. Anne Wortley, the second daughter of the Honourable Sydney Wortley Montagu, who was the second son of Admiral Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. The name of Wortley was taken in addition to that of Montagu by their son, upon his marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley. Lady Mary's intimacy with the sister soon led to an acquaintance with the brother, which terminated in a mutual attachment. Their first interview took place during a casual visit paid by her to Mrs. Wortley, at which he was accidentally present. Being himself a man of learning, and fond of polite literature, Mr. Wortley Montagu was delighted with the brilliant wit and cultivated mind of his sister's fair friend. Quintus Curtius having been mentioned, on Lady Mary's observing it was a book she had never read, a most superb edition was in a few days forwarded to her, with some complimentary lines on the title-page.

The flirtation thus begun was carried on by a brisk

correspondence with Mrs. Anne Wortley, whose answers, from their lover-like style, and from copies of some of them in Mr. Wortley's handwriting, it seems were composed by him, though sent in his sister's name. At her death, a more direct communication commenced between the two lovers; but even during the courtship a number of quarrels had already taken place. The fact seems to be that Mr. Wortley was jealous, and that Lady Mary was a coquette; indeed, she went to the blameable length of allowing her father so far to encourage another suitor, that her wedding-clothes were actually bought, the settlements completed, and the day for the marriage appointed.

When Mr. Wortley Montagu made his proposals to Lord Kingston, they were declined, on the grounds of his refusing to settle his estate upon his eldest son, and his lordship told him, "his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars." The other suitor having complied with all the requisitions of pin-money, settlements, and jointure, was accepted by him, without any reference to his daughter's inclinations. But the lady decided the point, by running away with Mr. Wortley Montagu. To the last moment, however, she appears to have been undetermined, and she subsequently told Mr. Spence that "she had not made up her mind till the evening preceding her marriage;" but her high spirit seems to have revolted at the threats of her father, of "confining her, if she disobeyed him, where she might repent at her leisure;"—in which determination he seems to have been supported by her nearest connexions.

In her correspondence with Mr. Wortley Montagu, she tells him she is extremely anxious to go to the Continent, as "she could not think of living in the midst of her relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step;" for "she had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations she had disobliged." However, notwithstanding all these hesitations, resolves, and scruples, she, after all, writes to him, "I again beg you to have a coach and be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of the way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks upon the road; you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you." They were married by special license, August 12th, 1712.

The rage of Lord Kingston, then Marquis of Dorchester, may be more easily imagined than described, and Lady Frances Pierrepont, apprehensive that, should her father be induced to examine her sister's papers, there might be some she might not wish to have inspected, hastily burnt all she could find, and amongst them a diary, which Lady Mary had kept for some years, and which she was not much pleased at losing. She continued her journal soon after her marriage, which, in time, became voluminous. This, too, was destroyed by her daughter, Lady Bute, who, after keeping it for some time, burnt it immediately before her own death in 1794.

The first three years after their marriage were spent by Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu chiefly in the country, occasionally visiting their friends, but principally in hired houses, either in Yorkshire or near Huntingdon. Their circumstances were evidently confined, and frequent

separations took place when her husband was attending parliament. Her letters to him are written in a somewhat querulous and discontented strain upon these occasions, and it might be imagined, that, though still attached to him, she already had begun half to repent of the step she had taken, in quitting the pomp and splendour of her father's establishment.

Lady Mary's son, the eccentric Edward Wortley Montagu, was born in 1713,—that son who was afterwards to cause his parents so much trouble, from the irregularity of his conduct. He appears to have been a delicate infant, and was already a source of anxiety to his youthful mother, who writes to her husband, "I am in abundance of pain about my dear child. Though I am convinced in my reason, 'tis both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on any thing in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far, as to think of parting with him, with the resignation that I ought to do. I hope, and I beg of God, he may live to be a comfort to us both."

The death of Queen Anne in 1714, and the accession of George I., with the change of parties that took place in consequence, produced a considerable alteration in the circumstances of Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, their friends being in the Whig interest, which then came into power. His connexion, Lord Halifax, became First Lord of the Treasury, and he himself was made one of the commissioners thereof. Lady Mary now emerged into the gay world from her solitude and retirement at Middlethorpe in Yorkshire, where she had been somewhat alarmed, it appears, from apprehensions of movements in favour of the Pretender, and from whence she had been repeatedly urging on her husband the propriety and expediency of his offering himself as a candidate, as member of parliament, for different places.

Lady Mary, from her rank, her wit, and her beauty, must have produced a considerable sensation at the court of George I., and it appears that she every where met with that admiration which was her due. She was intimate with most of the leading wits of the day, and a fatal celebrity is attached to her friendship with Pope, from the quarrel which subsequently induced them to traduce each other. This rupture, however, did not take place till some time after her return from Constantinople, and up to the period of their misunderstanding, from the acclamatory style of his letters, and from the following verses which Lady Mary communicated to her sister in 1720, but which he subsequently endeavoured to suppress, it is evident he felt a stronger attachment to her than he should have entertained for a married woman.

"Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here, to happier scenes it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterres, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
As the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart,

There stretched unseen, in covert hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

In the year 1716, the other powers of Europe, interposing to endeavour to effect a mediation between Austria and Turkey, which were then at war with each other, Mr. Wortley Montagu was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, and in the month of August, accompanied by Lady Mary and their infant son, he set out on the expedition. It was during this journey that the celebrated letters were written, which contain such interesting sketches of eastern manners.

They are principally addressed to her sister, Lady Marr, and to Pope: also to Lady Bright, the daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton of Playford, Suffolk, who died in 1744; Lady Rich, the daughter of Colonel Griffin, and the second wife of Sir Robert Rich, Bart., and Mrs. Thistlethwaite, both of whom were ladies of the court. One, apparently by command, was written to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. Of these letters, Lady Mary either kept at the time, or subsequently took, copies, transcribing them into a book which, in 1761, she herself gave to a clergyman of the name of Sowden, at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thought proper. Of this person, at her death, her son-in-law, Lord Bute, purchased them; but, to the surprise of her friends, a copy having been surreptitiously obtained, they suddenly appeared in print in 1763; since which time they have passed through various editions, and the book has become a standard work of reference with oriental travellers.

The route of Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu lay through Rotterdam, the Hague, Nimeguen, Cologne, Nuremberg, and Ratisbon, to Vienna, which place they reached early in September, 1716, where they spent a month. They then returned by Prague and Leipsic, to Hanover, where the English court was then staying, apparently for fresh instructions. Again returning to Vienna, they started from thence on the 15th of January, 1717, and went by Raab and Buda to Peterwaradin, crossing the then frozen Danube on the 26th of that month. At Betsko, a place half-way between Peterwaradin and Belgrade, they were, as it were, handed over to the Turks, and under their charge, crossing the mountains of Haemus, after four days they reached Sophia, a beautiful city situated on the river Isca, where Lady Mary paid a visit to the bagnio or public baths for women. Then continuing their journey over ridges and hills between the ranges of Hæmus and Rhodope, they reached Philippolis, whence they proceeded to Adrianople, where they arrived about the end of March, and passed some time, and where they found the Sultan Achmet III., who resided in this place in preference to Constantinople. It was here also that Lady Mary first visited the Grand Vizier's lady, the Sultana Hafitum, and the beautiful Fatima, whom she subsequently again saw at Constantinople, and the account of whom recalls to mind the descriptions in the Arabian Nights.

In May they proceeded to Constantinople, and at Pera they took up their abode in a palace from whence they saw "the port, the city, and the seraglio, and the distant hills of Asia, perhaps altogether the most beautiful prospect in the world." Here, early in the following year, was born Lady Mary's only daughter, who was afterwards Countess of Bute. During the hot weather they retired to the village

of Belgrade, situated fourteen miles from the shores of the Bosphorus, which, from her account, appears to have been a perfect elysium, and where she thus describes her life:

"Monday, setting of partridges; Tuesday, reading English; Wednesday, studying the Turkish language; Thursday, classical authors; Friday, spent in writing; Saturday, at my needle; and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing of music."

It was during her residence at this charming village, that, after due inquiry, Lady Mary had the heroic courage to try upon her only son the experiment of inoculation, which custom she afterwards introduced into England, and which eventually she had the pleasure of seeing generally adopted, notwithstanding the great opposition which it first had to encounter, from the religious scruples and prejudices of some individuals, but particularly from medical men, who, foretelling failure, and the most disastrous consequences therefrom, rose in arms against it.

Mr. Wortley, failing in his negotiations between the belligerent powers, in consequence of the Imperialists requiring from the Turks a complete cession of all the territories acquired by them during the war, received in 1718 letters of recall, and with his family he accordingly left Constantinople, sailing from thence on the 6th of June.

Anchoring off the famous promontory of Sigæum, Lady Mary had the pleasure of visiting the tomb of Achilles, and the supposed site of Troy, and on their voyage, of seeing

"Th' immortal islands and the well-known sea:
There where so oft the muse her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung."

Being driven by a tempest on the coast of Africa, they had an opportunity of visiting the ruins of Carthage. Thence they crossed the Mediterranean to Genoa; and continuing their route by land, they stopped at Turin, where Lady Mary was introduced to the Queen of Sardinia, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, by Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I., and the wife of Victor Amadeus II.

The House of Savoy, deducing their origin by females from Stephen and Matilda, (an ancestor of whom had married Occa, the sister of Edward the Confessor,) Victor Amadeus founded thereon a sort of claim to the English crown, in addition to the rights of the queen, who was, after the Pretender, the next thereunto in hereditary succession, she being the granddaughter of Charles I., whilst King George I. was the great grandson of King James I. At this time the House of Hanover had but recently ascended the throne of Great Britain, and the Queen of Sardinia, who was particularly courteous to Lady Mary, did not forget to remind her of her English blood, adding, "she always felt in herself a particular inclination to the English."

On the second day after leaving Turin, the travellers "began to ascend mount Cenia, being carried in little seats of twisted ozers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders: their chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules." So much did Lady Mary suffer from the fatigues of this part of her journey, that at Lyons she was taken dangerously ill.

At Paris, which they reached in October, she had the unexpected pleasure of meeting with her sister, the Countess of Marr, who, since her husband's attainder, had resided

upon the Continent. It was during the height of the excitement of Law's Mississippi scheme that they arrived, for Lady Mary says, "she saw an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute in Paris—Mr. Law, who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect." They landed at Dover, October 30th, 1718, having been absent from England somewhat more than two years.

Lady Mary's adventures, in addition to her beauty, wit, and talents, now rendered her more than ever an object of celebrity and admiration. Even at the present day, it would be a considerable undertaking for a young woman of Lady Mary's rank to travel with an infant in the depth of winter from Vienna to Adrianople; and at that time a fierce war was raging, which rendered it more than ordinarily hazardous.

Soon after their return, notwithstanding the signal failure of the Mississippi scheme, arose in England the almost equally unfortunate one of the South Sea-Company.

Lady Mary appears to have been silly enough to have entered into the South Sea scheme, in which adventurers of all sorts and descriptions then speculated; but she got into a terrible scrape with a Frenchman, of the name of Ruremonde, who, whilst he deposited money in her hands with which to purchase stock, had the presumption to address her as a lover. When the bubble burst, and the stock fell, he appears alternately to have threatened her with exposure by the publication of her letters, and to have annoyed her by urging his suit; whilst she writhed with agony at the idea of the exposure, and of its reaching the ears of her husband, who was particularly sensitive and honourable in all money transactions.

The mystery in which this transaction was involved gave occasion to the scandal-mongers of the day to whisper insinuations prejudicial to the fair fame of Lady Mary. But however severely she might have felt this, she could scarcely blame in others that of which she was so often guilty herself,—she being always fond of retailing the gossip and the piquant anecdotes of the day, not always indeed confining herself within the strict bounds of propriety. But it must be remembered that, in her youth, the nation was not yet recovered from the flood of infidelity, immorality, and indecency, with which it was inundated under the reign of Charles II., and coarseness of phrase, and indelicacy of sentiment, too often characterized even the classic writers of the reign of Queen Anne.

Her friendship with the beautiful Mrs. Murray, the granddaughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, was broken off by her composing and circulating a ballad, founded on circumstances that had occurred to her, of a particularly disagreeable nature, and to which no female of delicacy would have wished to have reverted. But indeed, by the pungency of her satire, Lady Mary appears to have alienated many of her friends, and her life seems at this period to have been pretty much occupied with polite squabbling. She says of herself, that "she runs about, though she has five thousand pins and needles running into her heart." But though she asserts "that she shall certainly go to heaven from the meekness of her temper," want of spirit could never have been reckoned among the faults of her disposition.

After their return to England, at the earnest request of

their friend Pope, the Wortley Montagus took up their abode at Twickenham, where they purchased a house, the cares of which, and the education of her daughter, for some time formed Lady Mary's chief amusements. In 1722 she tells her sister "there is some sort of pleasure in showing one's fancy upon one's own ground;" and with allusion to her little girl, she says, she tries to console herself with a small damsel who is at present all that she can wish, "but, alas! she is still in a white frock."

She, however, did not altogether abandon the gaieties of high life, for in October 1723, in describing the birthnight she says, "you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at, but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there. To say the truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show days, to keep the court in countenance." She likewise occasionally joined the royal hunts in Richmond Park, passing many hours on horseback, and in stag-hunting with the Prince of Wales, who about this time, seems to have admired her more than was pleasing to the princess. But after his rupture with the king, as Lady Mary regularly attended his majesty's parties, the prince withdrew his favour, and the princess became more gracious.

Whilst at Twickenham, Lady Mary was on intimate terms with the Duchess of Montagu, the youngest daughter of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, and also with her mother Sarah, the famous duchess, with whom, though both parties contrived to quarrel with all the world besides, she always contrived to keep on good terms. Among her associates, also, were Lady Stafford, the daughter of Count de Grammont and of La Belle Hamilton, and "her dear Molly Skerrett," whose injured reputation was subsequently patched up by a marriage with her seducer Sir Robert Walpole. At a later period, she became acquainted with Lady Oxford, the daughter and heiress of the Duke of Newcastle, and the mother of the Duchess of Portland; also with the Countess of Pomfret, the granddaughter of the notorious Lord Jeffries, with whom, in 1740, she spent some time at Florence.

With Pope, she was at first on the most intimate terms, and in 1720, when he finished his translation of the *Iliad*, Gay wrote him a complimentary poem, in which he enumerates the host of friends who welcomed the poet home from Greece. Among them Lady Mary stands conspicuous.

"What lady's that to whom he gently bends?

Who knows not her! Ah, those are Wortley's eyes!

How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends,

For she distinguishes the good and wise!"

She even, at his entreaty, sat to Sir Godfrey Kneller for him, in her Turkish dress, and his note acknowledging the favour shows the feelings with which he regarded it.

"The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year. I know no more of Lady Mary Pierpoint than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers, as I am with Sappho's. But now — I cannot say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow

me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw your face first, which, he says, can never be set right on your figure, if the drapery and posture be finished first. To give you as little trouble as possible, he purposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your own house of a morning, from whence he will transfer it to canvass, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner they seldom draw any but crowned heads, and I observe it with a secret pride and pleasure. Be so kind as to tell me, if you can, he should do this to-morrow at twelve. Though if I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you like best: let every decorum you please, be observed; I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desired any at the expense of your quiet or conveniency in any shape."

The picture, with which he was charmed, produced the following extemporaneous compliment from his pen:—

"The playful smiles around that dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth—
So would I draw, (but it is vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny,)
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue joined;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the soul's divine,
And the whole Princess in my work should shine."

The origin of her quarrel with one who had thus sung her praises, and loaded her with incense and adulation, appears to be wrapt in some obscurity; but Lady Mary's statement was, that on one occasion he made such passionate love to her, that, instead of looking grave and angry, she turned his addresses into ridicule, by bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, and Pope never forgave this slight to his pretensions.

In his anger he also attacked Lady Mary's most intimate friend, the celebrated Lord Hervey, who was son to the Earl of Bristol, and who in 1720 married the beautiful Miss Lepell, elegantly described by Gay as "Youth's youngest daughter, fair Lepell." He was chamberlain to George II., and took an active part in the politics of the day. By Pope, who satirized his former friend Lady Mary, as Sappho, Lord Hervey is lashed as "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny." But the odium recoils upon the poet who could be so unmanly as to attack a woman; that woman too, one for whom he had once felt and avowed a strong attachment.

With Lord Hervey, Lady Mary corresponded till his death, which took place in 1743; but her intimacy did not extend to Lady Hervey. The Herveys were a clever but eccentric race, of whom it was said that the world consisted of "men, women, and Herveys."

With their only son Edward, Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu appear to have had, from the first, very great trouble, though it is to be doubted whether they behaved towards him with the usual affection of parents to their children. In 1725, Lady Mary says, with no slight degree of bitterness, "My blessed offspring has already made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my

son, took to his heels t'other day, and transported himself to Oxford, being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the university. After a good deal of search, we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy."

In 1737, she again writes, "I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who has contrived at his age to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting God knows where; and hitherto it is impossible to find him." Whilst yet under age, young Montagu, to a certain extent, ruined himself by contracting a marriage with a woman of very low degree, many years older than himself; and he appears subsequently to have been commanded by his parents to remain in Holland, and not to come to England. When he met his mother at Lyons, in 1742, by appointment, he was directed to assume the feigned name of Durand, and she was greatly displeased with him for mentioning to others their acquaintance.

By his parents he was considered as weak, which should have been a claim upon their indulgence, rather than a reason for severity; by others he was well thought of, and esteemed amiable and pleasing. Lady Mary, indeed, could see in him nothing but faults, and would have approved of his father's disinheriting him. She was extremely displeased with him for running into debt; but one thousand pounds would have paid off his creditors, and three hundred a year was but a small sum, it must be allowed, for the son and heir of a man of Mr. Wortley Montagu's large fortune. Perhaps to their own injudicious treatment of him, many of his follies and errors are to be ascribed.

At one time he settled in Turkey, where he assumed the habits and manners of a native, and at Warwick Castle is a picture of him in his oriental costume. He eventually died at Lyons in 1776, when about sixty-three years of age, just as he was about to return to England, with the intention of marrying, to prevent his property going to the family of his sister the Countess of Bute. His death was occasioned by a bone sticking in his throat, whilst eating a boccone for supper.

In allusion to him, Mrs. Ficom, in her travels in 1786, says, that "Lady Mary's learned and highly accomplished son imbibed her taste and talents for sensual delights, has been long known in England: there is a showy monument erected to his memory at Padua, setting forth his variety and compass of knowledge, in a long Latin inscription. The good old monk who showed it me seemed generously and reasonably shocked, that such a man should at last expire with somewhat more firm persuasion of the truth of the Mahometan religion than any other; but that he doubted greatly of all, and had not for many years professed himself a Christian of any sect or denomination whatever."

So have I seen some youth set out,
Half Protestant, half Papist;
And wandering long the world about,
Some new religion to find out,
Turn infidel or atheist."

In 1739, after the death of her friend Lady Stafford, in

consequence of her own health failing, or from some other inexplicable cause, Lady Mary separated from her husband and retired to the continent, where she continued for twenty-two years; indeed, till the time of his death, which took place in 1761. The motive for this arrangement must for ever remain a mystery, as from their correspondence they appear, if not an affectionate couple, at all events to have been upon very friendly terms—perhaps better when at a distance than when together, as besides Lady Mary's high spirit and asperity of temper, to a man of Mr. Wortley's refinement her want of delicacy in conversation and cleanliness in her person must have been very unpleasant.

In the first instance, Lady Mary went by Paris, Dijon, and Turin, to Venice, where she made some stay; and in the following year (1740) she made an excursion to Florence, where she spent two months with the Countess of Pomfret. Whilst there, one celebrated contemporary, Horace Walpole, who met her, describes her as "old, dirty, tawdry and painted;" another (Spence) says, "I always desired to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were so often together in London. Soon after we came to this place, her ladyship came here, and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world; but she is like a comet—she is all irregularity, and always wandering—the most wise, most imprudent, loveliest, most disagreeable, best natured, cruellest woman in the world."

From Florence she went to Rome and Naples, returning afterwards by Genoa to Geneva, and from thence to Chamberi, where, in November 1741, she fixed her abode till the following spring, when, by Mr. Wortley's desire, she went to Lyons to meet her son, with whom she spent a couple of days at Valence. She afterwards spent a considerable time at Avignon. From thence, in the summer of 1746, she proceeded to Brescia in Italy, under the escort of the Count de Palazzo, as travelling, on account of the then disturbed state of the continent, was considered to be unsafe. She was scarcely arrived there, when she was seized with a violent fever, from which, after receiving the kindest attentions from the family of the Count, she slowly recovered, and was then ordered to Louvres, on the Lake Iseo, to drink the waters, which resemble those of Tanbridge, for the ague with which she was still harassed.

It was here that, in 1752, she purchased a rambling old palace, fitting up some of the dilapidated apartments for her own use, and occasionally allowing her neighbours to turn some of the others into a temporary theatre, the building being on so extensive a scale that she suffered no inconvenience from the accommodation to them. Here she passed the greater part of the remainder of her days in philosophic retirement; devoting herself to her garden and her flowers, her vines and her orange trees, and employing her leisure hours in reading, and in corresponding with Mr. Wortley and her daughter, Lady Bute. She thus describes her life, which she says is "as regular as that of any monastery."

"I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted put myself at the head of my needlewomen, and work till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have

at present two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care: my bees and silkworms are doubled. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books. I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve, I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at picquet or whist, till it is time to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishing of this part of the river belongs to me, and my fisherman's little boat (to which I have a green lutestraining awning) serves me for a barge." She adds, "I confess I sometimes long for a little conversation;" though, as she observes, "Quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be expected at my age, for my health is so often impaired that I begin to be as weary of it as mending old lace: when it is patched in one place, it breaks out in another."

This once brilliant court beauty was now become so indifferent to her personal appearance, that, speaking of her looks, she says, "I know nothing of the matter, as it is now eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, that I resolved to spare myself the mortification for the future."

Now, instead of being engrossed with gaiety and fashion, she amused herself with instructing her neighbours in the mysteries of making bread; introduced among them French rolls, custards, mince-pies and plum-pudding, and improved them in the art of churning butter. She soon became so popular, that, to her great surprise, she found there was a project on foot to erect her statue: "They were so obstinate in their design, I was forced to tell them my religion would not permit it. I sincerely believe it would have been worshipped when I was forgotten, since I was to have been represented with a book in my hand, which would have passed for a proof of canonization."

Her love of reading continued to the last, even after her eyesight became impaired. On one occasion she observes, "I yet retain, and carefully cherish, my love for reading. If relays of eyes were to be hired like post-horses, I would never admit any but silent companions: they afford a constant variety of entertainment, which is almost the only one pleasing in the enjoyment, and inoffensive in the consequence."

Her daughter, Lady Bute, took care to send her a good supply of books from England; and that she still retained an affection for her native land, is evident from a little burst of feeling, upon one occasion, on receiving a parcel from thence, which all those who have been for any time at a distance must feel to be most natural: "Every thing that comes from England is precious to me, even to the hay that is employed in packing." Her letters to her daughter are full of criticisms and observations on the authors she had perused; they are witty, instructive, and entertaining.

Laughingly alluding to her love of fiction and amusing books, she says, "Daughter, daughter, don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, and stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusements. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and

the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this would be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough who passed the latter years of her life in contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praises from others—eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting.

"The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I could confine it to valuable books, they are almost as scarce as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps at this very moment riding on a piker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise, I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people, but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both obtain very desirable ends."

"I thank God I still retain my taste for the gay part of reading. Wise people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is at worst better than the generality of conversation."

"I wish your daughter to resemble me in nothing but the love of reading, knowing by experience how far it is capable of softening the cruellest accidents of life; even the happiest cannot be passed without many uneasy hours, and there is no remedy so easy as books, which, if they do not give cheerfulness, at least restore quiet to the most troubled mind. Those that fly to cards or company for relief, generally find they only exchange one misfortune for another."

"I have now lived almost seven years in a stricter retirement than yours in the island of Bute, and can assure you I have never had half an hour heavy on my hands for want of something to do. Whoever will cultivate their own minds will find plenty of employment."

On one occasion she gave a somewhat laughable instance of the interest she could take in a new book; as she says, alluding to some just arrived, "They amused me very much. I gave a ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my granddaughter than myself: I returned from a party on horseback, and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was late at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it, and falling immediately upon Fielding's works, was fool enough to sit up all night reading."

Next to her books, her garden appears to have afforded her the most unmixed pleasure, and having converted a vineyard into one, she amused herself with forming bowers, covered walks, and rustic apartments. She says, "I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading, and as my eyesight will now permit me little of that,

I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my old age, now pen and needle are almost useless to me."

"I have planted a great deal of tea in my garden, which is a fashion lately introduced into this country, and has succeeded very well. I cannot say it is as strong as the Indian, but it has the advantage of being fresher, and at least unmixed."

One of the amusements of her leisure hours, about 1752, was the writing the history of her own times; but unfortunately for posterity, as it could not fail to have been highly interesting and entertaining, from her wit, knowledge of the world, and powers of description, she regularly, as she informed her daughter, burnt every quire as soon as it was finished. Indeed, at all times she appears to have shrunk from the character of an authoress, and seems to have keenly felt the disadvantages of the celebrity and notoriety which attended her. She observed to Lady Bute, when a girl, that "those who cannot but feel they are deficient in ability always look with a mixture of fear and aversion on people cleverer than themselves; regarding them as born their natural enemies. If, then, you feel yourself flattered by the reputation of superiority, remember that to be the object of suspicion, jealousy, and a secret dislike, is the sure price you must pay for it." Upon this occasion she probably spoke feelingly, for few persons have been more the object of spite and malice than Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and possibly the rank, beauty, wit, and talents, that procured her unbounded admiration, at the same time raised the spirit of envy in those who felt her superiority.

Notwithstanding what she says of the retirement of her life, her society was evidently much courted, not only by her own countrymen, but also by the Italians. She gives one or two amusing descriptions of the visitations, as they deserve to be termed, to which she was liable, sometimes apparently at inconvenient moments. On one occasion, January, 1748, she says, "The way of living in this province is, I believe, what it is in the ecclesiastical parts of Scotland, and was in England a hundred years ago. I had a visit in the holidays of thirty horses of ladies and gentlemen, with their servants. They came with the kind intention of staying with me at least a fortnight, though I had never seen any of them before, but they were all neighbours within ten miles round. I could not avoid entertaining them at supper, and by good luck happened to have a large quantity of game in the house, which, with the help of my poultry, furnished out a plentiful table. I sent for the fiddles, and they were so obliging as to dance all night, and even dine with me the next day, though none of them had been in bed, and were much disappointed I did not ask them to stay, it being the fashion to go in troops to one another's houses, hunting and dancing together, a month in each castle. The trouble of it is not very great, they not expecting any ceremony. I left the room about one o'clock, and they continued their ball in the saloon above stairs, without being at all offended at my departure."

At another time she received a visit from the Duchess of Gualstalla, with the greater part of her suite, in the same free and *sans cérémonie* manner. "She (the Duchess) entered with an easy French style, and told me, since I would not oblige her by coming to her court, she was re-

solved to come to me, and eat a salad of my raising, having heard much fame of my gardening. You may imagine I gave her as good a supper as I could. She was (or seemed to be) extremely pleased with an English sack-posset of my ordering. I owned to her fairly that my house was much at her service, but it was impossible for me to find beds for all her suite. She said she intended to return when the moon rose, which was an hour after midnight; in the meantime I sent for the violins to entertain her attendants, who were very well pleased to dance, while she and her grand-master and I played at picquet. She pressed me extremely to return with her to her jointure-house. I excused myself, not daring to venture, in the cold night, fifteen miles."

About the year 1758, Lady Mary quitted her philosophic retirement at *Louvères* for Venice; of which she says, "There is no city so proper for the retreat of old age as Venice, where we have not the *embarras* of a court, no devoirs to force us into public, and yet (which you will think extraordinary) we may appear there without being ridiculous." But as in society, and when among her equals, she could seldom avoid the entering into polite squabbles and tracasseries, so here she was rendered very uncomfortable by the want of courtesy on the part of the British resident, Mr. Murray, with whom she seems to have had a misunderstanding. But for this she was in some degree indemnified by the society of her friends, Sir James and Lady Frances Stuart, with whom, in 1754, she had formed an acquaintance, which now ripened into intimacy. Sir James having been attainted on account of his adherence to the Pretender, Lady Mary, both before and after her return to England, exerted herself greatly in his behalf, particularly with her son-in-law, the Earl of Bute, who, after having been preceptor to George III., was in 1760, after his accession to the throne, created by him prime minister.

The death of Mr. Wortley Montagu, which took place in 1761, appears to have removed the cause of Lady Mary's abode upon the continent, or, at all events, she yielded to the entreaties of her daughter to return to England. Early in the following year she arrived in London, where, in speaking of her house, she sarcastically says, "I am now most handsomely lodged; I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor." Her society was as much courted as ever, and her eccentricity appears to have been as great as in former years. Her old enemy, Horace Walpole, thus severely describes her when nearly seventy years old: "I have seen her; I think her dirt and her vivacity are all increased: her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries. She wears no cap or handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes: an old black lace hood represents the first; the fur of a huntsman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last."

Her connexion and sister wit, Mrs. Montagu, mentions her in more favourable terms, in writing to her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Robinson. She says, "You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be re-

served for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory which is perhaps unique. Several persons visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousin Germans; and though she had not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained, by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestique is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine that you are in the first story of the tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Poland; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times, without the expense of an act of parliament."

A cancer, the cruel disorder which had for years been preying upon her frame, the agonies of which she had borne with great heroism, and which probably was the cause of Lady Mary's apparent neglect of her person and dress, together with other infirmities, deprived her of life six months after her arrival in England; on the 21st of August, 1762, she expired in the arms of her daughter, the Countess of Bute.

Strange to say, the only memorial, public or private, to this singularly talented woman, and one who had conferred on her country the benefit of inoculation, is a cenotaph in Lichfield cathedral, with Beauty weeping the loss of her preserver, and an inscription which thus concludes—"To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence, and to express her gratitude for the benefit she herself received from this alleviating art, this monument is erected by Henrietta Inge, relict of Theodore William Inge, and daughter of Sir John Wrottesley, Bart., in 1789."

For beauty, wit, learning, and ability, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu must take a very high rank among the illustrious, not only of her own, but of every age. To the courts of George I. and II. she was a brilliant ornament, from her rank and charms; whilst her ready repartee, and the extent of her information, rendered her conspicuous among the literati of the Augustan age of English literature. She was intimate with her husband's friends, Addison and Steele; with Pope and his coterie; with Young, Fielding, and indeed with most of the wits of that period.

Her virtues were her own; and for that decision of character and patriotic energy which induced her to introduce the practice of inoculation, she is entitled to the gratitude of her country; whilst to her education, and to the age in which she lived, is to be attributed the greater part of her faults. Beautiful, high-spirited, and talented, committed in infancy to the care of a superstitious old nurse, in early youth placed at the head of the establishment of a dissipated man of fashion, and plunged at once into all the gaieties of high life, where her rank, her brilliancy, and her wit, attracted universal admiration, is it to be wondered at if her head were somewhat turned? By the unfortunate loss of her mother, she had not the benefit of a kind and accomplished female to superintend her education, to soften her heart, and to polish her manners; hence

probably the want of feminine qualifications in her, the absence of delicacy, and the coarseness of thought and expression, the want of conciliation, and of attention to propriety and cleanliness.

She was an object not only of admiration but of envy to her contemporaries; and in that *but* how much is comprehended! It will account for the greater part of the ill-natured stories that were put into circulation about her, and which, from her celebrity, and her connexion with wits and satirists, have been preserved and handed down to posterity. She, indeed, severely felt the pains and penalties attached to superiority of talents in a female, and on one occasion she observes, "The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusements of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented at a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me, I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken; it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way; I have always carefully avoided it, and have even thought it a misfortune."

Lady Mary seems not to have published any thing in her lifetime. Her Letters from the East appeared surreptitiously soon after her death; and at various times there crept into circulation a number of her fugitive poems. It would have been better for her fair fame had these latter never been penned; but such was the taste of the day, and in particular of that coterie of wits in which she used to sparkle—Pope, Swift, and others. A more pleasing and delicate style marks her correspondence in later years, especially when addressing her daughter, the only individual for whom she seems ever to have felt uninterrupted affection. In her letters from the banks of the lake Isco, a spirit of philosophy and an air of tranquillity appear throughout, that place her in a far more amiable light, in her retirement, as the recluse of *Louvères*, than when shining the wit and the *bel esprit* of the court of the English monarch.

Lady Mary was survived by her two children. Her son died at Lyons in 1776; her daughter Mary in 1794. The latter married the Earl of Bute, who was prime minister from 1760 to 1763. The present Lord Wharnccliffe has lately published a new edition of the works and correspondence of his celebrated great grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It is to Lady Louisa Stuart that the world is indebted for the many curious and amusing anecdotes of her grandmother, which appear in that edition of her works.

MRS. DELANY.

ALTHOUGH the few letters extant of Mrs. Delany's inditing, perhaps scarcely entitle her to claim a station among the literary characters of Great Britain, yet was she so intimately connected with those who rank as such, and her name is so associated with literary reminiscences, that, as the earth which had dwelt with the rose, exclaimed, "I am not the rose, though I have so imbibed its fragrance as to be mistaken for it," so might Mrs. Delany observe, "Though not literary myself, yet have I so long

dwelt with those who are, that I may well deserve to be considered as belonging to them."

Born with the last century, Mrs. Delany's dawning days saw William III. firmly seated on the throne of the Stuarts; and her setting sun beheld that race all but extinct, and the house of Hanover established as the sovereigns of Great Britain. In her early youth she heard of the rebellion of 1715; in her middle age, of that of 1745, in favour of that unfortunate race of princes; and the last years of her existence beheld the first symptoms of that moral convulsion which hurled their friends and supporters, the Bourbons, from their paternal throne.

Marlborough and the then great autocrat of Europe, Louis XIV., must have been to Mrs. Delany what Wellington and Napoleon have been to many of her successors, and if, in the dawn of her life, she witnessed the proceedings of the rival parties of Godolphin and of Harley, in its wane she beheld the no less conspicuous proceedings of the adherents of Pitt and Fox.

As Mrs. Delany's career commenced when Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury were at the height of their fame and popularity, so, subsequently, among her contemporaries flourished Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Goldsmith, Blair, Mackenzie, and Walpole, illuminating the literary horizon of her declining days; though, of these, some had already disappeared before she herself sank into the grave. Rich and rare indeed must have been her reminiscences, and therefore it cannot be surprising that her conversation was interesting, and her society so much in request.

The great grandfather of Mrs. Delany, Sir Bevil Greenville, or Grenville, fell at the battle of Lansdowne, fighting in the cause of King Charles I.; and his son, Bernard Greenville, was entrusted by General Monk with the most private transactions of the Restoration. Her uncle, George Granville, was, at the memorable change of ministry, in 1710, made secretary of war, in the place of Sir Robert Walpole; and in the following year he became Lord Lansdowne and Baron Biddeford.

To this nobleman, in 1713, Pope dedicated his "Windsor Forest;" and to his encouragement and patronage we may consider ourselves partly indebted for the publication of that poet's beautiful verses, as he himself tells us in the well-known and often-quoted lines,

"But why then publish? Granville, the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth, inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays.
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod his head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved;
Happier their author, when by these beloved."

Lord Lansdowne's celebrated niece, Mary Granville, was the daughter of his brother, Barnard Granville. She was born in a small country house of her father's, at Coulton, in Wiltshire, on the 14th of May, 1700. Great care was taken of her education, and the proficiency she subsequently made in the fine arts demonstrated her natural talent.

She was but sixteen, when, at Longleat, then occupied by Lord Lansdowne, during the minority of his step-son, Lord Weymouth, she first met with Alexander Pendarves, Esq., a gentleman of large property, at Roscrow, in Cornwall, who immediately paid his addresses to her, which were so strenuously supported by her uncle, that she had not courage to refuse him, and she was induced to give a reluctant consent to the match, which took place in two or three weeks' time after the proposals were made.

From a great disparity of years, and from other causes, Mrs. Pendarves was very unhappy during the time which this connexion lasted, though, with equal prudence and virtue, she endeavoured to make the best of her situation.

In 1724, Mr. Pendarves died, and his widow shortly afterwards quitted Cornwall, and fixed her principal residence in London. For several years, between 1730 and 1736, she maintained a correspondence with Swift, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and some of her letters are inserted in the editions of the works of that celebrated writer. Of Stella, whom she once saw by accident, she retained a distinct recollection, having been struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes. She described her as being very pale, looking pensive, but not melancholy, and with hair as black as a raven.

An early intimacy took place between Miss Granville and Lady Margaret Harley, afterwards Duchess of Portland, and lasted through life, notwithstanding some occasional interruptions to their personal intercourse; and it was at Bulstrode that she became acquainted with Miss Robinson, who afterwards became the celebrated Mrs. Montagu.

Mrs. Pendarves was more than thirty years of age before she began to study drawing under the instruction of Goupy, a fashionable master of the time, who was much employed by Frederick Prince of Wales. Oil painting she did not begin till she was past forty, when, such was her passion for the art, that she employed the greater part of her time in its practice. She was principally a copyist; but she executed one considerable original work, "The Raising of Lazarus from the Dead," which was in the possession of her friend, the Countess of Bute. She also excelled in embroidery and shell-work, and in these accomplishments produced many elegant specimens of her skill.

After a widowhood of nineteen years, Mrs. Pendarves was, in 1743, united to Dr. Patrick Delany, well known as the intimate friend of Dean Swift. He was a literary character of some celebrity, with whom she had long been acquainted, and for whom she had for many years entertained a high esteem. This connexion, which lasted for a quarter of a century, was productive of the greatest happiness to both parties, and her husband was said almost to have regarded her with adoration.*

On the death of Dr. Delany, which took place in May, 1768, Mrs. Delany intended to fix herself at Bath, and was in search of a house for that purpose, when the Duchess of Portland, hearing of her design, went down thither, and succeeded in persuading her to change her

plans, as, after many years of separation, she wished to have near her the friend of her youth, and one for whom she so justly entertained such a high esteem.

In consequence of this arrangement, Mrs. Delany subsequently passed her time chiefly between Bulstrode and London, for she still chose to retain an establishment of her own in St. James's Place, where she could, without intruding on the kindness of the Duchess at Whitehall, receive her own immediate friends and family. It was through her noble friend that she was introduced to the notice of the Royal Family, from whom she ever after received the most flattering marks of attention.

Mrs. Delany was already more than seventy-four years of age, when she conceived and put into execution the idea of constructing for herself a Flora of an entirely novel nature. This art, which she may be considered to have invented, was the representing of flowers by a species of mosaic work, formed by the application of coloured papers together, which she cut into stripes so finely and delicately, that when pasted on a dark ground the effect was even richer than that of painting itself.

Mr. Gilpin, when he visited Bulstrode in 1776, was shown Mrs. Delany's Herbal, of which he says, in his "Observations relating to Picturesque Beauty in the Highlands of Scotland"—"She has executed a great number of plants and flowers, both native and exotics, not only with exact delineation, and almost in their full lustre of colour, but in great taste; and what is the most extraordinary, her only materials are bits of paper of different colours." "In the progress of her work she pulls the flower in pieces, examines anatomically the structure of its leaves, stems, and buds, and having cut her papers to the shape of the several parts, she puts them together, giving them a richness and consistence, by laying one piece over another, and often a transparent piece over part of a shade, which softens it: very rarely she gives any colour with a brush. She pastes them, as she works, upon a black ground, which at first I thought rather injured them, as a middle tint would have given more strength to the shade; but I doubt whether it would have answered its effect. These flowers have both the beauty of painting and the exactness of botany; and the work, I have no doubt, into whatever hands it may hereafter fall, will be long considered as a great curiosity."

This Herbal was bequeathed by its author to her nephew, Court Dewes, Esq., and was afterwards in the possession of Bernard Dewes, Esq., of Wellaburn, in Warwickshire. This unique work has lately been purchased by ——— Hall, Esq., a son-in-law of Mrs. Delany's favourite great niece, Mrs. Waddington, of Llanover, formerly Miss M^rianne Port, who resided with her venerable aunt during the last years of her existence.

Mrs. Delany was at all times ready to communicate the secret of her art, which she frequently pursued in company, when she would show her friends how easy it was to execute, and would often lament that so few would attempt it.

It was so long after the suggestion of the idea before she brought the process to perfection, that she only completed two flowers in the first year; in the second she completed sixteen, and in the third one hundred and sixty. They were all from nature, the fresh-gathered, or still

* It was to Dr. Delany's villa, long before his marriage with Mrs. Pendarves, that Stella used to retire on the Wednesdays when Swift had his men-companions to dinner.

growing plant, being placed immediately before her for imitation.

The intention of Mrs. Delany was to complete one thousand specimens, for a regular herbal; but when within twenty of her original scheme, its progress was stopped by the feebleness of her sight. When at eighty-two, she found her eyes becoming weaker and weaker, and threatening to fail her before her plan could be completed, she cut out the initials, M. D., in white, for "she fancied herself nearly working in her winding-sheet."

At the age of eighty, Mrs. Delany began to compose verses, and the following she wrote and prefixed to the first volume of her *Flora* or *Herbal*.

"Hail to the happy times when fancy led
My pensive mind the flow'ry path to tread,
And gave me emulation to presume,
With timid art, to trace fair Nature's bloom:
To view with awe the great creative power
That shines concentered in the minutest flower:
With wonder to pursue the glorious line,
And gratefully adore the hand divine."

This *Herbal* was so celebrated at that period as to be commemorated by Dr. Darwin, in his "*Botanic Garden*." More recently, William Howitt, in his "*Visit to Wotton Hall*," in Staffordshire, thus mentions Mrs. Delany, in alluding to "Calwich Abbey, the beautiful residence of Mr. Granville."

"Mr. Granville had two sisters, the elder of whom was the celebrated Mrs. Delany, for many years the intimate friend of George the Third and Queen Charlotte. She was a lady of fine literary tastes and the most amiable disposition, as any one will believe who has seen the excellent portrait of her by Opie, at Hampton-Court. * * * This lady was the intimate friend of Swift, Horace Walpole, Dr. Burney, Anne Seward, and the Duchess of Portland."

In the letters of Mrs. Delany, principally addressed to the Honourable Mrs. Hamilton, which were published in 1830, many pleasing anecdotes are narrated of the Royal Family, and of the extraordinary kindness they showed to the venerable writer thereof.

On the 12th of August, 1778, the birth-day of the then Prince of Wales, his late Majesty King George the Fourth, his Royal Parents, the then King and Queen, with eight of their royal progeny, paid a visit to the Duchess Dowager of Portland, at Bulstrode, where Mrs. Delany was then residing. She observes, "I had formed to myself a very different idea of such visitors, and wished the day over; but their affability and good humour left no room for any thing but admiration and respect; for with the most obliging condescension, there was no want of proper dignity to keep the balance even." Of Queen Charlotte, she says, "She is graceful and genteel; the dignity and sweetness of her manner, the perfect propriety of every thing she says, or does, satisfies every body she honours with her distinction so much, that beauty is by no means wanting to make her perfectly agreeable; and though age and long retirement from court, made me feel timid on my being called to make my appearance, I soon found myself perfectly at my ease; for the king's condescension took

off all awe, but what one must have for so respectable a character.

"The King desired me to shew the Queen one of my books of plants; she seated herself in the gallery; a table and the book laid before her. I kept my distance till she called me to ask some questions about the Mosaic work; and as I stood before her Majesty, the King set a chair behind me. I turned with some confusion and hesitation, on receiving so great an honour, when the Queen said, 'Mrs. Delany, sit down, sit down; it is not every lady that has a chair brought her by a king;' so I obeyed. Amongst many gracious things, the Queen asked me why I was not with the Duchess when she came; for I might be sure she would ask for me? I acknowledged it in as few words as possible, and said I was particularly happy at that time to pay my duty to her Majesty, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing so many of the royal family, which age and obscurity had deprived me of.

"'Oh, but,' says her Majesty, 'you have not seen all my children yet;' upon which the King came up, and asked us what we were talking about? which was repeated; and the King replied to the Queen, 'You may put Mrs. Delany into the way of doing that, by naming a day for her to drink tea at Windsor Castle.'"

The Duchess was consulted; the next day was fixed upon. Accordingly they went at the hour appointed, seven o'clock, and were received with the utmost kindness by her Majesty.

"At eight, the King came into the room, with so much cheerfulness and good humour, that it was impossible to feel any painful restriction. It was the hour of the King and Queen, and eleven of the princes and princesses, walking on the terrace. They apologized for going, but said the crowd expected them; but they left Lady Weymouth (the Duchess's daughter) and the Bishop of Lichfield to entertain us in their absence."

Numerous were the attentions Mrs. Delany continued to receive from their Majesties. On one occasion "the Queen hearing she wished for a lock of her hair, sent her one with her own royal fingers." She also presented her with a medallion of the King set with brilliants.

On the 1st of December, 1781, when her Majesty and the princesses called at Bulstrode to congratulate the Duchess of Portland on the marriage of her grand daughter, Miss Thynne, the daughter of Lady Weymouth, with the Earl of Aylesford, Mrs. Delany writes:

"The Queen, &c., came about twelve o'clock, and caught me at my spinning-wheel (the work I am now reduced to), and made me spin on, and give her a lesson afterwards, and I must say did it tolerably well for a queen."

When their majesties called again at Bulstrode, on Mrs. Delany's being sent for, she says, "I found the King and Queen, and Duchess of Portland, seated at a table in the middle of the room. The King, with his usual graciousness, came up to me, and brought me forward; and I found the Queen very busy in showing a very elegant machine to the Duchess of Portland, &c. You will easily imagine the grateful feeling I had when the Queen presented it to me."

The following is a description of Mrs. Delany, when she was more than eighty years of age:—

"She still was tall, though some of her height was pro-

bably lost. Not much, however, for she was remarkably upright. There were little remains of beauty left in feature; but benevolence, softness, piety, and sense, were all, as conversation brought them into play, depicted in her face, with a sweetness of look and manners that, notwithstanding her years, were nearly fascinating." * * *

"The report generally spread of her being blind, added surprise to pleasure at such active personal civilities in receiving her visitors. Blind, however, she palpably was not. She was neither led about the room, nor afraid of making any false step, or mistake; and the turn of her head, to those whom she meant to address, was constantly right. The expression, also, of her still pleasing, though dim eyes, told no sightless tale; but, on the contrary, manifested that she had by no means lost the view of the countenance any more than of the presence of her company." * * * "Her apartments were hung round with pictures of her own painting, beautifully designed, and delightfully coloured; and ornaments of her own execution, of striking elegance, in cuttings and variegated paper, embellished her chimney-piece; partly copied from antique studies, partly of fanciful invention, but all equally in the chaste style of true and refined good taste." * * *

"The society which assembled at her mansion was elegant and high bred, yet entertaining and diversified. As Mrs. Delany chose to sustain her own house, that she might associate without constraint with her own family, the generous Duchess of Portland would not make a point of persuading her to sojourn at Whitehall; preferring the sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, in quitting that noble residence nearly every evening, to lessening those of her tenderly-loved companion."

In addition to the Duchess of Portland, often appeared at Mrs. Delany's house, their mutual friend the celebrated Mrs. Montagu; also Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Chaponne, Miss Hannah More, and the Countess of Bute,—the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's daughter, a person of first-rate understanding, and possessing a large share of the ready wit, freed from the keen sarcasm and dauntless spirit of raillery of her renowned mother. She was occasionally accompanied by Lady Louisa Stuart, her accomplished daughter, who inherited only the better part, namely sense, taste, and amiability, from any of her progenitors."

Among the gentlemen who frequented Mrs. Delany's parties were the celebrated Horace Walpole, Owen Cambridge, Soame Jenyns, Dr. Burney, &c. &c., and many others of the wits and leading characters of the day.

Latterly, Mrs. Delany was constrained always to make use of an amanuensis when she wished to answer her friends' letters, and in her eighty-seventh year she dictated to her attached and faithful attendant Anne Asley, afterwards Mrs. Agnew, the narrative of Anastasia Robinson, Countess of Peterborough, for the use of Dr. Burney, by whom it was inserted in the fourth volume of his *History of Music*.

Mrs. Delany had known and loved Anastasia Robinson whilst yet a public singer, for her life was so irreproachable, and her manners so excellent, that she was admitted into society on terms of equality, by ladies of the first rank and character. She was a great favourite with the Duchess of Portland, whose mother, the Countess of Oxford, had

been her first patroness, and who had been present as a friend and witness to the private marriage which took place between her and the celebrated and romantic Earl of Peterborough.

In Madame d'Arbly's delightful "Diary," recently given to the world by her niece Mrs. Barrett, she describes at great length, and with the most graphic traits of character, her first introduction to Mrs. Delany,—which was effected through the medium of Mrs. Chaponne. The same work also contains a minute and detailed account of Madame d'Arbly, then Miss Burney's, subsequent acquaintance with Mrs. Delany, which almost immediately ripened into a strict friendship that lasted till the death of the latter. To those of our readers who desire a more minute account of the latter years of Mrs. Delany's life, than the nature of the present work admits of, we would earnestly recommend the "Diary and Correspondence" in question, than which a more valuable and interesting production of its kind has not seen the light since Boswell's Johnson.

To Miss Burney, Mrs. Delany entrusted the overlooking and examination of her letters and manuscripts, together with the selecting, destroying, and arranging the long-boarded mass of papers.

Mrs. Delany thus alludes to the first visit of Miss Burney. "I have had in the house with me, ever since my nephews were obliged to leave me, Miss Burney, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, which, excellent as they are, are her meanest praise. Her admirable understanding, her tender affection, and sweetness of manners, make her valuable to all those who have the happiness to know her; and it has been no small satisfaction to me to have had such a companion during my confinement."

The following passages are so much to our purpose, as relating to the early, as well as the latter days of the subject of our present notice, that we cannot refuse to extract them. The period referred to in Madame d'Arbly's *Diary* is almost immediately preceding Mrs. Delany's residence at Windsor, where a house was assigned to her by the Queen.

"She gave me her letters to rummage, from Swift and Young; and she told me all the anecdotes that occurred to her of her acquaintance with them."

"I was told," said she, "once, that when I grew older I should feel less; but I do not feel it so; I am sooner, I think, hurt than ever. I suppose it is with very old age as with extreme youth, the effect of weakness; neither of those stages of life have firmness in bearing misfortunes."

After a severe illness, increased, if not occasioned by the death of the Duchess of Portland, in 1783, Miss Burney says,—"My dear Mrs. Delany has gone on mending gradually ever since I wrote last. She is employing me, when able, to look over her papers; 'tis to me a sacred task, for she cannot read what she is trusting me with. Sometimes, with a magnifying-glass, she examines first, if what she is giving me is some manuscript of secrecy, with respect to the affairs or character of her friends; and as a word suffices to inform her, she destroys, unread, whatever is of this sort. But this, though a business she wishes to have done, produces letters and memorandums too affecting for her spirits; yet she never, but by persua-

sion, leaves off; she seems bent upon subduing all emotions but those that might give pain to others by their suppression. I frequently court her to sadness, for her exertions make me tremble more than her tears; yet those, when they do fall, I can hardly, indeed, with all her example before my eyes, bear to look at."

"Just now we have both of us been quite upset. In examining some papers in a pocket-book, she opened one with two leaves dried in it; she held them a little while in silence, but very calmly, in her hand, yet as something I saw she highly prized; she then bade me read what was written on the envelope;—it was, I think, these words—'Two leaves, picked at Bolsover, by the Duchess of Portland and myself, in September, 1766, the twentieth year of our most intimate and dear friendship.' I could hardly read to her the last words, and upon hearing them, for a little while she sank. But I hastened, the moment I could, to other less interesting papers, and she forced her attention to them with a strength of resolution that makes me honour as much as I love her."

"To me alone, she kindly says, she gives way to any indulgence of sorrow; she fears being misunderstood and thought repining by others; and, indeed, the rest of her friends spending with her but a short time, she thinks it her duty to study their comforts by appearing composed to them. Mine, she justly says, can only be studied by what is most relief to herself. The nobleness of her mind can never have had such opportunity of displaying itself as during the last month; and in the numberless instances in which it now appears, she seems already raised to that height I am still selfishly trying to keep her from yet reaching."

By the death of the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany was deprived not only of the friend of her youth, but she also lost many comforts and pleasures, for she had invariably spent half of every year at Bulstrode, and consequently required no other country-house for the summer. "The Duke of Portland behaved with the utmost propriety and feeling upon this occasion," says Miss Burney, "and was most earnest to accommodate her to the best of his power with every comfort to which she had been accustomed; but this noblest of women declared she loved the memory of her friend beyond all other things, and would not suffer it to be tainted in the misjudging world by an action that would be construed into a reflection upon her will, as if deficient in consideration for her. 'And I will not,' said she to me, 'suffer the children of my dearest friend to suppose that their mother left undone any thing she ought to have done. She did not: I knew her best, and I know she did what she was sure I should most approve.' She steadily, therefore, refused all offers, though made to her with even painful earnestness, and though solicited till her refusal became a distress to herself.

"This transaction was related, I believe, to their majesties; and Lady Weymouth, the duchess's eldest daughter, was commissioned to wait upon Mrs. Delany with this message:—That the queen was extremely anxious about her health, and very apprehensive lest continuing in London during the summer should be prejudicial to it; she entreated her, therefore, to accept a house belonging to her at Windsor, which she should order to be fitted up

for her immediately; and she desired Lady Weymouth to give her time to consider the proposal, and by no means to hurry her; as well as to assure her, that happy as it would make her to have one so sincerely esteemed as a neighbour, she should remember her situation, and promise not to be troublesome to her. The king, at the same time, desired to be allowed to stand to the additional expenses incurred by the maintenance of two houses, and that Mrs. Delany would accept from him 300*l.* a year."

Mrs. Delany was necessarily greatly touched with this kindness and benevolence; but dreading lest this removal might involve her in a new course of life, and lead to connexions and acquaintance which at her advanced age she wished to avoid, she took some time for deliberation and consultation with her friends. All, however, coincided in the opinion that it was an offer she could not refuse.

The house, which was situated in St. Alban's Street, Windsor, near the castle, and in the immediate vicinity of the Queen's Lodge, was accordingly fitted up under the superintendence of the king in person; and on its completion, one of the queen's messengers brought Mrs. Delany the following letter from her Majesty, written with her own hand:—

"My dear Mrs. Delany will be glad to hear that I am charged by the king to summon her to her new abode at Windsor for Tuesday next, where she will find all the most essential parts of the house ready, excepting some little trifles, which it will be better for Mrs. Delany to direct herself in person, or by her little deputy, Miss Port. I need not, I hope, add that I shall be extremely glad and happy to see so amiable an inhabitant in this our sweet retreat; and wish, very sincerely, that my dear Mrs. Delany may enjoy every blessing amongst us that her merits deserve. That we may long enjoy her amiable company, Amen! These are the true sentiments of

"My dear Mrs. Delany's

"Very affectionate Queen

"CHARLOTTE.

"Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Sept. 3, 1795."

This letter was brought to Mrs. Delany whilst at dinner, and she accordingly was obliged to answer it immediately, with her own hand, and as she says, "without seeing a letter she wrote."

"It is impossible to express how I am overwhelmed with your Majesty's excess of goodness to me. I shall, with the warmest duty and most humble respect, obey a command that bestows such honour and happiness on your Majesty's

"Most dutiful and most obedient

"Servant and subject,

"MARY DELANY."

The king himself issued orders that he should be informed when Mrs. Delany reached Windsor; and he repaired to the house to bid her welcome. The following is her own account of her reception.

"I arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening, and found his Majesty in the house ready to receive me. I threw myself at his feet, unable to utter a word; he raised and saluted me, and said he meant not to stay longer than to desire I would order every thing that could make the house comfortable and agreeable to me, and then retired.

Truly, I found nothing wanting, as it is as pleasant and commodious as I could wish it to be, with a very pretty garden, which joins to that of the Queen's Lodge. The next morning her Majesty sent one of her ladies to know how I had rested, and how I was in health, and whether her coming would not be troublesome? You may be sure I accepted the honour, and she came about two o'clock. I was lame, and could not go down, as I ought to have done, to the door; but her Majesty came up stairs, and I received her on my knees. Our meeting was mutually affecting; she well knew the value of what I had lost, and it was sometime after we were seated (for she always makes me sit down) before we could either gain speech. It is impossible for me to do justice to her great condescension and tenderness, which were almost equal to what I had lost. She repeated, in the strongest terms, her wish, and the King's, that I should be as easy and as happy as they could possibly make me; that they waived all ceremony, and desired to come to me like *friends*. The Queen delivered me a paper from the King, which contained the first quarter of 300*l.* per annum, which his Majesty allows me out of his privy purse. Their Majesties have drank tea with me five times, and the princesses three. They generally stay two hours or longer. In short, I have seen or heard from them every day. * * * Their visits are paid in the most quiet private manner, like those of the most consoling and interested friends."

Miss Burney describes her venerable friend, Mrs. Delany, to have been at this time "in the full solace of as much contentment as her recent severe personal loss could well admit. * * * She was honoured by all who approached her; she was loved by all with whom she associated. Her very dependence was made independent by the delicacy with which it left her completely mistress of her actions and her abode. Her sovereigns unbent from their state to bestow upon her graciousness and favour."

Mrs. Delany thus describes a portion of her own life at Windsor.

"The Queen has had the goodness to command me to come to the Lodge whenever it is quite easy to me to do it, without sending particularly for me, lest it should embarrass me to refuse that honour; so that most evenings, at half-an-hour past seven, I go to Miss Burney's apartment, and when the royal family return from the terrace, the King, or one of the Princesses (generally the youngest, Princess Amelia, just four years old) come into the room, take me by the hand, and lead me into the drawing-room, where there is a chair ready for me by the Queen's left hand; the three eldest Princesses sit round the table, and the ladies in waiting, Lady Charlotte Finch, and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave. A vacant chair is left for the King, whenever he pleases to sit down in it. Every one is employed with pencil, needle, or knitting. Between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant; and for an hour before the conclusion of the whole the King plays at backgammon with one of his equerries."

But the life of this venerable octogenarian, already protracted far beyond the ordinary span of existence, was now drawing to a close. And yet, as her friend Miss Burney writes, "It was not the death of age that carried her hence: no shattering preparatory warning, either corporally debilitating or intellectually decaying, had raised

that alarm which teaches the waning value, as well as duration of life, and makes grief in the survivors blush at its selfishness, and regret appear nearly a crime. Her eyes alone had failed, and these not totally. Not even was her general frame, though enfeebled, wholly deprived of its elastic powers. She was upright; her air and her carriage were full of dignity; all her motions were graceful; and her gestures, when she was animated, had a vivacity almost sportive. Her exquisitely susceptible soul, at every strong emotion, still mantled in her cheeks, and her spirits, to the last, retained their innocent gaiety; her conversation its balmy tone of sympathy; and her manners their soft and resistless attraction; while her piety was at once the most fervent, yet most humble."

Though grieved to part with her friends, as well as for the sorrow she knew her approaching dissolution would occasion them, yet had her pious spirit been long and cheerfully prepared for her departure to another and a better world.

For Miss Burney, she left by her faithful attendant Astley, the following affecting message:—"Tell her—when I am gone—for I know how she will miss me—tell her how much comfort she must always feel in reflecting how mightily my latter days have been soothed by her." And to that lady herself, who attended her death-bed, the latest name she pronounced was that of the King, to whom she sent her most grateful duty, with a petition that he would deign to accept her humble bequest of what she thought the least worthless among her paintings, and what he most approved.

"When faintly, but impressively, she had articulated this message, she spoke a word of fondness to her sorrowing niece, and murmured a gentle, a tender "Good-night," to her afflicted friend; and then, with evident intent to compose her mind to pious meditation, she turned away her head; uttering, with closed eyes, but a cheerful smile upon her lips, "And now I'll go to sleep."

In a quarter of an hour that sleep became eternal! She expired on Tuesday, the 15th of April, 1788, at eleven o'clock at night, without the smallest struggle or groan, at her house in St. James's Place, in the 88th year of her age.

Mrs. Delany was interred in a vault belonging to St. James's Church, where a monument has been erected to her memory.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER was born at Deal, in Kent, on the 16th of December, 1717. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Carter, perpetual curate of the chapel in that town, rector of Woodchurch and Ham, both in the same county, and one of the six preachers in the cathedral church at Canterbury.

When about ten years old, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter had the misfortune to lose her mother, who died of a decline, partly, it was supposed, brought on by vexation, from the injury which her fortune had sustained from having been invested in the South Sea funds, and which, when that bubble burst, was almost entirely lost. Dr. Carter was also a considerable sufferer by this ruinous speculation, but he never willingly alluded to the subject.

Dr. Carter provided all his children with learned educations; but his daughter Elizabeth, in very early life, gave no promise of her subsequent attainments. Her abilities seem to have been solid rather than brilliant, and in quickness of perception she appears to have been surpassed by her brothers and sisters. Such, indeed, was the slowness with which she learned, that the patience of her father was frequently wearied out, and he repeatedly entreated her to desist from attempting to become a scholar. By application, however, she overcame all difficulties, and what was once gained was subsequently ever retained by her. But her unwearied assiduity evidently injured her health, and the severe headaches to which she was extremely subject were to be attributed probably in a great degree to her studious habits.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, a well-informed and, at the same time, a well-behaved woman was a rare thing indeed; consequently, the modest and useful virtues of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, combined with her learning, which would have been admired and respected even at this period, were then calculated to create a strong sensation, and early in life her value seems to have been properly appreciated by the great and the gay, as well as by the good and the learned.

Mrs. Carter's chief forte seems to have been the learned languages. With Latin she was well acquainted, and in Greek she had made such a proficiency, that Dr. Johnson, in speaking of some celebrated scholar, observed that "he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known, excepting Elizabeth Carter;" yet, it is singular, that, with the grammar of these languages she was almost wholly unacquainted; and, indeed, she was wont to say she had never learned them. As a general science, she understood grammar, but not as taught in schools, and she considered the knowledge of the particular grammar should follow rather than precede the attainment of a language.

Mrs. Carter also effected considerable progress in Hebrew, and made a practice of reading it every day when in health; indeed, it seems to have been a rule with her never to neglect or to forget any thing which she had taken the trouble to acquire. With many of the modern languages she was also well acquainted. She spoke French well, from having in early life boarded for a year with M. Le Sueur, a French refugee minister at Canterbury. Italian, Spanish, and German, she taught herself without assistance. The last-mentioned language was acquired when she was about twenty, at the request of her father, as some of her friends were desirous of procuring her a place about court. Sir George Oxenden proposed the scheme, and offered his interest for the purpose, but whether he failed in the attempt, or whether she did not consider herself competent to the duties, certain it is she never had any office about the Queen or Princesses.

Later in life she learned Portuguese, and subsequently, Arabic; but though she could read the last-mentioned difficult language, she never professed to understand it thoroughly.

The sciences were then not in vogue. In astronomy, however, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter made considerable progress, but she chiefly excelled in classical literature, history, and ancient geography. To modern geography she appears never to have turned her attention; and as her nephew

and biographer, the Rev. Montague Pannington, observes, "she was literally better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus and the course of the Ilyseus, than she was with those of the Thames or Loire; and could give a better account of the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas than of the voyages and discoveries of Cook or Bougainville."

Although she in some degree turned her attention to what may be termed modern accomplishments, Mrs. Carter does not seem ever to have made much progress in either music or drawing; she, however, was fond of the first, and played both on the spinnet and German flute, and that she took some pains to acquire the art is evident from there being a great deal of music in her own handwriting for both those instruments.

In a letter to Miss Talbot, speaking of painting, she says, "I have lately taken great pains to acquire some little notion of this delightful art, but with such wretched success, that I begin to lose my courage. I never had any kind of instruction but from two or three books, as utterly unintelligible to me as if they were written in the Calmuc language. In short, I have nothing to assist me but industry and strong inclination—for genius I have none."

In early youth she was extremely partial to dancing, and frequented the assemblies in her neighbourhood with great pleasure; indeed, at all times of her life she appears to have entered into every kind of innocent amusement with good-natured interest and sympathy, and, in fact, never refused joining even in the card-parties then so fashionable, though she would never play for high stakes.

When young, Mrs. Carter was rather handsome; her features were strong and fine, her complexion was fair and clear, and a benevolent expression is apparent in the portraits extant of her. Her figure was not good, and she does not appear to have paid much attention to her dress. She seems to have possessed a happy temperament of mind, which induced her to be easily pleased; acting on the principle that it is a great happiness to accustom one's self to take extreme pleasure in objects easily acquired. She was extremely partial to flowers, of which it was her custom to have several in her rooms during the winter, and which she was wont to visit, with great delight, almost every hour in the day; and in summer she was equally frequent in her attendance on a small garden adjoining the house in which she resided.

Very early in life Mrs. Elizabeth Carter became well acquainted with her father's friend Mr. Cave, the original editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and through his means she was introduced to many of the literati of the day. Among these was the celebrated Dr., then Mr. Johnson; and their friendship continued as long as he lived. Notwithstanding the occasional rudeness of his manner to others, to her he invariably behaved with civility and attention, and evidently felt for her both respect and esteem.

By Mr. Cave, some of Mrs. Carter's first attempts at poetry were inserted in his *Magazine*, and some may be found in the fourth volume of that miscellany, under the signature of "Eliza," as early as 1734, when she was but sixteen years of age.

With Pope she seems to have had but a very slight ac-

quaintance, although her first public appearance as a prose writer was the translation from the French of the Critique of Crousaz on his "Essay on Man." This was finished in 1738, and published in the following year, but it has been long out of print, and is now extremely scarce, as is also the edition of a small collection of poems, composed before she was twenty years of age, which was printed by Cave, in 1738, with St. John's Gate in the title-page. In 1739, Cave published, in two volumes, another translation of hers from the Italian of Algarotti, "*Newtonianismo per la Dame*," under the title of "*Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the use of the Ladies, in six Dialogues, on Light and Colours*."

To these early performances, in after life, she never willingly referred, and indeed seemed rather to wish they should be forgotten; though, considering the extreme youth and the sex of the writer, they may be considered as very extraordinary; and works that elicited approbation from Drs. Johnson and Birch must have been more than tolerably well executed. The latter, a well-known writer of history and biography, speaks of her as follows:

"This lady is a very extraordinary phenomenon in the republic of letters, and justly to be numbered with the Sulpitias of the ancients, and the Schurmans* and the Daciers of the moderns. For, to an uncommon vivacity and delicacy of genius, and an accuracy of judgment worthy the maturest years, she has added the knowledge of the ancient and modern languages at an age when an equal skill in any one of them would be a distinction in a person of the other sex."

Although these early performances of Mrs. Carter were, in after years, but little esteemed by herself, yet, at the time of their appearance, they contributed in no small degree to spread the fame of her talents and acquirements, not only in her native country, but also among some of the leading foreign savans of the day; and from the dates of several letters extant, it appears she corresponded occasionally with many of the literati and the patrons of learning. She was, as has been already mentioned, intimately acquainted with Dr. Johnson and Cave, and was, soon after, introduced to the clever but unfortunate Savage, who, in 1739, addressed her in strains of fulsome adulation, as if he considered a young lady only just arrived at the years of discretion would swallow flattery, however gross. Early in life, Mrs. Carter appears to have adopted a resolution not to marry, and indeed she wished to prevail on her sister also to live single. Her father, however, whose fortune was at that time small and his family large, evidently wished her to form a matrimonial connexion, though he left her to act according to her own judgment and wishes. Afterwards, when she had nearly attained the mature age of thirty, she appeared not unwilling to accept of an offer of marriage which was every way unexceptionable, and her father was anxious that she should avail herself of it, but she was induced eventually to refuse the gentleman, in consequence of his having published some verses of the nature of which she disapproved. This Strephon, however, soon consoled himself with another

Delia, though he ever expressed a strong sense of her handsome behaviour to him.

Still later in life, when at the zenith of her reputation, the world chose to imagine a union for her with Archbishop Secker, and also with Bishop Hayter, and the Earl of Bath, with whom she was intimate; but there seems to have been no other foundation for these reports, than that the parties at the time were disengaged, and therefore might have formed an attachment, which, however, they did not, being satisfied with a candid and sincere regard for each other.

An introduction, through the medium of a mutual acquaintance, Mr. Wright the astronomer, took place at the house of Mrs. Roche, near Canterbury, in the month of February, 1741, between Mrs. Carter and the celebrated Miss Catharine Talbot, and a warm and sincere friendship was quickly formed, which was only terminated by the premature death of Miss Talbot in 1770. This intimacy was the means of introducing Mrs. Carter into a far more elevated circle, than from her own connexions, she had a right to expect, those of Miss Talbot being of the first rank and station in society.

A constant correspondence was kept up between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot, four volumes of which have been given to the world, including some to Mrs. Vesey, the wife of Agmondesham Vesey, Esq., and a more interesting and instructive collection has seldom been published. Throughout the whole there prevails a most amiable and Christian-like philosophy. Learning and cheerful good sense pervade the letters of Mrs. Carter, which were chiefly written from her father's retired and comparatively humble abode at Deal; whilst throughout those of the elegant and accomplished Miss Talbot, penned from the episcopal and archiepiscopal palaces of Cuddesden and Lambeth, a tender, half-playful, half-melancholy tone prevails, arising no doubt, from her constant state of ill-health.

The little nothings of their day, described by their pens, amuse, interest, and oftentimes instruct, from the useful moral deduced therefrom. In 1746, Mrs. Carter thus describes, minutely, her general mode of spending her time at Deal.

"As you desire a full and true account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary, in the first place, you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a packthread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not "lulled by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane," is conveyed through a crevice of my window into a garden below, pertaining to the sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread with as much heart and good-will as if he were ringing my knell. By this most curious contrivance, I make a shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me, for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer.

"And now I am up, you may belike inquire to what purpose. I set down to my several lessons as regular as a school-boy, and lay in a stock of learning to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not ready. My general practice about six is to take up my stick and walk, some-

* Anne Marie Schurman; she understood twelve languages and wrote four fluently.

times alone, and sometimes with a companion, whom I call on in my way, and draw out half asleep, and consequently incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself to the guidance of a jack-a-lantern. However, she has the extreme consolation of grumbling as much as she pleases without the least interruption, which she does with such a variety of comical phrases, that I generally laugh from the beginning to the end of my journey.

"When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures, we go to breakfast, and arc, as you imagined, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. * * * We have a great variety of topics, in which every body bears a part, till we get insensibly to books; and whenever we get beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the tea-kettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea. I fancy I have a privilege in talking a great deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerably silent the rest of the day.

"After breakfast every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in above twenty parts of my room, and when the task is finished, I sit down to a spinnet, which, in its best state, might have cost about twenty shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play. After deafening myself for about half an hour with all manner of noises, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time; for longer I seldom apply to any thing; and thus, between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs, to see where every body is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment.

"Of an afternoon I sometimes go out, not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do, for it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. It is the fashion here for people to make such unreasonably long visits, that before they are half over I grow so restless and corks, that I am ready to fly out of the window. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for these fourteen years. I always return precisely at ten, beyond which hour, I do not desire to see the face of any living wight; and thus I finish my day, and this tedious description of it, which you have so unfortunately drawn upon yourself."

Mrs. Carter was wont to say, "the varying her occupations prevented her from ever being tired of them;" and accordingly she hardly ever read or worked for more than half an hour at a time, and then she would visit, for a few minutes, any of her relations who were staying in her house, in their respective apartments, or go into her garden to water her flowers. Before this period she had, however, studied very steadily.

Her regular rule was, when in health, to read two chapters in the Bible before breakfast, a sermon, some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and after breakfast something in every language with which she was acquainted; thus never allowing herself to forget what she had once attained. These occupations were of course varied according to circumstances, and when she took exercise before break-

fast, her course of reading was necessarily deferred till later in the day.

Her constitution must have been strong to have enabled her to take the very long walks to which she accustomed herself; but she suffered greatly from headaches, not improbably arising from her over exertion of body and mind in early youth, and the not allowing herself sufficient repose to recruit her over-worked strength. At one time of her life she was wont to sit up very late, and as she soon became drowsy, and would sleep soundly in her chair, many were the expedients she adopted to keep herself awake, such as pouring cold water down her dress, tying a wet bandage round her head, &c. She was a great snuff-taker, though she endeavoured to break herself of the habit to please her father. She suffered so much, however, in the attempt, that he kindly withdrew his prohibition.

Mrs. Carter was not much more than thirty when she undertook to finish the education of her youngest brother Henry, which had been commenced by her father. She completed her task so well, that he entered Bennet College, Cambridge, 1756, and passed through the University with reputation. He had afterwards the living of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire.

In order to devote herself more exclusively to this occupation, she, for some years previous to the completion of his education, resisted all temptations to leave Deal, and refused all invitations to spend part of the winter with her friends in town, as had been her general practice. Part of this retirement was devoted to the translation of Epictetus, her greatest work, by which her reputation was much increased, and her fame greatly spread among the literati of the day. This work was commenced in the summer of 1749, at the desire of Miss Talbot, enforced by the Bishop of Oxford, to whom the sheets were transmitted for emendations as soon as finished. It was originally not intended for publication, and was therefore not completed till 1756, when it was published with notes and an introduction by herself, by subscription, in 1758. Mrs. Carter, besides fame and reputation, obtained for this performance more than one thousand pounds. A poem, by her friend, Mrs. Chapone, was prefixed to it.

Mrs. Carter's celebrity had, very early in life, procured her the notice of many of the most distinguished persons in Kent. Among these was the Honourable Mrs. Roche, sister to John, first Viscount Dudley and Ward, who resided at St. Lawrence's, near Canterbury. With this lady, and with her sister, Miss Ward, Mrs. Carter maintained a correspondence for several years. When quite young, she passed a winter with Mrs. Roche in town, and was introduced thus early to many persons equally distinguished in rank as in letters. She also spent much time with her father's brother, a silk merchant in the city. So that from the age of eighteen or nineteen, she generally passed great part of the winter in London; the summer was spent with her father at Deal, or with his friends in Canterbury.

Mrs. Carter was acquainted with the Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, the daughter of the Hon. H. Thynne, only son of Thomas, first Viscount Weymouth, to whom Thomson dedicated his spring. This lady's correspondence with the Countess of Pomfret, granddaughter of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, has been pub-

lished, and in it she mentions Mrs. Carter in terms of great approbation.

Among other esteemed friends and correspondents may be enumerated Miss Mulo, afterwards Mrs. Chapone; Miss Sutton, the daughter of Sir Robert Sutton, K. B., the ambassador; and the Countess of Sunderland, the widow of the third Earl of Sunderland, and daughter of Benjamin Tichburne, Esq.; Miss Jacob, afterward Mrs. Savage, the daughter of a learned and eminent surgeon at Canterbury, and sister to the celebrated antiquary of that name; the Hon. Mrs. Howe, sister of the late Earl and present Viscount Howe, &c.

At the Bishop of Oxford's, she met with many persons eminent for learning. Among others, William Duncombe, Esq., a gentleman well known among literary characters. In conjunction with his son, he translated Horace, and in the undertaking he was desirous of receiving the benefit of Miss Carter's judgment. With her he corresponded many years, and proposed several schemes for her advantage, which, from his connexions and influence, he might have had it in his power to have promoted; but, from her love of independence, they were all declined by her. Mr. Duncombe married Miss Highmore, universally admired for her talents, worth, and literary attainments, and known as the correspondent and friend of Richardson, by whom Mrs. Carter's "Ode to Wisdom" was inserted in his *Clarissa*, before he was aware who was the author. On a remonstrance being made to him, he transmitted to her a very handsome letter of apology, together with a copy of the work.

Among her intimate friends was the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, with whom she corresponded very regularly; and three volumes of her letters to that lady, from 1755 to 1800, have been given to the world. In them there is more learning than in those addressed to Miss Talbot; more of the head, perhaps, and less of the heart; but notwithstanding, it is an interesting collection. She was also well acquainted with Mrs. Montagu's intimate friends, Lord Lyttleton and Pulteney Earl of Bath, the latter of whom often declared that he spent no time so happily, or with so much improvement, as in the society of these two ladies.

In 1761, when, after leaving her some time in bad health, she was induced to accompany Mrs. Montagu to Tunbridge Wells, these two noblemen, who were there at the same time with Mrs. Montagu, prevailed on her to publish a collection of her poems, which went through several editions. They made their first appearance in 1762, and were very generally admired. Those composed in 1735, on her birthday, were translated into Latin by the Rev. Stephen Barrett, rector of Hothfield, in Kent, with whose wife, previously, Miss Mary Jacob of Canterbury, Mrs. Carter was well acquainted.

Though not a first-rate poetess, there is something extremely pleasing in Mrs. Carter's poetry, which, the more it is read, the better it will be appreciated. There is also a right-mindedness about it, which strongly recommends it to those who wish for something besides love-sick verses or melancholy sentimentality.

After the treaty of peace was signed in 1763, Miss Carter, with Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, and Lord Bath, made a little tour on the Continent together, for the benefit of Lord Bath's health. Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salis-

bury, accompanied them as chaplain and friend to Lord Bath, and during this expedition Mrs. Carter was always with Mrs. Montagu. The Montagus and Lord Bath had separate suites and establishments, but they travelled together; and when one house was not large enough to contain the whole party, they generally dined at Lord Bath's. They left England on the 4th June, 1763, and proceeded to Spa. After a short tour in Germany, they went into Holland, and from thence, through Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, to Calais, and returned to Dover on the 19th September. Although in the present day, when every one has seen, and can talk of

"Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenee and the river Po,"

this may be considered as a mere excursion, yet at that time it proved an event in the life of the daughter of a country clergyman; and Mrs. Carter's letters, containing an account of their adventures and misadventures, are interesting and imposing. It was her only visit to the Continent, excepting a few days' trip to Paris in 1782, from motives of friendship to a relation of Lord Bath.

That nobleman died in the summer of 1764, and although a friendship had existed between them—so intimate, as to have given rise to a report that he wished to marry Mrs. Carter, yet, to the surprise of her friends, he left her nothing in his will. All his vast property went to his brother, General Pulteney, who died in 1767, leaving his fortune to his nearest relation, Mrs. Johnstone, whose husband, taking his wife's name, became afterwards Sir William Pulteney. Mrs. Carter had ever stood their friend with Lord Bath; and they evinced their gratitude by settling, in a most handsome and delicate manner, £100 per annum on her for life. This was increased to £150 by their daughter, afterwards Lady Bath, upon whose account it was that Mrs. Carter went to Paris in 1782, at the request of her father Sir William Pulteney, then a widower, who wished her to accompany his daughter, whom he was about to place in a convent there. Mrs. Carter was absent from England but sixteen days in all, which, considering she was at that time sixty-five years old, and by no means in good health, was a considerable undertaking for a person at that time of life.

Mrs. Carter had been accustomed to spend her winters with her numerous friends in London, till after the publication of her *Epictetus*, when her circumstances became so easy, that she was enabled to take lodgings every year in town, which she preferred, as being more independent than visiting in other persons' houses. In 1762, she engaged a small but neat apartment on the first floor of No. 20, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, in which, during the winter months, she lived many years. On the death of her landlady, she removed for a year or two to Chapel Street, Mayfair; but afterwards she again engaged comfortable apartments at No. 21, Clarges Street, which she retained till her death. She had no other establishment than her maid-servant, nor indeed was it necessary, as she never dined at home, unless too ill to leave the house, and her friends' carriages and chairs were always at her service to convey her to and from her lodgings.

The same year, 1762, she purchased a house at Deal, her father hitherto having lived in a hired one, where

they constantly resided together in the summer, till Dr. Carter's death in 1774, each having their separate library and apartment, and meeting seldom but at meals, though living together with much comfort and affection. Her brothers and sisters all marrying, had left their father's house, so that the care of it devolved upon his eldest daughter. She attended to it assiduously, as she did to her other duties; and to a friend who lamented the trouble it must give her, she answers with modesty, good sense, and feeling:

"It is proper I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends as when my sister supplied my place at home. As to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head were of much more consequence than I feel it to be. The true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which we may be assured is the very situation best calculated for our virtue and happiness."

In August, 1768, Mrs. Carter had the misfortune to lose her old and much respected friend Archbishop Secker. She immediately left Deal for Lambeth, to console Mrs. and Miss Talbot for the loss of the said friend, with whom they had resided for upwards of forty-two years, and to assist them in removing from the palace to another habitation in Lower Grosvenor Street.

In the following year, Miss Talbot was herself given over. Her disorder, a cancer, had for three years been kept a profound secret from all her friends but the Archbishop and Mrs. Carter, that her mother might not have the grief of seeing her languishing under an incurable disease. She expired on the 9th January, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of her age, deeply regretted by all who knew her. Mrs. Talbot survived her daughter many years, living to the advanced age of ninety-two. She died of a paralytic attack in 1783, but almost to the last she kept up a constant correspondence with Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Talbot put her daughter's manuscript papers into Mrs. Carter's hands, who made selections from them. The first published were the well-known "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," which had a wonderful and almost unexampled sale; and afterwards, some essays, poems, and detached pieces, which are not only excellent in a moral and religious light, but are also pleasing and elegant compositions.

In 1769, appeared Mrs. Montagu's celebrated "Essay on Shakespeare," which, being published without a name, was attributed to Mrs. Carter; but, though she had been consulted from the first, and had revised the manuscript, she strenuously denied all participation in the performance. It was her wish, which unfortunately was not put into execution, that her friend's splendid talents should have been employed on some greater work; "that, whilst it was useful, and could be made entertaining to the world, would be applauded by angels, and registered in heaven."

In 1775, the death of Mr. Montagu, who left his splendid fortune to his widow, enabled Mrs. Montagu to add permanently to the comforts of her less affluent friend Mrs. Carter, upon whom she settled £100 per annum. Another friend, Mrs. Underdown, whose daughter married the brother of Mrs. Carter, also left her £40 per annum;

so that, though not rich, she was latterly in perfectly easy circumstances.

Mrs. Montagu's establishment, which was conducted in a most magnificent style, enabled her to keep a great deal of company, and at her table, and at the celebrated *bes bleu* parties of herself and Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Carter was accustomed to meet persons high in rank, learning, and moral excellence.

At these parties, during the winter months, were constantly to be met most of those who were of note and eminence in London. Mrs. Montagu's were conducted with the most form and ceremony, whilst ease and cheerfulness characterized those of Mrs. Vesey.

Mrs. Vesey, from the ease and elegance of her manners, appears to have been the charm and life of her parties. This lady was the wife of Agmondesham Vesey, Esq., of Lucan, near Dublin; and of Clarges Street, London. He was a gentleman of large fortune and ancient family, and was a member of the Irish parliament. Dying some years before Mrs. Vesey, she was left in somewhat straitened circumstances, and latterly fell into a state of melancholy imbecility, during which she was attended with devoted affection by her sister Mrs. Handcock. Mrs. Vesey obtained the sobriquet of "the Sylph" among her acquaintance, from the elegance and spirituality of her ideas and expressions. But unfortunately for her peace of mind, her faith was far from being confirmed, and her friend Mrs. Carter was instrumental, in a great degree, in setting her right upon several points, in which her conviction was not decided. Several letters have been published of a highly interesting nature, chiefly confined to the points under discussion between the two friends.

Besides her trip to Paris in 1784 with Mr. and Miss Pulteney, Mrs. Carter took some occasional journeys into the North with her friend Mrs. Sharpe, who married first the Rev. Dr. Beauvoir, and subsequently, after the death of his first wife, Mrs. Carter's brother-in-law, Dr. Douglas. She also took considerable interest and an active part in a society formed in or about 1780, for the relief of the poor, principally reduced housekeepers in Westminster. It was set on foot and entirely managed by ladies, and most of Mrs. Carter's friends belonged to it.

In 1791, Mrs. Carter had the honour of being personally introduced to Queen Charlotte, by her Majesty's particular desire, at the house of her friend Lady Cremorne, at Chelsea. Her Majesty conversed with Mrs. Carter for about an hour, and among other topics, upon German literature. After this, she made repeated inquiries about her, and several times sent her German books, accompanied by very flattering messages. Subsequently Mrs. Carter was more than once honoured with visits at her own house by those members of the royal family who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Deal.

Mrs. Carter, in common with many other celebrated characters, had a great dislike to being pointed out as an object of curiosity, and of being noticed or visited merely on account of her abilities and reputation. She never sought the acquaintance of any one herself on these grounds alone, and consequently was during her lifetime perhaps not so much known to the literary world as others less worthy of note. She was particularly partial to writers of her own sex; and indeed was inclined to think that

justice was not done to them in general, and that their mental powers were not properly appreciated in society. From her decided bias in their favour, she always perused their works with a mind prepared to be pleased. Latterly, her violent headaches preventing her reading any thing that required profound attention, she was glad to solace her hours of pain with the novels and romances of the day, provided their tendency was good. Those removed from real life she was most partial to, and was a great admirer of Mrs. Radcliffe's productions. She was partial to the works of Miss Burney, and at a later period to those of Mrs. West.

It may be mentioned as one of the great beauties of Mrs. Carter's character, the readiness with which, as the bee extracts honey, she derived pleasure from every source. In society, she did not despise the conversation of the less cultivated, nor did she austere condemn the amusements of the day. A humble and contented mind was hers, a cheerful and a pious disposition. In every thing

"She looked through nature up to nature's God,"

admired his works, enjoyed the good things that Providence bestowed upon her, and possessed in an eminent degree

"Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refined."

Mrs. Carter's health latterly declined considerably, and she was obliged to give up her long walks. She retained her faculties to the last, but she could not then read or write for any length of time with comfort to herself.

On the 23d of January, 1806, she left Deal for Clarges Street, and continued tolerably well for some days, but she was soon confined to her bed, and expired, without a groan, at three o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1806.

She was interred in the burial-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, an appendage to St. George's Church, Hanover Square, where, on the stone which covers her remains, is the following inscription:—

"Under this stone are deposited the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, of Deal, in the county of Kent; a lady as much distinguished for piety and virtue as for deep learning and extensive knowledge. She was born at Deal, December 16th, 1717, and died in Clarges Street, in this parish, sincerely lamented by her relations and numerous friends, February 19th, 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age."

A mural monument was also erected to her memory in the chapel at Deal.

Mrs. Carter is an eminent example of what may be done by industry and application. Endowed by nature with no very brilliant talents, yet by perseverance she acquired a degree of learning which must be considered as surprising. The daughter of a respectable country clergyman, with a large family and limited income, by her unaffected piety, moral excellence, and literary attainments, she secured to herself the friendship and esteem of the great and the wealthy, the learned and the good. In early youth her society was sought by many who were elevated above her in a worldly point of view, and instead of the cheerless, neglected old maid, we view her in declining life surrounded by

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Her friends were indeed numerous, and also wealthy and powerful, but not more distinguished for the gifts of fortune than for those of nature. Perhaps few ages and nation can present a more brilliant constellation of female excellence and talent united in the bonds of intimate friendship than we meet with in Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Vesey, and Miss Talbot.

The only original prose compositions of Mrs. Carter published in her lifetime were the 44th and 100th number of the "Rambler." Since her death, some miscellaneous productions have been printed in the second volume of her Memoirs, by her nephew and executor, the Rev. Montagu Pennington; also four volumes of Letters between herself, Miss Talbot, and Mrs. Vesey, and three addressed to Mrs. Montagu.

WORKS.

Poems. 1738.

Translations from Crousaz's Critique on the Essay on Man. 1739.

Translations from Algarotti's *Newtonianismo per Le Dame*, entitled, *Sir I. Newton's Philosophy Explained, for the use of the Ladies*. 1739.

Translations from Epictetus. 1758.

Collection of Poems. 1762.

44th and 100th numbers of the Rambler.

Correspondence between Miss Carter and Miss Talbot. 4 vols. 8vo. 1808.

Letters to Mrs. Montagu. 3 vols. 8vo. 1817.

Memoirs of Mrs. Carter, with Miscellaneous Productions, by Rev. Montagu Pennington. 1807.

CATHARINE TALBOT.

MISS CATHARINE TALBOT was lineally descended from the noble family of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, and was niece to Lord Talbot, who was created Lord Chancellor in 1733. Mr. Edward Talbot, her father, was the original patron of Archbishop Secker. In 1715, he married the daughter of the Rev. George Martyn, prebendary of Lincoln; but dying of the small-pox, in December, 1719, at the early age of twenty-nine years, he left his widow in a situation very inadequate to his rank in life, and five months after his death was born, in May, 1720, his celebrated daughter Catharine.

On his deathbed, Mr. Talbot earnestly recommended to his father, the Bishop of Durham, his friends Secker, Butler, and Benson. At one time he was disposed to adopt the theories of Whiston, to whom he was introduced by Rundle, and they became members of his society for promoting Primitive Christianity; but they both, subsequently, renounced their errors, and afterwards took holy orders. Mr. Talbot was elected Fellow of Oriel in 1712, which he resigned upon his marriage. He was subsequently made Archdeacon of Berkshire.

Fortunately for his widow, Catharine, sister to Mr. Benson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who had been

the companion of her early youth, and whose brother had been equally intimate with Mr. Talbot, was residing with Mrs. Talbot at the time of her husband's death, and she was her great support under this heavy affliction; and when her infant was born, who was unfortunately endowed with a very weak and delicate constitution, it was supposed that her life was preserved through that lady's fostering care and tenderness.

They continued to live together, on the closest terms of intimacy, bestowing all their attention upon the infant Catharine; but before she was five years old, their establishment was broken up by the marriage of Miss Benson with Mr. Secker, who was at that time rector of the valuable living of Houghton-le-Spring, and who had become acquainted with her in his visits of gratitude and condolence to the widow of his friend, Mrs. Talbot; and now it was that the future archbishop evinced his gratitude to Mr. Talbot, by joining with his wife in the request that his widow and orphan should from that time become a part of his family. The offer was accepted, and they never after separated, continuing with him even after Mrs. Secker's death, and managing for him his domestic concerns, until his own demise, which took place in 1768.

Mrs. Talbot, her mother, though an amiable and an excellent person, does not appear to have been a woman of strong parts, and the circumstance of her own education having been neglected, in some degree disqualified her from entirely superintending that of her daughter. But this deficiency was more than compensated in the attention paid by Dr. Secker to his young charge; and having no children himself, he treated her with paternal care, taking as much pride and pleasure in her dawning genius, as if she had actually been his daughter. By constantly associating with him, she reaped all the advantages of his extensive learning, accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, and his critical acquaintance with the sciences and languages connected with that important study.

Miss Talbot early acquired a complete knowledge of the French and Italian languages; she had also a superficial acquaintance with Latin, and later in life she taught herself German, with the view, at first, of being merely able to read Gessner's *Death of Abel* in the original. She studied also geography and astronomy with much care and attention, in the latter being instructed by Mr. Wright, an astronomer of some note at that period, and an ingenious though visionary man.

This gentleman was well acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Carter, who was three years older than Miss Talbot; and entertaining a high opinion of both his young friends, he naturally wished they should become acquainted with each other. An introduction at last took place on the steps of St. James's Church, in February, 1741, though they were first in each other's society in Canterbury, when they were of the respective ages of twenty and three-and-twenty. Their acquaintance ripened into a tender and lasting friendship, unclouded by estrangement or disagreement, and only broken by the untimely death of Miss Talbot in 1770.

As her biographer says—"The esteem, as well as the affection, were mutual; it was in the truest sense a religious friendship, and they strictly realized the beautiful idea of the psalmist, which has afforded the motto to the col-

lection of their letters: 'They took counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.'"

To their first meeting they both often refer with pleasure, and Miss Carter enthusiastically says—

"Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e 'l hora, e 'l punto,

and St. James's Church and Mr. Wright, and the particulars yes and no, and every other circumstance, and every other person that contributed to make me happy in the sight and conversation of Miss Talbot."

The modesty of Miss Talbot's disposition induced her to make frequent complaints of her own idleness and waste of time; but whilst still young, the seeds of that terrible disorder were sown which eventually carried her to the grave, and which produced a listlessness and languor, even when she had no apparent complaint, by which she was cruelly oppressed. It was supposed by her medical attendants that her constitution had a consumptive tendency, and at one time she was ordered to Bristol in consequence, whither Miss Carter accompanied her, but the waters were of no avail, and from that time she became a confirmed invalid.

Miss Talbot seems early in life to have accustomed herself to write essays and detached pieces, both in prose and verse, in a sort of common-place book, which was familiarly known to the two friends as "The Green Book." But though Mrs. Carter was constantly entreating her to arrange, revise, and publish her papers, and even obtained a promise from her that she would endeavour so to do, the project was never accomplished.

"What shall I answer to your inquiries," says she, "about the Green Book? I have remembered my promise faithfully, but am just as far from performing it as I was last year. I have read it carefully, but can find no order, no connexion in it. It wants an introduction—so it is returned to the *considering drawer* with many of its ancestors. The other papers, yours and all, lie in the same hopeless condition. But if I gain great strength, spirits, courage, and diligence in this happy retreat from every care and every interruption, you may possibly hear a better account of me and them."

This is written from Richkings, or, as it was afterwards termed, Percy Lodge, near Colnbrook, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, with whose celebrated lady Miss Talbot was intimate, passed much time, and kept up a constant correspondence.

In reply, Miss Carter complains of "the venial neglect of my favourite point, the Green Book; but it is really intolerable of you not to let the world be somewhat the better for you."

But though, probably, Miss Talbot sincerely intended to fulfil her promise when she made it, yet languor and ill health formed an insuperable bar to the undertaking. Even when better, the exercise she was recommended to take, together with the numerous engagements arising from her situation in life, and the domestic employments in the care of a large establishment, engrossed her time too much to allow her leisure to arrange her papers for publication. Her constant personal attention to the neighbouring poor, both in town and in the country, likewise found her full occupation for every spare half hour. She

examined, instructed, and rewarded their children; she gave her advice to all who wished it, and on those in want, pecuniary assistance was bountifully bestowed. She was probably, very often, the almoner of Dr. Secker's extensive charities, who, when Archbishop of Canterbury, constantly bestowed upwards of two thousand pounds a year on the poor; and, previous to his attaining to that dignity, there is no doubt that he had been equally liberal in proportion to his means.

But though Miss Carter failed in inducing Miss Talbot to print her productions, she was herself prevailed upon, by the suggestions and advice of her friend, to attempt the translation of *Epictetus*, the pages of which were constantly transmitted to Bishop Secker for his inspection, and returned with his corrections and criticisms. It was published in 1758 by subscription, and produced not less than one thousand pounds to the translator.

Miss Talbot's fears respecting the prejudicial tendency of Stoic doctrines, induced Miss Carter to enrich her work with an introduction and notes, in which she contrasted the idea of the Stoics, which supposes the human soul to be literally a part of the Deity, and that after death it will lose all personal identity, and return to its original elements, with the consolatory assurances of revelation, that the spirits of the just shall survive in regions of everlasting felicity, when they shall rest from their labours, and be recompensed for their good actions.

In her correspondence, Miss Talbot says, "Every now and then I am shocked at the pride and harshness of the Stoic doctrines; 'if afflictions make me suffer, I renounce them.' I, the self-sufficient I, proud and confident in the dignity of a soul that is—what?—to mingle with its elements? No! poor *Epictetus*! If laudable affections give me pain, I humbly submit to it, as the due part of frail and fallen nature. If the giving a due check and restraint to those affections is a difficulty, I thankfully and cheerfully undertake it; (satisfied that the goodness of God wills us to be as happy as we can, and to make the best of this mortal state;) ambitious to exert myself as becomes a being restored to the hopes of a blessed immortality, and confiding in superior help to succeed in its poor endeavours.

"Is it possible that *Epictetus* should have read St. Paul, or known any thing of Christianity, and not become a Christian? He ought to have been above prejudice, and a real votary of truth. And could he not see that the narrow heathen system contradicted every notion and feeling of his heart?"

Though Miss Talbot did not publish any of her own writings herself, she willingly lent her advice and assistance to several of the writers of the day, with whom she was intimate; and Richardson, when he was composing *Sir Charles Grandison*, originally called "*The Good Man*," as an antidote to the injury that might have been done to morals, in the having rendered too agreeable in his "*Clarissa*," the fascinating rake, Lovelace, submitted his manuscript to her inspection, and it was revised and corrected by her before it was printed. She likewise, in conjunction with Miss Carter, furnished various hints and plans of characters and stories for "*The Adventurer*," in the success of which periodical paper, as well as in that of "*The Rambler*," she took a deep interest, and was particularly

desirous that the moral parts and narratives should be such as should improve as well as delight the age.

By constantly residing with Dr. Secker, at his episcopal and archiepiscopal palaces, both in town and the country, Miss Talbot of course became acquainted with most of the eminent characters of the day; with the great, as well as with the good and the learned. Besides the Countess of Hertford, she was intimate with all the female branches of the Yorke family, especially with the Marchioness De Grey and with Lady Anson.

During the illness of her father's friend, Bishop Butler, with whom she often stayed, both at his rectory at Houghton, and also at Hampstead, where he had the house formerly the residence of Sir Harry Vane, and where Bishop Secker passed much of his time,—Miss Talbot thus writes:—

"The dangerous indisposition of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day the most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. How rich have I been in friends—and such friends as fall to the lot of few! Let me thankfully say how rich am I! But the longer we live, the more our hearts are attached to that first set of friends amongst whom life began, and whose manners, sentiments, and kindness, are more in agreement with our own ideas. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrances, I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child, and the most delightful companion; from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar, to be met with in nobody else; and all this, in a man whose sanctity of manners and sublimity of genius gave him one of the first ranks among men; long before he was raised to that, which must, if what I painfully fear should happen, aggravate such a loss; as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind, in such a station, must have produced.

"You will not wonder I am affected—that I am very low, because I see my lord affected. I see mamma low. We all live in suspense, and there is not a room in the house that does not peculiarly remind us of him who was so lately its possessor, and who has so often, and so cheerfully and hospitably received us in it.

"But this is idle—a wrong regret. Whatever Providence orders is best. And good Archbishop Tillotson has been telling me this morning, that the felicity of friendship is not one of this transitory kind; he has been soothing me with the thought, that every parting here shall be but for a few years, and overpaid by a meeting never to part more. Were it not for this, what would every article of such treasures be, but as gilded darts, that must one day or the other give the most cruel wounds! But God be thanked, to a Christian spirit, no view of life or of death can be gloomy; no pain or suffering can be an evil; and all the proud boasts of Stoicism become literally true, and yet not inconsistent with the deepest humility."

The death of Mrs. Secker, in 1748, which took place

when Miss Talbot was about twenty-eight years of age, was a very heavy affliction to her;—for this lady had been literally a revered parent to her, and she was indebted to her for the preservation of her life in her earliest infancy, as well as for uninterrupted kindness and affection afterwards. She felt the loss deeply; and on the death of Mrs. Secker's brother, Bishop Benson, four years subsequently, she thus alludes to her former loss, in speaking to Miss Carter of this event, which took place a few weeks after that of Bishop Butler. "Once before, your company was a great relief to me in a melancholy time. I had then just lost the dearest and best of friends, the excellent sister of this last departed saint: you knew her not, and I could not talk of her with you; of him we might talk by the hour; for who that ever saw him, as you have done, could ever be weary of the pleasing subject? Pleasing it is to know, by one's own happy experience, that there are such beings in human nature, such amiable and benevolent spirits, so fitted for a higher state of existence."

But, besides their regular correspondence, the two friends, Miss Talbot and Miss Carter, had more frequent personal intercourse, at one time, at the house of the Honourable Mrs. Rooke, daughter to John, Lord Ward, and widow of George Rooke, Esq., a mutual acquaintance, who resided at the old mansion of St. Laurence, near Canterbury, where they both visited; and afterwards Miss Carter paid repeated visits to Miss Talbot in town and elsewhere. Miss Carter was always ready, in particular, in trying and afflicting seasons. She accompanied Miss Talbot to Bristol, in 1760, when the latter went there for her health; and in July, 1768, when the distressing event of the death of their tried friend and guardian, Archbishop Secker, took place, Miss Carter immediately went to her and her mother at Lambeth, and remained with them till they removed from thence, being, as Miss Talbot says, "a balm and cordial" to their spirits.

The death of the Archbishop was accompanied by various trying circumstances, independent of the sorrow Mrs. and Miss Talbot must have felt at the loss of a sincere and affectionate friend, with whom they had resided for forty-three years, without the slightest disagreement, or diminution of kindness. During this period they had shared with him all the comforts and luxuries of his exalted situation in life, in his episcopal and archiepiscopal residences at Cuddesden and Lambeth, where they had familiarly associated with the first and the greatest of the land. Now, Mrs. Talbot, at an advanced age, and her daughter no longer young, and in a very precarious state of health, had to relinquish the affluence of Lambeth Palace for the uncertain dependence upon the bounty of a relation, or the occupation of a house to themselves, on the very smallest scale. Yet, in their affliction, the balm of religious consolation was theirs, and in patient submission to the will of God they found relief and reward. The language of Miss Talbot, upon this trying occasion, was as follows:

"In so great a calamity, it will somewhat comfort you to hear that my mother and I are well; composed and resigned. Circumstances of the greatest distress have been mixed with our heavy affliction, and I more than ever see cause for thankfulness to an overruling Providence. God

be thanked, our minds are supported in comfort, and our healths wonderfully preserved."

For some time the will of the archbishop was not forthcoming; indeed, it was not discovered until three months after his death, when it was found he had left Mrs. and Miss Talbot, for their joint and separate lives, thirteen thousand pounds in the three per cent. annuities, which by adding about four hundred a year to their own small fortune, enabled Mrs. Talbot to take a comfortable and convenient house in Grosvenor Street.

Upon their first leaving Lambeth Palace, they had a safe asylum offered to them by Mr. Edward Talbot's younger brother, Major-General Sherington Talbot, of Chart Park, near Dorking, who received them into his house, and treated them with every mark of kindness and attention, until the December in which they took possession of their own house in Grosvenor Street.

Here they resided till the end of the following June, when Miss Talbot's increasing complaints obliged them to leave London for a purer air, when their kind and constant friend, the Marchioness De Grey, lent them her house at Richmond, "together with every thing she could think of to contribute to their comfort or amusement," and at the same time introduced them to all her intimate acquaintances in the neighbourhood.

The fatal complaint, a cancer, which now for three years had been preying upon the enfeebled frame of Miss Talbot, had been hitherto kept a profound secret from all her friends, except the Archbishop, Miss Carter, her own maid, and her medical attendants. From her mother it had been kept concealed from motives of kindness, until a few weeks before her death. It was fortunately unattended with pain, or with any very distressing circumstances.

A lady who was with her when her death was hourly expected, gives the following account of her behaviour: "Her resignation and patience through all her sufferings you are well acquainted with; it exceeds all description. Cheerfulness does not express her countenance or manner (I mean on Sunday last); there was a joy I never shall forget, and founded, I am certain, on the very few hours she hoped to remain here; and she told me she had that feeling within her that spoke her happiness near. I am thankful I have known her, and have sometimes hopes I may be the better all my life for some conversation passed in this last illness."

In November, Miss Talbot was, with great difficulty, removed from her delightful retreat at Richmond to her mother's house in Grosvenor Street, where, though she at first thought herself better for a few days, yet she was never afterwards able to leave her room. Her death took place on the 9th day of January, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of her age. Of this event, Miss Carter, who was with her at the time, gives the following account to Mrs. Vesey:

"Two or three days before her death she was seized with a sudden hoarseness and cough, which seemed the effect of a cold, and from which bleeding relieved her; but there remained an oppression from phlegm which was extremely troublesome to her. On the 9th (of January) this symptom increased, and she appeared heavy and sleepy, which was attributed to an opiate the night before.

I stayed with her till she went to bed, with an intention of going afterwards into her room, but was told she was asleep. I went away about nine, and in less than an hour afterwards she waked; and after the struggle of scarcely a minute, it pleased God to remove her spotless soul from its mortal sufferings to that heaven for which her whole life had been an uninterrupted preparation. Never, surely, was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manner, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew. Little, alas! infinitely too little, have I yet profited by the blessing of such an example. God grant that her memory, which I hope will ever survive in my heart, may produce a happier effect.

"Adieu, my dear friend; God bless you, and conduct us both to that happy assembly, where 'the spirits of the just' shall dread no future separation! And may we both remember that awful truth, that we can hope to 'die the death of the righteous' only by resembling them in their lives."

Mrs. Talbot, the aged mother of Miss Talbot, who was at the time of her daughter's death upwards of eighty years old, bore the loss with exemplary and pious resignation. She survived her for many years. She continued her correspondence with Miss Carter till within a few weeks of her death, which took place in the ninety-third year of her age; and to her she consigned the papers and miscellaneous works of her deceased child.

The publication of her "Reflections on the Days of the Week" was undertaken at Miss Carter's expense and risk; and in the December of the year in which Miss Talbot's death took place, Miss Carter writes to Mrs. Talbot, "I do not believe that I shall be a loser, and I have a better opinion both of the sense and the virtue of the world, than to think it in the least degree probable but that such a work will meet with the approbation it so justly deserves." The event proved her to be right, for she afterwards says, "I imagine by this time a good part of a third edition is sold off. What a comfort it is to think on the diffusive good which that dear angel has communicated to the world, of which she is now enjoying the reward! What a blessed change to herself from the suffering state of the last sad year!"

Many thousands of copies of this pleasing little work have been sold separately, and of a collection of her miscellaneous performances, probably many of those alluded to in "The Green Book," numerous editions have been printed; and for the excellence of the matter, the elegance of diction, and brilliancy of thought, they will not easily be surpassed. Composition was attended with but little trouble to Miss Talbot, her thoughts flowing as fast as her pen could write, and these are set off by the vividness of fancy and glowing imagination of a poetic genius. Indeed, in many of her writings, the images, illustrations, and similes, are poetry in themselves, and, as it has been observed, require nothing but rhyme to make them such in appearance.

In addition to a cultivated understanding and well-informed mind, Miss Talbot was a proficient in many of the lighter accomplishments of her sex, and this at a period

when they were of rare occurrence even among the highest classes. In drawing and painting in water colours she made considerable progress, some of her performances proving that her execution would not have disgraced a professional artist. She particularly excelled in painting flowers from nature, and in landscapes. On music she did not bestow so much time, though extremely fond of church music, and when Dr. Secker was Dean of St. Paul's, she bestowed much care and attention upon the choir of that cathedral, and for the service thereof she requested Mrs. Carter to alter the anthem of "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," the whole of which, with the exception of the first stanza, she herself composed.

Very early in life Miss Talbot became celebrated for piety, virtue, talents, and accomplishments, and from the elevated sphere in which she was moving, her noble birth and high connexions, and her residence with so eminent a prelate as Dr. Secker, she was held in high and general estimation; she was also admired for personal charms, and she possessed, in addition, graceful and polished manners, and a pleasing and winning address.

So excellent are the compositions of Miss Talbot which have come down to us, that it is to be greatly regretted that she did not devote more time to writing. Her "Fairy Tale," or rather her "Allegory upon Education," is one of the most successful of the kind, calculated alike to interest children and to please those of mature age. Her letters, also, are written with ease and elegance, evincing the goodness both of her heart and of her head.

WORKS.

Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week. 1770.

Essays and Miscellaneous Works.

Correspondence between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot. 1808.

MRS. MONTAGU.

Mrs. MONTAGU was born at York on the 2d of October, 1720. Her father, Matthew Robinson, Esq., of Edgeley, in Yorkshire, was the grandson of Sir Leonard Robinson, the youngest son of Thomas Robinson, Esq., of Berkeley, in Yorkshire, who was killed in the civil wars.

At the early age of eighteen, Mr. Robinson married Elizabeth, the daughter, and, subsequently, by the death of her brother, the heiress, of Robert Drake, Esq.

Elizabeth, the elder of Mr. Robinson's two daughters by the above-named lady, was early distinguished for beauty and wit, and great attention was paid to her education by Dr. Middleton, the author of the *Life of Cicero*, who was the second husband of her maternal grandmother.

The first seven years of Mrs. Montagu's life were spent at West Layton Hall, which Mr. Robinson derived by inheritance from the heiress of the ancient family of Layton, and at Edgeley, in Wensley Dale, where her father resided during the summer months. The winter was generally passed at York. In one of her letters she refers to the vivid recollection she retained of the funeral of a dean, which she had viewed from a window there, when but four years old. The impression appears to have remained like a picture upon her mind.

At this period of her life, Mr. Robinson was induced to leave Yorkshire for Coveney, in Cambridgeshire, on its becoming the property of his wife, upon the demise of her brother. It was at this time that Miss Robinson became the object of Dr. Middleton's affectionate attention; and it was here that she formed an intimacy, which lasted through life, with Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, the only daughter and heiress of Edward, second Earl of Oxford.

Notwithstanding some disparity in their age, Lady Margaret being a few years older than Miss Robinson, the girlish acquaintance, which had been commenced during different visits at Wimpole, paid there by the latter with her father and mother, gradually ripened into friendship, and a regular correspondence was kept up by letters, a long series of which have been published, and which give an entertaining account of the pursuits and opinions of Mrs. Montagu in her early youth. Conspicuous throughout these letters are that love of gaiety, and that fondness for society, which Mrs. Montagu retained through life.

Her father, who was a person of great intellectual attainments, and who was endowed with much taste and great talents for conversation, appears to have participated in the dislike felt by his lively daughter for the retirement of a country life, to which, however, from prudential motives, he was induced to submit; and from him she inherited the sarcastic wit, which, in her letters, is perhaps too often exercised in satirical descriptions of her country neighbours. There is, however, no malice discoverable in her lively remarks, and her flippancy was, probably, indulged in to amuse her noble friend and correspondent,—who, in 1734, married William, second Duke of Portland.

Miss Robinson's frequent and prolonged visits, both at Bulstrode and Whitehall, appear to have been productive of the greatest pleasure to both parties; and there she had an opportunity of meeting the first society, in which, indeed, from her own connexions, she was well entitled to move.

When Miss Robinson was thirteen years old, her father removed from Cambridgeshire to Mount Morris, near Hythe, in Kent, and here she principally resided, till her marriage in 1742. Of the dullness of this county she makes frequent complaints, although the Robinsons evidently visited all the leading families in the neighbourhood.

More than a century has elapsed since Miss Robinson first went into Kent; yet, so little antiquated is the style of her letters, that they might pass for the composition of a clever and lively girl of the present day. We may gather from them, that our progenitors were not at all wiser than their descendants, and our great grandfathers and mothers were as much occupied with balls and assemblies, elections and races, in the eighteenth as in the nineteenth century. For instance, in 1734, Miss Robinson writes—"Should I give you an account of our bustle about the election, it would not entertain you extremely. I think I may tell you, our new members have given a ball, and I am very glad they met with success, since they have made so good a use of it. I have in winter gone eight miles to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and returned at two o'clock in the morning, mightily pleased that I had been as well entertained. I am so fond of dancing, that I cannot help fancying I was at some time

bit with a tarantula, and never got well cured of it. I shall this year lose my annual dancings at Canterbury races, for my papa has made a resolution (I assure you without my advice) not to go to them.

"Lady Thanet has set an assembly on foot about eight miles from hence, where we all meet at full moon, and dance till twelve o'clock, and then take an agreeable journey home. Our assembly, in full glory, has tea coaches at it. In town the ladies talk of their stars, but here,

"If weak women go astray,
The moon is more in fault than they."

Will-o'-wisp never led the bewildered traveller over hedge and ditch, as a moon does us country gentlefolks. A squeaking fiddler is the occasion, and a moonlight night an opportunity, to go ten miles in bad roads at a time."

In the article of roads, indeed, we are considerably improved. Thanks to Mr. M^rAdam, an overturn is an event as rare in the present day as it appears then to have been of repeated occurrence. And, perhaps, these adventures, and misadventures, and hair-breadth escapes, gave piquancy to the sameness of a country neighbourhood, and of rural pursuits. They formed a topic of conversation, something to think of and to dilate upon, in the interval occurring between the assembly of the one full moon and that of the following.

But though Miss Robinson's vivacity and love of the ridiculous, might have induced her to describe her country neighbours in somewhat ludicrous terms, it is not to be supposed that they were really as dull and as stupid as she then imagined. Probably every lively girl is equally apt to consider her own neighbourhood in the same light; and, in the present day, we too are, perhaps, equally fond of evincing, by satirical remarks, our sense of our superiority to the circle in which we are doomed to move.

Miss Robinson's good qualities procured her numerous friends, and amongst her earliest correspondents appears Mrs. Dunnellan, with whom she became acquainted at Bath, in 1740, during a visit she was making there for her health.

Dash, as she is familiarly termed in the correspondence, was Miss Catherine Dashwood, the "Delia" of Hammond the poet; and she seems to have often formed one of the Bulstrode coterie.

Mrs. Anstey, the sister of the author of the Bath Guide, was likewise among Miss Robinson's early correspondents; so also was Dr. Freind, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, the son of Dr. Freind, the head master of Westminster School, who was connected with her by his marriage with Miss Grace Robinson, the sister of the Primate of Ireland.

Nine years of Miss Robinson's life were passed in Kent, at Mount Morris, varied by trips to Tunbridge Wells, an occasional excursion to Bath, and repeated visits to Bulstrode and Whitehall. When absent from home, her sister, for whom she entertained the warmest affection, was one of her constant correspondents, and, when writing to her, perhaps her style is more easy than when she was labouring to produce effect in her letters to the Duchess, or when moralizing in those to Dr. Freind.

Miss S. Robinson subsequently became the wife of George Lewis Scott, Esq., sub-preceptor in Latin to George III.;

but a separation took place early in life, and Mrs. Scott then resided with her friend Lady Barbara Montagu, the sister of Lord Halifax, and became the authoress of several works—"The History of Gustavus Ericson, King of Sweden;" "The History of d'Aubigné;" "The History of Mecklenburgh;" "Millennium Hall;" and "Sir George Ellison," &c. She is said to have equalled her sister in epistolary excellence, but her letters were burnt by her own desire.

Mrs. Montagu was equally fortunate in her brothers, who were literary men and distinguished scholars. Emulation thus produced corresponding zeal in the sisters, and a degree of scholarship unusual in females of that day was the consequence,—as appears from the frequent classical allusions in the letters of Mrs. Montagu. In their domestic circle, too, it is said there was often a struggle for mastery in wit, and superiority in argument; and their mother, from her gentle sedateness, was termed "The Speaker," as being the mediator and moderator of their disputes.

This lady died in 1746, and in a letter to Mrs. Freind, Mrs. Montagu gives a touching account of her amiable and tender parent.

In the summer of 1742, Miss Robinson became the wife of Edward Montagu, Esq., grandson to the first Earl of Sandwich, and member for the borough of Huntingdon. He was consequently cousin to Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, who married Lady Mary Pierrepont.*

Mr. Montagu was considerably older than Miss Robinson; it, therefore, cannot be imagined to have been what is termed a match of affection. Indeed, from her own account, love seems to have been a passion never felt by this vivacious lady. Mr. Montagu was a man of large fortune, of a certain station in the world, having an excellent character; and though, on her part, it probably was a marriage of prudence, yet it seems to have been productive of happiness to both parties, and she every where expresses the greatest respect, esteem, and attachment for her husband, and gratitude for his undeviating kindness and attention to her.

Those who may be disposed to quarrel with Miss Robinson for the want of romance in her disposition, which induced her to give her hand, in the first instance unaccompanied by her heart, must remember she was somewhat peculiarly situated. Though accustomed to move in the first circles, yet her father's family was too large for her to expect much fortune, and yet she had acquired a taste for the pleasures and gaieties of this life, and had evidently either formed, or had had the idea impressed upon her, that it was necessary to marry for an establishment. By her marriage, she secured to herself luxuries which had almost become necessities to her, and the happiness both of Mr. Montagu and of herself appears to have been increased by their union. The society of an amiable and sensible man, for whom she entertained sentiments of respect and esteem, had evidently a most beneficial effect upon her, and the girlish levity of her early years gradually sobered down into a tranquil and cheerful mood of mind.

The birth of a son in the year following her marriage appears to have opened a source of tender emotions, which

might not have been expected to have been found in a person of her sprightly disposition. But this beloved object was, shortly after, taken from her, and this, her first sorrow, she felt most acutely.

After her marriage, Mrs. Montagu's time was chiefly divided between Mr. Montagu's houses at Allertorpe, in Yorkshire, at Sandleford, near Newbury, in Berkshire, and in Dover Street, in London. But though evidently adapting her tastes and pursuits as much as possible to those of her kind husband, yet in her letters, a distaste for retirement, and a love of society, are still apparent, though perhaps in not so great a degree as heretofore. Her health, which was very indifferent, induced her to pay frequent visits to Tunbridge Wells, and this, together with Mr. Montagu's parliamentary and other public duties, produced frequent separations. By the death of a relation of the name of Rogers, Mr. Montagu became possessed of large property in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, whither duty rather than inclination subsequently frequently led them.

Mrs. Montagu was now on intimate terms, not only with many persons of the highest rank and fashion, but also with several of the principal literati of the day. Among these may be enumerated, Lord Lyttelton, the Earl of Bath, Gilbert West, Dr. Moncey, Mr. Stillingfleet, Lord Chatham and his sister, Dr. Young, Hume, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Miss Talbot, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Vesey. With many of these Mrs. Montagu regularly corresponded, and the letters which passed between herself and Mrs. Carter evince that in learning Mrs. Montagu far exceeded the generality of her sex.

In conjunction with her friend, Lord Lyttelton, she wrote "Dialogues of the Dead," the three last of which were her composition, and the whole of which were most favourably received by the public. Her frequent ill-health, however, together with her other numerous engagements, probably prevented her at the time from commencing any other literary undertaking.

In 1763, Mrs. Montagu, accompanied by her husband, Lord Bath, and Miss Carter, made a tour to Spa, and to some parts of Germany; and about this time she also travelled in France, where she was greatly shocked with the depressed and miserable condition of the peasantry. She subsequently paid another visit to that country, in company with her nephew and heir, Mr. Montagu, and his tutor, Mr. Blondell; her godson, Montagu Pennington, the nephew of Mrs. Carter; and Miss Gregory, the daughter of Dr. Gregory, afterwards the wife of Dr. Alison, whose early years were almost entirely spent with Mrs. Montagu.

In 1770, accompanied by Mrs. Chapone and Dr. Gregory, she made a second tour in Scotland, when she received great and marked attention from the literati of Edinburgh; and on their return home, they visited Hagley, the celebrated seat of Lord Lyttelton. Some years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu removed from Dover Street to a very elegant house in Hill Street, where she fitted up a room in the Chinese style, to which frequent allusions are made by her correspondents. It was not till after she became a widow that she removed, in 1781, into the magnificent mansion she built for herself in Portman

* The celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Square. This is now the property of her great nephew, the present Lord Rokeby.

It was in the house at Hill Street, however, that the celebrated meetings of the *Bas-bleu* Society originally took place, which perhaps were the first and only attempts at a literary conversation for both sexes in England.

The "*Gens de Lettres*," or "*Blue Stockings*," as they were commonly denominated, formed a very numerous, powerful compact phalanx in the midst of London. Mrs. Montagu was, according to Sir Nicholas Wrexall, the *Madame du Deffand*, of the English capital, and her house constituted the central point of union for all those persons who already were known, or who emulated to become known, by their talents and productions.

These assemblies continued in their brilliancy for about fifteen years, from 1770 to 1785, and were held, not only at Mrs. Montagu's magnificent house, where the full dress and parade of the day were required, but also in a more simple style at the house of Mrs. Vesey, who was more desirous of assembling celebrated literary characters beneath her roof, than of becoming one herself.

These parties, according to Madame D'Arbly, were originally instituted at Bath, and owed their name to an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet, in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting at Mrs. Vesey's, from not being, he said, in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. "Pho," cried she, with her well known, yet always original simplicity, while she looked inquisitively at him and his accoutrements, "Don't mind dress! come in your blue stockings!" With which words, humorously repeating them as he entered the apartment of the chosen coterie, Mr. Stillingfleet claimed permission to appear, and these words, ever after, were fixed in playful stigma upon Mrs. Vesey's associations.

Though still headed by Mrs. Vesey, the original coterie was transferred from Bath to London, and there hers were perhaps surpassed in brilliancy and grandeur by the rival parties at Mrs. Montagu's. Mrs. Vesey, however, had so great a horror of what was styled "a circle," from the stiffness and awe which it produced, that she was wont to push all the small sofas, as well as chairs, pell-mell about the apartments, and her greatest delight was to place the seats back to back, so that individuals could, or could not, converse as they pleased, whilst she herself flitted from party to party, armed with an ear-trumpet, being exceedingly deaf, catching an occasional sentence here or a word there, endeavouring to hear and to understand every thing that was passing around.

The company there collected was so generally of a superior cast, that talents and conversation soon found their level, and the difference of reception at Mrs. Vesey's and Mrs. Montagu's houses must have afforded an amusing contrast, and both must have preserved an air of originality, without any apparent attempt at imitation or rivalry on either side. Of Mrs. Montagu's parties, Madame D'Arbly observes:

"While to Mrs. Vesey, the *Bas Bleu* Society owed its origin and its epithet, the meetings that took place at Mrs. Montagu's were soon more popularly known by that denomination, for though they could not be more fashionable, they were far more splendid.

"Mrs. Montagu had built a superb new house, which was magnificently fitted up, and appeared to be rather appropriate for princes, nobles, and courtiers, than for poets, philosophers, and blue-stocking votaries. And here, in fact, rank and talents were so frequently brought together, that what the satirist uttered scoffingly, the author pronounced proudly, in setting aside the original claimant, to dub Mrs. Montagu Queen of the Blues.

"But, while the same *bas bleu* appellation was given to these two houses of rendezvous, neither that, nor even the same associates, could render them similar. Their grandeur or their simplicity, their magnitude or their diminutiveness, were by no means the principal cause of this difference; it was far more attributable to the lady presidents than to their abodes; for though they instilled not their characters into their visitors, their characters bore so large a share in their visitors' reception and accommodation, as to influence materially the turn of the discourse, and the humour of the parties at their houses.

"At Mrs. Montagu's, the semi-circle that faced the fire retained, during the whole evening, its unbroken form, with a precision that made it seem described by a Brobdingnagian compass. The lady of the castle commonly placed herself at the upper end of the room, near the commencement of the curve, so as to be courteously visible to all her guests; having the person of the highest rank or consequence, properly, on one side, and the person the most eminent for talents, sagaciously, on the other, or as near to her chair and her converse as her favouring eye, and a complacent bew of the head, could invite him to that distinction.

"Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order; strong, just, clear, and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious new idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay; and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than of hilarity, till their success was ascertained by applause.

"Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified; her face retained strong remains of beauty throughout life; and though its native cast was evidently that of severity, its expression was softened off in discourse by an almost constant desire to please.

"Taken for all in all, Mrs. Montagu was rare in her attainments, splendid in her conduct, open to the calls of charity, forward to provide for those of indigent genius, and unchangeably just and firm in the application of her interest, her principles, and her fortune, to the encouragement of loyalty and the support of virtue."

Among this brilliant constellation of talent and wit which then illumined the mansions of these two ladies, shone a star of the first magnitude, the mighty Dr. Johnson, and indeed his death, according to Sir Nicholas Wrexall, was one cause for the subsequent decline of these assemblies. More probably, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey themselves, at this time, began to suffer from the infirmities of age and ill-health.

Accompanying Dr. Johnson, generally might be seen Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, who was by some thought to have possessed as much information and more brilliancy of intellect than even Mrs. Montagu herself, but she was in the habit of talking much more, as well as more unguardedly, on every subject. There also sparkled Garrick, whose presence always diffused a gaiety through the room.

Among others, may be enumerated Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, author of "Reliques of English Poetry;" Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph; Sir Nicholas Wrexall, the historian; Dr. Burney; Lord Erskine, who was just then commencing his subsequent brilliant career; Mr., afterwards Sir W. Pepps; Sir Joshua Reynolds; Dr. Beattie, and his biographer, Sir William Forbes; the Earl of Lyttelton, the poet and the historian; the clever and eccentric Lord Monboddo; Horace Walpole; Edmund Burke; Langton, the friend of Johnson; Soame Jenyns; and Owen Cambridge, who were generally termed "the Old Wits," and who, with a long retinue of talent and learning, constantly frequented these assemblies.

Among the ladies must be mentioned the learned and the excellent Mrs. Elizabeth Carter; Hannah More, then more known as a poetess and a wit, than for the piety and morality since so warmly advocated by her; Miss Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay; Miss Shipley, subsequently the lady of the celebrated Sir William Jones; Mrs. Boscawen, the wife of Admiral Boscawen, (who received the thanks of the House of Commons for his eminent services in North America,)—daughter of William Evelyn Glanville, of St. Clare, in Kent, and mother of the then Lord Falmouth; Mrs. Chapone, then well known as the author of "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;" Mrs. Barbauld, celebrated alike for her poems and poetical essays.

Though these assemblies were chiefly literary, and every species of play was excluded, yet rank and beauty were also to be found in the coterie; among whom were frequently seen the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Montagu's earliest friend and correspondent, herself a woman of distinguished taste in various branches of art; and the lovely and fascinating Duchess of Devonshire, then in the first bloom of youth.

These assemblies have been celebrated by Miss Hannah More, in a poem termed "The Bas Bleu;" and when the number of celebrated characters who then or who have since figured in the annals of fame, is taken into consideration, it can scarcely be deemed that justice has been done to them by Sir Nicholas Wrexall, who decidedly gives the palm to the French assemblies of Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; more particularly, when the religious and moral excellence of the parties are compared, for those who constituted the Bas-bleu society were, generally speaking, as conspicuous for their worth as for their talents. Not so many of the French wits and philosophers, who have distinguished themselves as the bane rather than as the benefactors of the human race, and many of whose works are already deservedly consigned to oblivion.

Mrs. Montagu had at this time taken an elevated place among the writers of the day, by her "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare," which was produced in 1779, in consequence of Voltaire's attacks, not very long

after her return from France in 1776,—where, as well as in 1763, she had astonished the literati of that metropolis, not only by her wit, but by her splendid style of living, and by her apparently immense fortune. Indeed, those who were not among her panegyrists appear to consider that some part of the admiration she excited, not only in England but in France, arose as much from the magnificence of her establishment, as from the beauty of her person and the brilliancy of her talents.

In 1775, the death of Mr. Montagu left Mrs. Montagu a widow with an immense property; and among the earliest acts of her munificence was the settling £100 per annum on her less affluent friend Mrs. Carter, with whom she was on terms of affectionate intimacy. Herself and her style of living at this period are described by another of her friends, who was only then beginning her subsequent career of brilliancy and utility. Hannah More, at the age of thirty, thus writes of Mrs. Montagu, who was then about fifty-five years of age:—

"Mrs. Montagu received me with the most encouraging kindness; she is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw; she lives in the highest style of magnificence; her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste; but what baubles are these when speaking of a Montagu! Her form (for she has no body) is delicate even to fragility; her countenance the most animated in the world; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. But I fear she is hastening to decay very fast; her spirits are so active, that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them."

Fortunately, in this, Hannah More did not evince herself a true prophetess, for Mrs. Montagu's life was prolonged for nearly thirty years after the date of her prophecy.

In 1781, she built her magnificent house in Portman Square, and also continued her building and planting at her country residence, Sandesford. Here Mrs. Hannah More was a frequent visiter, and has given some spirited sketches of their mode of living, in her correspondence. Subsequently, Hannah More writes as follows:—

"1784, Sandesford.

"I write from the delightful abode of our delightful friend. There is an irregular beauty and greatness in the new buildings, and in the cathedral aisles which open to the great gothic window, which is exceedingly agreeable to the imagination. It is solemn without being sad, and gothic without being gloomy. Last night, by a bright moonlight, I enjoyed this singular scenery most feelingly. It shone in all its glory, but I was at a loss with what beings to people it; it was too awful for fairies, and not dismal enough for ghosts. There is a great propriety in its belonging to the champion of Shakspeare, for, like him, it is not only beautiful without the rules, but almost in defiance of them.

"The fortnight spent with our friend Mrs. Montagu, I need not say to you, was passed profitably and pleasantly, as one may say of her, what Johnson said of some one else, 'that she never opens her mouth but to say something.' The great apartment, that was the chapel, is quite in order; and the romantic scenery presented to the eye by the gothic aisle which fronts the great window, is very delightful.

"My visit was an exceedingly pleasant one; we passed our time in the full enjoyment of the best blessings this world has to bestow, friendship, tranquillity, and literature. You agree with me, that what makes our accomplished friend so delightful in society, is, that in her company *les jeux et les ris* constantly act as pages and maids of honour to Apollo and the Nine, who always owe one half their attractions to their lively train, and who, though very respectable without them, can never be entirely captivating."

Even at seventy years of age Mrs. Montagu seems to have retained her youthful love of society and gaiety, for in 1790, Hannah More thus writes:

"April 25.

"Yesterday I dined with the Montagus, and passed the evening in Portman Square. She is sitting up her great room in a superb style, with pillars of verde antique, and has added an acre to what was before a very large town garden. Still the same inexhaustible spirit,—the same taste for business and magnificence. Three or four great dinners in a week, with the Luxemburghs, Montmorencies, and Czartoriskis."

In 1792, she again writes: "We had a very gay thing for quiet country people. You must know, Mrs. Montagu had, last week, the honour of entertaining the Queen and six Princesses at breakfast in Portman Square; and yesterday, she had a great breakfast for subjects, to which we went. (She was staying with the Bishop of London.) Almost all the fine people were there, to the number of two or three hundred. Breakfast was ready at one. The Duke of Gloucester and Mrs. Montagu sat at the head of the table, the foreign Princesses next. There was a great profusion of ices, fruits, and all sorts of refreshments, and the gay *coup d'œil*—the sight of so many distinguished persons—was pleasant enough, but we were glad to get back to Mongewell."

But Mrs. Montagu's attentions were not confined to those moving in the higher circles; for one of her numerous acts of kindness and benevolence was, the interesting herself in behalf of an unfortunate class, to whom but too little attention was at that time paid by others. On the 1st of May, she used to give an entertainment to all the little chimney-sweepers in the metropolis, who, in the same mansion where she received royalty and nobility, were entertained with beef and plum-pudding; a dance succeeded, and when the whole was over, each individual, on his departure, received a shilling for a present.

Mrs. Montagu seems also to have taken equal interest in the unfortunate slaves in the West Indies, and Miss Hannah More, and "the Red Cross Knight," as Mrs. Montagu playfully termed Mr. Wilberforce, for his exertions in abolition of the slave-trade, whilst abused and libelled by some, had the reward, at least, of the approbation and zealous good wishes of a Montagu. Of her, Mr. Wilberforce says in his Journal, 1789, "Mrs. Montagu, senior, has many fine, and great, and amiable qualities. Young Montagu is all gratitude, and respect, and affection to her, and of most pure and upright intentions." Mr. Wilberforce appears to have been intimate with the nephew, and was a frequent guest at Mrs. Montagu's house at this period.

In 1799, Mrs. Carter writes as follows:

"Of Mrs. Montagu I am able to give you a more comfortable account. She is in perfectly good health and spirits, though she has totally changed her mode of living, from conviction that she excited herself too much last year (she was then not far from eighty), and that it brought on the long illness from which she suffered so much. She never goes out except to take the air of a morning, has no company to dinner (I do not call myself company), lets in nobody on an evening, which she passes in having her servant read to her, as her eyes will not suffer her to read to herself. I flatter myself that this pause of exertion will restore her to us, and will help to prolong her life, and that a taste for the comfort of living quietly will, for the future, prevent her from mixing so much with the turmoils of the world as to injure her health."

Although Mrs. Montagu latterly lost the use of her sight, she retained her mental faculties to the last. She died on the 25th of August, 1802, in her eighty-second year, having survived her husband twenty-seven years. She was buried in Westminster Abbey; the body of her infant son, of whom she had been deprived nearly sixty years, being, by her own desire, removed out of Yorkshire, and placed in her own tomb.

Few women have run a more brilliant career than Mrs. Montagu, and excepting in the loss of her only son, and in the death of friends, which must ever be the lot of those whose existence is protracted to any lengthened period, she appears to have experienced little in the shape of calamity. She was warmly attached to her own family, and was the friend of the wisest and best, the wittyest and most learned of the age. Poets, politicians, historians, critics, orators, all were anxious to obtain her society, and she secured the esteem and attachment of all. She speaks of herself and Mr. Montagu as "moderate Whigs," but persons of all politics appear to have mixed in her assemblies.

In her youth, she was admired for the peculiar animation and expression of her dark blue eyes, and high arched eyebrows, and for the contrast her brilliant complexion formed with her dark-brown hair. She was of the middle stature, but stooped a little, which gave an air of modesty to a countenance whose features were rather strongly marked. From her perpetual activity of body and mind, she obtained amongst her friends the playful sobriquet of "la petite fidget."

Sir Nicholas Wrexall describes Mrs. Montagu as "qualified to preside in her circle, whatever subject was started; but her manner was more dictatorial and sententious than conciliatory or diffident. There was nothing feminine about her; and though her opinions were generally just, yet the organ which conveyed them was not soft or harmonious. Destitute of taste in disposing the ornaments of her dress, she nevertheless studied or affected those aids more than would seem to have become a woman professing a philosophic mind, intent on higher pursuits than the toilet. Even when approaching to fourscore, this female weakness still accompanied her, nor could she relinquish her diamond necklace and bows, which formed of evenings the perpetual ornament of her emaciated person. I used to think that these glittering appendages of opulence sometimes helped to dazzle the disputant whom

her arguments might not always convince, or her literary reputation intimidate.

"Notwithstanding the defects and weaknesses that I have enumerated, she possessed a masculine understanding, enlightened, cultivated, and expanded by the acquaintance of men as well as of books."

Mrs. Montagu was celebrated for her epistolary excellence, and two volumes of her letters, from 1731 to 1744, when she was only twenty-three years of age, were published by Matthew Montagu, Esq., M.P., her nephew and executor, in 1809. A second part, containing her correspondence from that period to the year 1761, appeared in 1813.

WORKS.

Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, 1779.

Four Volumes of Letters, 1809 and 1813.

Dialogues of the Dead, in part, 1760.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

With the name of Sheridan is now associated all that we can conceive of genius, wit, and beauty. But though the celebrity of Mrs. Frances Sheridan has been eclipsed by the surpassing brilliancy of her posterity, yet all must allow she showed herself worthy of being their progenitor.

Frances Sheridan was born in the year 1724. Her family was of English extraction, and her father, Dr. Philip Chamberlaine, the son of Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, had considerable preferment in the Irish church, having been Prebend of Rathmichael, in the diocese of Dublin, Archdeacon of Glendalough, and Rector of St. Nicholas without, in Dublin. He married a lady named Whyte, who, dying soon after the birth of her daughter Frances, left her to struggle with all the disadvantages attendant on the want of maternal care.

In this instance, the loss must have been peculiarly heavy, as Dr. Chamberlaine, though an admired preacher, and strict in the performance of his clerical duties, was, at the same time, a humourist, and so eccentric that he with difficulty allowed his daughter to be taught to read. To write, he considered wholly unnecessary for a female. Fortunately for herself, and we may add for the world, her brothers did not participate in these prejudices; for, by her eldest, Walter, she was privately instructed in writing and Latin; and by Richard, her second, in botany,—which latter acquisition she turned to the benefit of her father's parishioners, by prescribing for them to the best of her ability. She evinced, however, as much ardour for their spiritual welfare, as she showed consideration for their temporal wants, which was exemplified in the interest she took in an unfortunate idiot, who was considered as incapable of instruction. Miss Fanny, as the rector's youngest daughter was styled, herself undertook the task of his tuition, and neither daunted by the trouble, nor discouraged by the good-humoured raillery of her family, she succeeded in teaching him to read and to say the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, besides considerably ameliorating the moral state of the unfortunate outcast.

Notwithstanding the difficulties thrown in the way of her education, at the early age of fifteen, Miss Chamber-

laine composed a romance in two volumes, entitled "Eugenia and Adelaide." This was originally written on the coarse and discoloured paper allowed by Dr. Chamberlaine for his household accounts, and was, after her decease, published without her name. It is said to have evinced marks of imagination and inventive talent, and at a subsequent period it was adapted for the stage as a comic drama, by Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter, Mrs. Lefanu, and was acted at Dublin with considerable success.

Miss Chamberlaine's next attempt at literary composition took a somewhat whimsical form for a girl, in the writing of two sermons, both of which were said to have displayed more than ordinary ability.

Some years previous to his decease, her father having sunk into a state of mental imbecility, Frances Chamberlaine became more mistress of her time than heretofore, and occasionally accompanied her brothers to the theatre, which amusement, Dr. Chamberlaine having objections equally strong with his prejudices against female literature, she had hitherto had no opportunities of enjoying. Their visits to the theatre were destined to produce an important effect on her destiny, for on the stage she first saw Mr. Sheridan, who subsequently became her husband.

Truly may it be said in the words of the proverb, "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose." She who, by the prejudices of her father, was forced to learn to write by stealth, and was prevented visiting the interior of a theatre, eventually became an authoress of celebrity, and the wife of an actor.

Mr. Sheridan was the second son of Dr. Sheridan, a divine and poet, who was born in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, in 1684. He kept a respectable school, first in Dublin, afterwards at Cavan, which he disposed of for money; as he did also a living procured for him by Dean Swift, with whom he was extremely intimate. He was an improvident man, and died poor in 1738.

The husband of Mrs. Sheridan was born at Quilca in 1721, and was educated at Westminster school, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin.

He was, at the period of his marriage, about five or six-and-twenty, and was just commencing, with considerable eclat, his career as manager of the Dublin theatre; and having had the advantages of a classical education, and being of an old Irish family, he had, at first, every prospect of success; but in January, 1746, these were much overcast by what was termed "Kelly's Riot." It is probable that the ill usage he received upon this occasion, together with the spirit and gallantry he displayed, might have been one principal cause of enlisting in his favour the sympathies of Miss Chamberlaine.

Mr. Kelly, a Galway gentleman, having insulted, and considerably alarmed an actress of the name of Bellamy, in the theatre, Mr. Sheridan interposed in her behalf; when so coarse and violent was the conduct of Mr. Kelly, that the manager was at length induced to chastise the offender. The inflammable temperament of Irishmen only requires a spark to set it on fire, and a combination was formed among Galway men to avenge Mr. Kelly. With that object they designed to attack Mr. Sheridan at the theatre, but having been warned of his danger, he prudently abstained from appearing that night on the stage, when, incensed at missing their prey, their fury broke forth into the most inexcusable outrages.

The college, of which Mr. Sheridan had formerly been a member, together with the higher order of citizens, immediately espoused his cause, and a violent ferment arose,

not only in Dublin, but throughout the kingdom. The celebrated Edmund Burke, who was at this time a student at the university, was one of his warmest partisans and defenders.

A paper war was then commenced, opened by a letter in favour of Mr. Sheridan, which appeared in the *Dublin Journal*, Jan. 25, 1746. This was followed by an anonymous copy of verses, from the pen of Miss Chamberlaine, which ultimately led to an introduction to Mr. Sheridan.

But in vain did Miss Chamberlaine wield her poetical pen in behalf of her hero; and a clever pamphlet of hers in prose was attended with equally bad success. Party spirit still ran high—nay, to such an unpardonable pitch did it rise, that Mr. Sheridan, together with his friend Dr. Lucas, who had generously interposed in his behalf, were, by these bloodthirsty ruffians, deliberately doomed to destruction, and a horse always kept in readiness to enable the murderer to depart at a minute's warning.

Notwithstanding every attempt made to defend him, the support of many persons of consequence, and the presence of several ladies of distinction, a violent riot took place in the theatre one night when Mr. Sheridan was acting, which terminated in its being shut up by order of the Master of the Revels, and both parties appealed to the laws of their country.

Mr. Sheridan was first tried for assaulting Mr. Kelly, when the provocation he had received appeared to the jury such ample justification of his conduct, that he was immediately acquitted. Mr. Kelly was then tried for the mischief done at the theatre, and was sentenced to a fine of £500, and three months' imprisonment. The fine was remitted at the generous request of Mr. Sheridan, and he himself became solicitor and bail for the enlargement of the man who had sought his life and injured his property.

Mr. Sheridan was rewarded for his manliness and firmness on this occasion by the increased popularity of the theatre under his care; and all persons of rank and influence supported him with their countenance and patronage.

After the termination of this affair, Mr. Sheridan was introduced to his fair champion, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Sheen. Both parties were so much pleased with each other at this first interview, that a lively attachment immediately took place, and they were united in the year 1747, when the lady had just completed her twenty-second year.

For some years after her marriage, Mrs. Sheridan's life was happy and prosperous in the extreme. Indeed, the only drawback to her felicity was the loss of her eldest son Thomas, who was born in 1747, and died at the early age of three years. She alternately resided in Dublin, and at Quilca, in Cavan, the paternal property of the Sheridans, and where Swift had often visited them. This appears to have been an elegant cottage orné; and one room, the roof of which was carved, was painted by Lewes, as a slight return for the many kindnesses he had received from its owner. After Quilca had been left by the family, and had passed into the hands of a farmer, this room was preserved, and shown to the numerous visitants who were attracted to the spot by admiration for departed genius and domestic worth.

Mrs. Sheridan's time was now fully occupied with the cares of a rising family, and with the numerous friends and relations whom the hospitality of her husband delighted to assemble at Quilca. Whilst at Dublin, she was

intimate with a chosen few, among whom may be enumerated Mrs. Cunningham, a lady of considerable literary attainments, and Mrs. Montgomery, mother of three celebrated beauties, the Honourable Mrs. Beresford, Mrs. Gardiner, and the Marchioness of Townshend.

Mrs. Sheridan's second son, Charles Francis, was born June, 1750; her third, the celebrated Richard Brinsley September, 1751. Her fourth child was a daughter, Alicia, born January, 1753, who subsequently became Mrs. Lefanu. Her son, Sackville, died an infant, and her youngest daughter, Anne Elizabeth, was born some years afterwards in London.

Clouds at length began to gather in the horizon, and the threatening storm burst on this interesting family with such violence, as, for a time, to overwhelm them with its fury. This might, perhaps, in some degree, be attributed to want of caution on the part of Mr. Sheridan, who, after the Kelly riot of 1746, had instituted a theatrical meeting, which went by the name of the Beef-steak Club. This comprehended many noblemen and gentlemen, who were all supporters of government; and those excluded from it showed their resentment by making it a party question, and by opposing the manager as the supposed partisan of those in power. Their discontent at length exploded on the revival of the tragedy of *Mahomet*, and the following lines were received with tumultuous applause by the audience.

"If, ye powers divine,
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush these vipers,
Who, singled out by the community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe."

Mr. Sheridan, somewhat unadvisedly, censured Mr. Digges, the actor who recited the lines, for having marked out this passage as a party stroke; Mr. Digges, therefore, when the play was again performed, March 2d, 1754, as he had a private grudge against Mr. Sheridan, informed the audience, on their being encored, he had been forbidden by the manager to repeat them. Mr. Sheridan was, in consequence, loudly called for, but not obeying the summons, their fury rose to such a pitch, that they destroyed the interior of the theatre, and even attempted to set it on fire.

Mrs. Sheridan was at this time near her confinement, and the ill-judged precipitation with which the account of this riot was communicated to her, together with the danger to which her husband was exposed, was productive of most disastrous consequences to herself. The child soon after died in convulsions, thought to have been occasioned by the terrible agitation of its mother. It was christened Sackville, after the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Lieutenant, who was its godfather, and who treated Mr. Sheridan with great kindness; indeed, it was the attention paid him at the Castle that had been one cause of the party against him. The Duke was so sensible of this, that he offered Mr. Sheridan a pension of three hundred pounds a year, as some recompense for what he had suffered in the cause of government. This kind offer, however, was declined.

In consequence of this unfortunate affair, Mr. Sheridan let his theatre for a couple of years, and retired to England with his family, till the storm should have blown over. In September, 1756, he again returned to Dublin, when, such is the uncertainty of popular favour or disfavour, he was received with rapturous applause, on his re-

appearing upon the stage, and a gleam of the sunshine of prosperity again illuminated their horizon.

This was, however, but of temporary duration; for a new theatre, erected by Spranger Barry, in Dublin, became the resort of all the rank and fashion that had hitherto so warmly supported Mr. Sheridan. Possessing a fine figure and an interesting countenance, together with insinuating manners, Mr. Barry soon became the rage, and the ladies of ton, under whose patronage he was wont to place himself, when they bespoke a play, were active in exerting themselves to fill the house, and even insisted on their tradesmen attending, upon pain of losing their custom.

To this reverse of fortune may be attributed Mrs. Sheridan's first appearance as a writer, for, in her adversity, she had recourse, for the support of her family, to those abilities which had hitherto been merely exerted in private life, to adorn her domestic fireside.

Abandoning all idea of again attempting the Dublin theatre, Mr. Sheridan, in 1758, with his family, settled in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and in 1760 he took an engagement at Drury Lane.

The brilliant talents of Mrs. Sheridan soon caused her to be surrounded by several literary characters of the first eminence. Among these may be enumerated Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young, and Samuel Richardson. The admiration expressed by Richardson for her manuscript novel, *Eugenia and Adelaide*, was such as to induce her to commence her principal work, the *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph*, in allusion to which, Dr. Johnson paid her the well-known compliment, "I know not, madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much."

Although, in this work, Mrs. Sheridan adopted the epistolary form of Richardson's productions, yet she avoided in a great degree his prolixity, remarking that "in his novels the bookseller got the better of the author."

Sidney Biddulph, perhaps, presents a more faithful picture of the manners of middle life, in the early part of the eighteenth century, than the works of Richardson; and this may be easily accounted for, as Mrs. Sheridan probably drew from her own actual observation of the circles in which she moved, whilst Richardson, in attempting to portray scenes in higher life than his own, could only write from imagination.

In the composition of *Sidney Biddulph*, Mrs. Sheridan appears to have relied entirely upon her own abilities, for even her husband was not consulted, nor, indeed, was any portion of it communicated to him, until the whole was completed. It is recorded of her, that it was her custom to write with a small box near her, in which she deposited her manuscript when Mr. Sheridan entered the apartment.

Sidney Biddulph was published by Doddsley, March, 1761, and became an immediate favourite with the public. It went through several editions, and was also translated into French by the Abbé Prévost, under the title of "*Mémoires d'une Jeune Dame*," and met with an equally favourable reception. Part of it was brought out upon the stage with considerable success.

This work added greatly to the reputation of Mrs. Sheridan, and her society seems to have been sought universally. Miss Pennington, the daughter of the Lady Pennington who wrote "*Letters to her Daughter*," was so attached to her, that she followed her to town, telling her "she was come to take up her abode with her, for she

found it impossible to live without her." Mrs. Sheridan returned her affection with equal warmth, and their friendship was only terminated by the death of the former at Bath, whither Mrs. Sheridan attended her, and was with her in her last moments.

At Bath, Mrs. Sheridan became acquainted with Mrs. Scott, the sister of the famous Mrs. Montagu, who is mentioned in her correspondence by the appellation "Pea," given her from the great similarity between them.

Sarah Fielding, the sister of the celebrated novelist, Henry Fielding, herself a writer, was another acquaintance of Mrs. Sheridan. She was then residing between Bath and Bath Easton, and spent much of her time with Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, the "Alworthy" of "Tom Jones."

The Honourable Mrs. Cholmondeley, the original Lady Anne Wilmot of Mrs. Brooke's "Julia Mandeville," and the "Bell Farmer" of her "Emily Montague," famed for her wit and beauty, was warmly attached to Mrs. Sheridan, and this she amusingly evinced by the eccentric exertions in behalf of a comedy entitled "*The Discovery*," written by her friend, and first acted February 5, 1763, in which the principal character was performed by Garrick. Just when the fate of the play might be considered to be decided, and Mrs. Sheridan was awaiting the event with all the perturbation with which only an author can sympathise, Mrs. Cholmondeley burst into her room at the head of a joyous party, to congratulate her on the complete success of the piece. She was, in the fashion of the day, clad in a linen gown and chip hat, and came from the middle gallery, where she had stationed herself, in order to head a party of friends, and point out to them what passages to admire: and her beautiful white hands were quite sore with applauding.

Mrs. Sheridan was not so fortunate with another production, entitled "*The Dupe*," and this was in some degree attributed to a party cabal, supposed to have been headed by Mrs. Clive, in revenge for Mr. Sheridan, who now acted on the English stage, declining to take Chamont to her *Monimia*, in Otway's tragedy of "*The Orphan*."

About this time, Mrs. Sheridan was introduced to the famous Mrs. Macanley, and their first interview was humorously described by Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter, Alicia, then a girl of nine or ten years old.

It was with reference to the education of this daughter that Mrs. Sheridan received from Dr. Johnson, who was in the habit of frequenting her house, and of taking much notice of her children, one of his peremptory and decided set downs. On his observing the little Alicia's love for literature, and her attentively reading his "*Rambler*," Mrs. Sheridan assured Dr. Johnson it was only works of that most unexceptionable nature, which she suffered to meet the eyes of her little girl. "In general, I am very careful," continued she, "to keep from her all such books as are not calculated, by their moral tendency, expressly for the perusal of youth."

"Then you are a fool, madam!" vociferated the Doctor. "Turn your daughter loose into your library; if she is well inclined, she will only choose nutritious food; if otherwise, all your precaution will avail nothing to prevent her following the natural bent of her inclinations."

Mrs. Sheridan generally accompanied her husband in his visits to Bath, Bristol, Edinburgh, &c., where he delivered lectures upon oratory, which were well received.

At Bath, Mrs. Sheridan first became acquainted with

the Linley family, so famed for their musical talents,* and with whom afterwards her son became connected.

At Bristol, a singular incident occurred in a copy of verses being addressed to the husband of Mrs. Sheridan, by a young lady of fifteen, the subsequently celebrated Hannah More.

In 1764, having ascertained that housekeeping in France was more reasonable than in England, the Sheridans embarked for that country, to live there upon the pension of £300 per annum, granted by the King. They took all their family with them but Richard Brinsley, who was left at Harrow, under the care of his old friend Dr. Sumner, the head master of that school.

Accidental circumstances induced them to settle at Blois, where they lived very quietly, and by strict economy endeavoured to repair the dilapidated state of their finances.

The mild climate of France having, in some degree, re-established Mrs. Sheridan's declining health, she began again to resume her literary pursuits, and two more volumes were added to *Sidney Biddulph*, which were not published till 1767, after her decease. These may be almost considered a distinct work, being rather the history of Sidney's daughters than of their mother, Mrs. Arnold herself.

Mrs. Sheridan's last, and by no means her least popular work, was the oriental tale of *Nourjahad*, the plan of which was suggested to her during a restless night, in a kind of vision between waking and sleeping, after she had been reflecting on the inequality in the conditions of men. The tale of *Nourjahad* is an illustration of the idea that true happiness depends upon the regulation of the passions, rather than upon outward prosperity. The hero is represented as a being who, supposing himself supernaturally endowed with boundless wealth and immortality, converts these fancied goods into decided evils. The delusion is carried on by machinery, conducted by the Sultan himself, who, at the end, explains his motive of action. This highly poetical work, which was intended to have been the first of a series of moral fictions, was subsequently dramatized by Miss Sophia Lee, the author of "*Canterbury Tales*."

Mr. Sheridan was just on the eve of a journey to Ireland, when he was arrested by the illness of his wife, who was seized with fainting fits and alarming debility; her strength rapidly declined, though the powers of her mind were unimpaired nearly to the last; and at the end of a fortnight she expired, to the inexpressible grief of her husband and family.

The bigotry and religious prejudices of that day would not permit the remains of a Protestant to be interred in a Roman Catholic burial-ground, and it was only through the friendly interposition of Colonel Montigny and Colonel De Maupas, that permission was obtained from a Protestant family, for her to be deposited in their own private cemetery, seven miles from Blois.

To prevent any opposition from an ignorant populace, the funeral took place at night, by torchlight, when, escorted by a party of Colonel De Maupas' dragoons, and attended by her husband and eldest son, the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Sheridan was committed to the grave.

* A gentleman complimenting the elder Mr. Linley upon the talents of his daughter, asked his son Tom, "Are you, too, musical, my little man?" "O yes, sir," replied the boy with naïveté, "we are all geniuses."

Although not handsome, Mrs. Sheridan is described as having had an intelligent countenance, fine dark eyes and hair, with a particularly fair complexion. From an accident in childhood, she was slightly lame, and could not walk any distance without assistance; latterly she made use of an ivory-headed cane. Her hand and arm were particularly beautiful.

In her dress Mrs. Sheridan was somewhat plain, though she did not affect that negligence which was adopted by some of the literary ladies of that day, who were accused of studiously neglecting the Graces to pay homage to the Muses.

Mrs. Sheridan was as much beloved in her own family as she was admired by her contemporaries; and she was even more famed for her colloquial powers than for her literary talents. Her temper was good, though warm, of which infirmity she was herself aware. From her works, it is evident she had a strong sense of religion, and in her principal performance, "*Sidney Biddulph*," she portrays it as the only consolation her heroine receives during her misfortunes.

WORKS.

Eugenia and Adelaide.

Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph, 1761.

The Discovery; a comedy.

The Dupe; a comedy.

Nourjahad.

MRS. CHAPONE.

The Mulsoes of Twywell, were an old and respectable family, who had been established in the county of Northampton ever since the reign of Edward the First. They at one time possessed landed property to the amount of eight thousand a year; but this had dwindled away considerably, and only a small part remained to their descendants.

Mr. Mulso, himself an only son, and who appears to have been in the law, married, in 1719, the posthumous daughter of Colonel Thomas, of the Guards, usually known as "the handsome Thomas," and they had a numerous family, five of whom attained maturity. Their eldest son, Thomas, was bred to the bar; their second, John, was a clergyman, and was a prebendary of Winchester and Salisbury, besides holding two valuable livings in Hampshire. The third, Charles, who was in the navy, died at the early age of twenty-one, in the Mediterranean; and Edward, the youngest, had an office in the Excise.

Hester, the only daughter who survived the period of childhood, was born on the 27th of October, 1727, and at a very early age evinced such uncommon talent, that her mother, who was herself endowed with wit as well as beauty, is said to have early begun to feel jealous of one, who, though no rival in personal charms, promised to be a formidable competitor for that admiration which she considered to be exclusively due to herself. In consequence of her continued suffering from ill-health, little attention was paid by her to her daughter's education, who was in a great degree self-taught.

From the period of her brother's death, which took place whilst Hester was still very young, the care of her father's house devolved upon Miss Mulso, who, at the same time, by exertions and application, attained that

mental superiority for which she was afterwards so celebrated. She was acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and in Latin made no inconsiderable proficiency. For music she had a natural talent, and though totally uninstructed in that pleasing accomplishment, her taste was so exquisite, her ear so accurate, and her voice at once so sweet and powerful, that her performance never failed to give extraordinary pleasure.

At a very early period Miss Mulso appears to have been a great reader of romances, and of the old heavy French ones of Soudery in particular; for, in 1750, at the age of twenty-three, she says, in a letter to Miss Carter, "I have (and yet I am still alive) drudged through *Le Grand Cyrus*, in twelve huge volumes, *Cleopatra*, in eight or ten, *Polyxander*, *Ibrahim*, *Clelia*, and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten. But this was in the days when I did not choose my own books, for there was no part of my life in which I loved romances." Nevertheless, they made sufficient impression on her mind to induce her, when only nine years old, to compose one, called "*Amoret and Melissa*," which is said to have displayed great fertility of invention, and extraordinary marks of genius.

For some years, Miss Mulso's life flowed on in uneventful monotony, her winters being always spent in London, in a circle of highly valued friends, and her summers at the house of her brother John, the vicar of Sunbury, but more frequently at that of her eldest aunt, Mrs. Donne, then a widow, and resident at Canterbury. She also often visited the episcopal palace of her uncle the Bishop of Winchester.

Miss Mulso's talents soon became known, and her abilities appreciated by some of the literati of the day. Of Richardson she early became a worshipper, and her portrait is introduced in the picture prefixed to Mrs. Barbauld's edition of his correspondence, as one of those to whom their idol is pouring forth its oracles, and unfolding to their enchanted ears the prolix but interesting adventures of his *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Harriet Byron*.

Miss Mulso was, however, not so infatuated as implicitly to submit to Richardson's maxims upon all subjects, and she entered into a spirited controversy with him upon the subject of filial obedience, which is published in her works. He, according to her, appears to consider that a woman is to have no choice in matrimony but the will of her parents; whilst Miss Mulso stoutly maintains her right to a negative, and brings several good arguments to support her cause, intermingled with some laughable observations, very much in the style of his own *Anna Howe*, and *Charlotte Grandison*. In one part, she says, "Suppose a woman was single till forty; I fancy by that time, the *HAWKS*, *VULTURES*, and *KITES*, will give her but little trouble, and that she might be pretty secure from the danger of being *DEVOTED*." She seems to have had penetration enough to discern that women, in modern days, are not exposed to such imminent peril of being run away with, as may be supposed from the pages of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*. Another sort of trial meets them: the poet says,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness in the desert air,"

and many a lively and amiable girl is doomed, by circumstances, to pass the prime of her life in obscurity, and, neglected and forgotten, to bloom, wither, and pass away into oblivion. Moralists, in addressing the sex by cour-

tesy termed fair, generally appear to consider their readers as universally young, beautiful, and captivating. Now, as few are so in a very eminent degree, and at all events only for a few fleeting years of their existence, surely romance writers might remember that their pages may occasionally be perused by those who have no personal attractions, and who possibly may have passed what is called their best days. And even possessing both youth and beauty, it may be the lot of a woman to pass her life in utter retirement, where the gaze of admiration is never fixed upon her countenance, nor the tale of flattery addressed to her ear; and whilst she hears of her compeers, who boast, perhaps, but few of her advantages, meeting with advantageous offers, and opportunities of settling in the world, she finds herself condemned to a cheerless and hopeless celibacy. Discontent, envy, and jealousy, are passions likely to be excited under such circumstances, and to teach young females to guard against those feelings, and to be happy in obscurity and neglect, might possibly do more good than the instructing them to be prepared for admiration they may never receive, and attention with which it is very improbable they may ever meet.

It evinces great independence of mind on the part of Miss Mulso, thus early in life, for she was then but twenty-three, to venture to differ from, and steadily though modestly to support her opinions, against one who, like Richardson, was considered in the circle in which he moved as a sort of oracle, and whose works were held in such high estimation, that they were even recommended from the pulpit.

That she dared to think for herself, is evident from her criticisms upon other popular writers of that day, for she complains of Fielding, that "he contrives to gloss over gross and monstrous faults in such a manner, that even his virtuous readers call them frailties." She says, "I cannot help believing that he has a very low opinion of human nature, and that his writings tend to enforce it on his readers." * * What end can it serve to persuade men that they are Yahoos, but to make them act agreeably to that character, and despair of attaining a better?" She observes, she "could almost quarrel with her very great favourite, the *Rambler*, for his too general censure on mankind, and for speaking of envy and malice as universal passions;" and she even ventured personally to argue with the mighty sage himself on the subject. She is describing a visit paid by Dr. Johnson to Mr. Richardson, in July, 1753, and she says:

"Mr. Johnson was very communicative and entertaining, and did me the honour to address most of his discourse to me. I had the assurance to dispute with him on the subject of human malignity, and wondered to hear a man, who by his actions shows so much benevolence, maintain that the human heart is naturally malevolent, &c., &c. To which he answered, that if he had betrayed such sentiments in the *Rambler*, it was not with design, for that he believed the doctrine of malevolence, though a true one, is not an useful one, and ought not to be published to the world."

In her correspondence with Richardson, on the subject of matrimony, Miss Mulso probably felt no small degree of personal interest, for it was at his house that she was first introduced to Mr. Chapone, a young lawyer in the Temple, between whom and herself a mutual attachment was soon formed. Prudential considerations induced her father, to whom she communicated her feelings, even previous to Mr. Chapone's having made a regular declara-

tion, to request her not to enter into any engagement without his permission. With this injunction she implicitly complied; but on perceiving that their regard was mutual, although from pecuniary difficulties there was no prospect of a speedy union, he permitted them to form an engagement, and allowed them frequently to indulge in the society of each other.

Miss Mulso was enthusiastically attached to her intended husband, and their difference of feeling upon the tender passions formed a topic of lively raillery between herself and the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with whom she first became acquainted in 1749, at Canterbury, at the house of her aunt, Mrs. Donne, and with whom she formed a friendship that lasted for fifty years, and which was only dissolved by the death of the parties. Miss Carter was about ten years older than Miss Mulso, and from her numerous avocations of a literary nature, appears never to have had leisure to form any attachment of a much more tender nature than what she felt for her own family and friends. Miss Mulso used frequently laughingly to abuse the "square-cornered heart" that precluded her from participating in her sentiments on the subject.

The two friends, by occasional personal visits, and by a constant correspondence, kept up a regular intercourse. In the published letters of Miss Mulso, a warm heart, sound judgment, and original way of thinking are evinced. She ever advocates the cause of the social affections and of benevolent feelings, in opposition to the stoical precepts of Epictetus, to Miss Carter's translation of which was prefixed an ode by Miss Mulso, on the somewhat misanthropical views of human nature entertained by Johnson and others. She says, "The divine laws are calculated for a real, not an imaginary state of being. They forbid the indulgence of our natural passions and sensations, under circumstances in which they would become injurious to our fellow-creatures or ourselves, but they do not forbid the sensations themselves." "Am I to believe that I am surrounded with beings, who, if I am good and amiable, will hate and persecute me from envy; if frail and faulty, will rejoice in an opportunity to triumph over my weakness, and to display their own superiority; who love not, but from self-interest, yet have too much pride to be capable of gratitude, and are irritated to malevolence by the burden of benefits? Such is the human character, if we may believe Mr. Johnson and others, who, having suffered from the world, exaggerate its faults with the bitterness of enemies, and impute to the worst causes the effects by which themselves have been hurt." "I am persuaded that benevolence and social love (however stifled and depressed, or even sometimes totally extinguished by other passions) are originally implanted in the human breast as universally as the principle of self-love, which some maintain to be the only innate affection, and the only motive of our actions. Set the very good against the very bad, and allow me to persist in thinking, that the majority are between both. Either too insignificant to be styled virtuous or wicked, or else such a strange mixture of good and bad qualities, that it is difficult to say which scale is uppermost,—are the two characters which I fancy would be found the most general, and under which three parts of mankind should be classed."

She was equally opposed to an illiberal way of thinking, and to the ungenerous expression of censure against those who differ in opinions from ourselves; for she would have us charitably make allowances for all. She

says, "Those who argue in behalf of Christianity ought carefully to preserve the spirit of it in their manner of expressing themselves. I have so much honour for the Christian clergy, that I had much rather hear them railed at, than hear them rail, and I must say that I am most grievously offended with the generality of them for their method of treating all who differ from them in opinion."

In August, 1759, Miss Mulso paid her uncle the bishop a visit, at his episcopal palace at Salisbury. She thus describes her feelings with regard to society and high life: "I shall now tell you something of myself, who live here uncorrupted by grandeur; who can see venison pasties without eating them, and great dinners smoke every day without envying those whose noses are always thus besmoked; who come home from an assembly at eleven, without envying those who dance till five; and who could be content to return to my little habitation, without envying those who live in a palace; who could prefer a *little attorney* even to my Lord Feverham, had he offered to me instead of the fair young lady he has so happily won." * * *

"We are a numerous family, in a noble and cheerful house, and my two young friends enliven those hours when we can escape other company. But these, alas, are few! Our grand grievance is the frequency of formal company, and formal dinners, which last are, I think, amongst the worst of those many deplorable disadvantages which attend on a large fortune."

Miss Mulso's moderate desires and humble wishes were now, however, to be gratified in the way most satisfactory to her feelings; for, in 1760, her father consented to her union with Mr. Chapone, and also that of his eldest son with Miss Prescott, between whom a long engagement had existed. It was arranged that the two marriages were to take place on the same day, and that he himself should reside with his son, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Chapone were to go into lodgings till they could meet with a house that would suit them. She communicates the approaching happy event in an animated letter to her friend Miss Carter. She speaks of the manner in which her thoughts and time have been occupied since she left Canterbury, and continues, "The happiness of my own life, and that of my dearest brother, has been deeply interested in the transaction of these few weeks. Thank God, all is now settled in the way we wished. Give me your congratulations, my dear friend, but as much for my brother and friend as for myself; for in truth I could not have enjoyed my own happiness in an union with the man of my choice, had I been forced to leave them in the same uncomfortable state of tedious and almost hopeless expectation, in which they had suffered so long."

"I shall rejoice to hear that you are coming soon to town, and shall hope for many a comfortable *tête-à-tête* with you in my lodgings in Carey Street, for there I must reside till Mr. Chapone can get a house that suits him, which is no easy matter, as he is so confined in point of situation. In the mean time he will carry on his business at his chambers as before. I have therefore chosen the spot nearest to them, though farther than I wish from all the rest of my friends."

"Do not think I have forgotten you, even in this time of *flutteration*: indeed I have not; but my time has been so taken up, that I have hardly touched a pen since I came to town. I hope you join with me in the most perfect dissent from an opinion of your favourite Johnson, 'that a married woman can have no friendship but with her husband.' I flatter myself my heart will be improved

in every virtuous affection by an union with a worthy man, and that all my friends will find it more worthy of their attachment, and better qualified for the best uses of friendship, than it ever was before."

Miss Mulso's union with Mr. Chapone, which took place in 1760, when she was about thirty-three years old, appears to have been productive of all the happiness she had anticipated.

She writes to Mrs. Carter, in 1761: "I dare say you had a real pleasure on reading in the newspapers of the completion of two engagements, the length of which you had so often lamented. And I know you will be really glad to hear, that with every other circumstance of happiness my heart could wish, in the beginning of an union which promises to be the best blessing of my life, I have had the additional comfort of better health since my marriage, than I have known for a long time before it. Certainly, 'a merry heart does good like medicine.' Mine rejoices almost as much for my dear brother as for myself. God be praised, we are at present a very happy family, and my dear good father, who has made us so, seems to enjoy a large share of satisfaction and pleasure in what he has done: his cheerfulness enabled me to bear our parting with less pain than I expected.

"I have more hours to myself than I wish for, for business usually allows me very little of my husband's company except at meals. This I should be inclined to lament as an evil, if I did not consider that the joy and complacency with which we meet, may probably by this means last longer than if we could be always together. If you can love a man, I expect you will love him, if ever you know him thoroughly. In the mean time, I will be contented if you love his worse half."

Again, in July of the same year, she writes: "My time has been taken up in removing into and settling myself in my own house. But I certainly ought to have informed you sooner, that I am at last tolerably settled, and more to my mind than I expected; for the house, though very small, has its *agrémens*, and I do not find any ill quality in it. We have furnished it neatly, and the cleanliness of a house just fitted up is not ill recommended to me by the dirt I had lived in before, in those *puddling lodgings*."

But, alas! the felicity of Mrs. Chapone was destined to be but short lived; a terrible blow now awaited her, for in the following September, when they had not been married ten months, Mr. Chapone was seized with so violent a fever, that from the first his life was despaired of.

Miss Burrows, afterwards the wife of Sir Cullen Smith, one of a family from whom, both in prosperity and adversity, Mrs. Chapone ever received the most tender marks of friendship, hastened, upon this occasion, to her afflicted friend, and stayed with her during the whole of the trying scene. She thus writes to Miss Carter:

"September 22d, 1761.

"Mr. Chapone died on Saturday night, about ten o'clock. She had not been into his room since Monday last, for as her presence was judged injurious to him, she submitted to the advice of her friends not to continue her attendance upon him; she therefore was not made acquainted with his death till Sunday morning. She received the news with her accustomed meekness, and has, by the whole of her behaviour during his illness, and since his death, shown an example of patience and resignation that is quite astonishing. You would hardly believe were

I to describe to you her calmness and composure, as you are so well acquainted with the strength of her passion for him. Could I tell you half the noble things she says and does, it must convince you of the sincerity of her religion, and infinitely increase your affection for her.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mulso are exceedingly friendly to her, and have kindly invited me to their house in Rathbone Place, together with my dear afflicted friend. I told her I was going to write to you, and she desired me to give her kindest love to you. Indeed all her friends, and their kindness to her, are remembered by her, particularly at this time, with so much gratitude and affection, that it quite surprises me, and is a pleasing mark of her gratitude to Heaven for all those blessings she still possesses."

But though the mind was prepared by previous discipline, to bow with Christian resignation to the will of the Almighty, yet the body was not equal to the conflict, and in the succeeding month, Mrs. Chapone became so alarmingly ill, that but faint hopes were entertained of her recovery. In November, however, a favourable change took place, and in December, she was enabled to address Miss Carter in a manner which evinces the pious gratitude with which she bore her loss.

"I have been very near Death, and at the time he threatened most, it was the earnest wish of my heart to meet and embrace him. But I bless God I am restored not only to life, but to a sense of the great mercy indulged me in the grant of a longer term of trial. It must be my own fault if the life which is given me be not of the highest value to me, though very unlikely to be a happy one. It is, however, attended with such blessings even now, as ought to reconcile me to it. I mean particularly, many kind and excellent friends, who strive as much as possible to alleviate my irreparable loss, and to supply me with every comfort I am capable of feeling. * * I have many cheerful hours. I endeavour as much as possible to welcome every pleasing sensation, and to make the most of those hours in which my thoughts can be led from subjects of affliction. I reckon up the blessings I have left, and among these the friendship of my dear Mrs. Carter is not forgotten."

How superior is this Christian philosophy to the stoicism which would forbid one to feel, or to the morbid sensibility that would prevent the mourner from listening to the voice of consolation.

How deeply Mrs. Chapone was attached to her husband is apparent from the affecting tenderness with which, whenever she could summon resolution to do so, she ever spoke of him; and his miniature she seldom allowed herself the pleasure of contemplating, as it roused sensations of grief and regret, in which she thought it wrong to indulge.

Mrs. Chapone's sorrow for the loss of her husband, which,

"Like Aaron's serpent, swallowed all the rest,"

was destined to be accompanied by pecuniary embarrassments, which, at any other period, might have proved a serious trial. She says, "My dear Mr. Chapone's affairs were left in great confusion and perplexity by his sudden death, which happened just at the time of year in which he should have settled his accounts and made out his bills. As these are very considerable, his estate must suffer a great loss from this circumstance. At present, things are in a very melancholy state, and my own prospects are such as would have appeared very dreadful to me at any other time. But the deprivation of the source of all my

worldly happiness has, I think, made me less sensible to other calamities."

She could now no longer afford to keep an establishment of her own, but on a very narrow income she retired into lodgings, where she, however, maintained a respectable appearance, and varied her time by frequent and repeated visits to her friends, particularly to her kind uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham Castle, and Winchester House, Chelsea; also, to her three cousins, his daughters, who were married, the eldest to Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester; the second to Dr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Exeter; the youngest to Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle; and who all resided in the county of Hants.

It was about 1762, that Mrs. Chapone became acquainted with Mrs. Montagu, through the medium of their mutual friend Miss Carter, from whom she received great kindness and attention, and with whom she made a tour into Scotland, in 1770; when, among other literary characters whom Mrs. Montagu's celebrity attracted around her, Mrs. Chapone mentions Dr. Gregory, who accompanied them in their journey, and Dr. Robertson the historian. On their road home, they paid a visit to Hagley, the beautiful seat of Mrs. Montagu's intimate friend, Lord Lyttelton, where, among other *agréments*, she mentions his reading a good deal of the new volume of his history of Henry the Second, in the composition of which he was then employed.

Mrs. Chapone was particularly attached to the family of her second brother, William, consisting of four children; and in a visit she paid to his parsonage at Thornhill, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, she contracted that partiality for his eldest daughter which gave rise to her celebrated "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," which established her reputation as a literary character. They were dedicated to Mrs. Montagu, who, it seems, from the expression of "some strokes of her elegant pen having corrected them," not only advised their publication, but assisted with her criticism. They first appeared in 1773, and Mrs. Chapone says, on July 20th, of the same year, "My publication has indeed succeeded far beyond my expectation. The bookseller is preparing a second edition with all haste, the whole of the first being gone out of his hands, which, considering that he printed off fifteen hundred at first, is indeed a great sale. I attribute this success principally to Mrs. Montagu's name and patronage, and secondly to the world's being so fond of being educated, that every book on that subject is well received. My friends all fret and scold at me for having sold my copy, and grudge poor Waller his profits. But for my own part I do not repent what I have done, as I am persuaded the book would not have prospered so well in any hands as in his. Though I love money reasonably well, yet I fear I have still more vanity than avarice, and am therefore very happy in the approbation the letters meet with, though my profits are not the heavier."

From this it would appear that fame was the only remuneration Mrs. Chapone received for this highly meritorious work, which, after the lapse of more than sixty years, still remains a standard work upon female education, and which, perhaps, as a whole, has never yet been surpassed.*

The publication of this work brought Mrs. Chapone

into immediate notice. Her acquaintance was courted and, as it was understood that her circumstances were not affluent, applications were made to her to assist in the education of several families, but she refused to accede to any proposals of this nature.

In 1775, appeared a little volume of miscellanies from Mrs. Chapone's pen, dedicated to Mrs. Carter, consisting of Essays, the story of Fidelia, which had previously appeared in the *Adventurer*, in 1751, together with poems composed on various occasions. The best of these has been prefixed to Mrs. Carter's translation of *Epictetus*, in the form of an irregular ode, addressed to her on that occasion. This performance did not meet with equal success with her preceding one, but in it may be found many elegant and ingenious observations.

In 1776, she had the honour of being personally complimented by King George III. and Queen Charlotte upon her work. She is describing a royal visit paid to her uncle, the king's preceptor in youth, at Farnham Castle. She says, "Yes, my dearest, simple as I sit here, I have been in company with the King and Queen—have enjoyed the sweet aspect of princes—been complimented over and over by royal lips upon my book—been exhorted to write more—my niece inquired about—my place of abode—my address in London asked—and, in short, as great honours done me as shall be desired, look you, on a summer's day. Nothing could exceed the good-humour, the ease, the kindness, I may say the *friendliness*, of the royal guests. The Queen has the most engaging manners you can conceive, and a countenance so overflowing with graciousness and benignity, that it is impossible to see her without loving her. Her readiness in starting conversation, and the address with which she introduced a thousand obliging and polite things, were really in a degree that astonished me. The King remembered me as Miss Mulso, but did not before know that my name was Chapone; and the Queen (before I appeared) expressed her surprise to find that the author of the letters she admired was the Bishop's niece. She said, she had asked several people, but never could learn who Mrs. Chapone was. On the arrival of their majesties at the episcopal palace, the people who lined the streets were a good deal disappointed at the Queen's appearance, whom they expected to see ride along with her crown upon her head, and were not a little surprised to see her with a black hat and a plain blue coat."

Again, in 1774, she writes: "Mr. Buller went to Windsor on Saturday, saw the King, who inquired about the Bishop, and hearing that he would be eighty-two the next Monday, 'Then,' says he, 'I will go and wish him joy.' 'And I,' said the Queen, 'will go too.' Mr. B. then dropped a hint of the additional pleasure it would give the Bishop if he could see the princes. 'That,' said the King, 'requires contrivance, but if I can manage it we will all go.' Accordingly, on the day appointed, at eleven o'clock, the royal party arrived *en masse* at Farnham Castle. The royal guests had breakfast in one room, and in another, Mrs. Chapone assisted in doing the honours to their attendants.

"After the breakfast was over, the royal guests came to visit us in the dressing-room. The King sent the princes* in to pay their compliments to Mrs. Chapone.

* Miss Mulso, the darling niece to whom the letters were addressed, about 1798, became the wife of the Reverend Benjamin Jeffereys, and died in childbirth March, 1800, to the unspeakable grief of her then aged aunt, who,

indeed, lived to survive all her own immediate family, with most of their descendants.

* The Prince of Wales, Prince Frederic, (Duke of York), and Prince William, his late majesty.

Himself, he said, was an old acquaintance. Whilst the princes were speaking, Mr. Arnold (the sub-preceptor) said, 'These gentlemen are well acquainted with a certain ode, prefixed to Mrs. Carter's *Epictetus*, if you know any thing of it.' Afterwards the King came and spoke to us, and the Queen led the Princess Royal to me, saying, 'This is a young lady, who, I hope, has profited much by your instructions. She has read them more than once, and will read them oftener.' And the Princess assented to the praise that followed, with a very modest air. She has a sweet countenance, and a very modest air. I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is but thirteen, and little of his age, but so sensible and engaging, that he won the Bishop's heart, to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him, whilst the others ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly manly and clever for his age, yet with the little Bullers he was quite the boy, and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him, 'Come, we are both boys, you know.' "

In May, 1791, Mrs. Chapone lost her kind and venerable uncle, who died at the age of eighty-six. Her aunt, Mrs. Thomas, had preceded him in 1778, but she continued to receive every mark of attention from their three daughters, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Buller, and Lady Ogle.

The death of the Bishop was followed, in 1782, by that of Mrs. Chapone's youngest brother, Edward, who was well known to the musical world, and was for many years president of the Anacreontic Society. He possessed great powers of entertainment and versatility of conversation.

After the death of Mrs. Smith, and of her brothers and sister, Mr. and Miss Burrows, Mrs. Chapone spent her summers almost always in Hampshire, at the houses of her second brother, John, and of her three cousins, the Bishop's daughters. But in September, 1791, this brother was also taken from her, having survived his wife, (Miss Young, of Devonshire), but one year; and in 1799, her eldest and sole-surviving brother died.

Thus bereft of all the friends of her early life, at the advanced age of seventy-two, Mrs. Chapone's mind and body at length both yielded to the attacks of age and sorrow. Her memory became materially impaired, and she sank into an alarming state of debility. As she never could bear the thought of having a companion who was to be paid for her attentions to her, her youngest niece (the sister of Mrs. Jeffereys) assumed the office, and took charge of her venerable relation. It was thought advisable for them to reside at Hadley, in Middlesex, in order to be near Mrs. Amy Burrows, also the sole surviving member of her own family, and thither they removed in the autumn of 1800.

Here she was soothed by the attention of many kind friends, and she had a few hours of enjoyment; but her infirmities increased so fast, that she was never able to go down stairs more than three or four times after she took possession of her house at Hadley.

On Christmas-day, in 1801, Mrs. Chapone fell into a dose from which nothing could arouse her, and at eight in the evening, without a sigh or a struggle, she breathed her last in the arms of her niece, still attended by her constant friend, Mrs. Amy Burrows.

Endowed with neither beauty, rank, nor fortune, yet, by her virtues and talents, Mrs. Chapone secured to herself the love and esteem of all those who were acquainted with her, and the respect and admiration of society in general. The solitary widow, living at one time in obscure and humble lodgings, was an object of interest even

to royalty itself; and from her friends and connexions she constantly met with the disinterested affection and courteous attention due to her merits. By application and exertion in early life, she improved the abilities bestowed upon her by Providence, and she had the satisfaction of gaining for herself, through their influence, a respectable station among the pious and moral writers of England, and of transmitting to posterity a standard work upon female education. Although more than sixty years have elapsed since this work was first published, its advice does not even yet wear an antiquated air, and is as well calculated to improve the rising generation, as it was to instruct the youth of their grandmothers.

WORKS.

Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, 1773.

Miscellanies, &c. (Fidelia in the *Adventurer*, 1751,) 1775.

Letters.

MRS. BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on June 20th, 1743. She was the only daughter and eldest child of the Rev. John Aiken, and of Jane his wife, the daughter of a dissenting minister, the Rev. John Jennings, who for some years kept an academy at Kibworth, and who was known, not only for his piety and learning, but also as having been the preceptor of the celebrated and excellent Dr. Doddridge, and who subsequently succeeded him in the care of the school.

Mr. Aiken was the son of a Scotchman, who settled in London as a shopkeeper. He was himself also intended for trade, and even entered a merchant's counting-house as French clerk; but his health incapacitating him from living in the metropolis, he was placed under Dr. Doddridge's care, when, the bent of his mind for learning soon strongly manifesting itself, he obtained his father's consent to devote himself to the Christian ministry. He finished his course with Dr. Doddridge, and subsequently completed an extensive plan of study at the university of Aberdeen. He then became the assistant of his old master, Dr. Doddridge, and was soon afterwards elected as the pastor of a respectable congregation at Leicester; but his lungs not being strong enough for preaching, he was forced to abandon that line of life, and soon after he opened a school of his own at Kibworth, which his learning and abilities soon raised into repute.

It was here that his celebrated daughter Anna Letitia was born.

Miss Aiken early evinced an uncommon aptitude for study, as even in infancy she was described by her mother as "a little girl who was as eager to learn as her instructors could be to teach her, and who, at two years old, could read sentences and little stories in her *wise book*, roundly, without spelling, and in half a year more could read as well as most women."

The first fifteen years of her life were passed at the retired village of Kibworth, in almost utter seclusion, partly arising, probably, from the nature of her father's employment, and also, perhaps, from the severity and precision of manners which, a century ago, prevailed among the Protestant dissenters, the descendants of the Puritans or non-conformists.

Her education was entirely domestic, and during her childhood she had no suitable companion of her own sex and age with whom to associate. From the apprehensions that were entertained, lest, in this dearth of society, her manners might too much assimilate with those of the rougher sex by whom she was surrounded, maternal care was excited to instil into her a double portion of bashfulness and womanly timidity, which, indeed, she could never in after years entirely shake off, and which she imputed to the strictness and seclusion with which she had been brought up. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Aiken, her mother, was a lady of polished manners and cultivated mind; she had also had the advantage of religious and enlightened parents, and of having associated much with Dr. Doddridge, who, for some years, had been domesticated under her paternal roof.

Mr. Aiken appears to have participated, in some degree, in the prejudices of those who would debar females from all acquaintance with classical literature, and for some time he withstood his daughter's wish to be instructed in the learned languages. She at length overcame his scruples, and Miss Aiken, with his assistance, became enabled to read the Latin, and even attained some acquaintance with the Greek language.

In 1758, when she had just attained the age of fifteen, her father received an invitation to undertake the office of classical tutor to the then flourishing dissenting academy at Warrington, in Lancashire. This was a fortunate removal for Miss Aiken, as, by this means, she became acquainted with a number of learned and scientific persons, who were connected, in a similar manner, with the Warrington academy. Among these may be enumerated, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Reinhold, Mr. Foster, the naturalist, and Dr. Enfield.

Miss Aiken was at this time possessed of considerable beauty, traces of which she retained to the last period of her life. Her person was slender, her features regular, her complexion exquisitely fair, with a fine bloom, and her dark blue eyes beamed with intelligence. Her talents were, doubtlessly, appreciated by the congenial minds with whom she now associated, and she naturally took a warm interest in the success of an institution, where the most brilliant, and, probably the happiest part of her existence was passed. She has transmitted its praise to posterity in her animated poem, "The Invitation."

This was published in a volume of poems which first made their appearance in 1773, and which were so much admired, as to pass through four editions within the first twelvemonth. It was by the persuasion, and with the assistance of her brother, that these poems were selected, revised, and arranged; and, as she continued for some time nervously averse to their being printed, he perused the papers, and set the press to work on his own authority. The result fully justified his expectations, and the poetry of Miss Aiken became celebrated in all quarters.

This brother, afterwards Dr. Aiken, having chosen the medical profession, in preference to the study of divinity, for which he was originally intended, had been, at an early age, articulated to a surgeon in Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, of the name of Garthstore, from whence he went to the University of Edinburgh; and, in 1770, when anxious to settle in life, he had begun to practise at Chester, but not finding a sufficient opening there, he repaired to Warrington, an event, which must have proved mutually agreeable and beneficial to himself and his sister.

Mr. Aiken had already appeared in print; in 1772,

he had published a volume entitled "Essays on Song Writing, with a collection of such English songs as are most eminent for poetical merit." This was favourably received, and is interesting from the circumstance of its suggesting to his sister her little poem on "The Origin of Song Writing."

The well-deserved success of their respective publications induced Mr. Aiken to urge his sister to join him in forming a small volume of their various prose pieces, which were published in the same year, 1773, under the title of "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aiken." These have been frequently reprinted, and have been much admired. That, by Miss Aiken, "Against Inconsistency in our Expectations," cannot be too much studied and imprinted on our minds, and many a heart-ache might be spared if we were to attend to the advice it contains.

In 1774 an important change took place in the circumstances of Miss Aiken, as in that year, at the age of thirty-one, she became the wife of the Reverend Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister, who was the descendant of one of the French refugee Protestant families who fled from the tyranny of Louis XIV. His grandfather had, when a boy, been conveyed on board ship, inclosed in a cask. Settling in England, his son became a clergyman of the established church, and on the marriage of the Princess Mary, daughter of George II., in 1741, to the Elector of Hesse Cassel, he was appointed one of her chaplains, and attended her to Cassel. Here his son Rochemont was born, who was originally intended also for the church, but being sent to complete his studies at the dissenting academy of Warrington, he naturally imbibed the principles inculcated there, and though, perhaps, the Calvinism of the French Huguenots might well assimilate with those of the Puritans of our civil war, yet, at this time, the doctrines taught at Warrington offered an insuperable obstacle to any of its pupils joining the Church of England.

Thus, being prevented by conscientious scruples from advancing himself in the only profession in which he had any chance of success, Mr. Barbauld's prospects were for some time full of uncertainty, and insuperable obstacles at first appeared to prevent his union with Miss Aiken. It was at this period suggested by Mrs. Montagu, and other distinguished characters, that, under their auspices, she should undertake an establishment, which, from its plan, might almost be termed a college for young ladies. This was, however, declined by Miss Aiken, not only from a becoming diffidence of her own competency for this important undertaking, but also from her doubts of the expediency of such publicity of education for a female. Her observations on the subject are marked by the good sense and sound judgment which are evident in most of her writings. In speaking of the proposed plan, she says—

"It appears to me better calculated to form such characters as the 'Précieuses,' or the 'Femmes Savantes' of Molière, than good wives or agreeable companions. Young gentlemen, who are to display their knowledge to the world, should have every motive of emulation. * * * But young ladies, who ought only to have such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour, should gain these accomplishments in a more quiet and unobserved manner,—subject to a regulation like that of the ancient Spartans. The thefts of knowledge in our

sex are only connived at while carefully concealed, and if displayed, punished with disgrace. The best way for women to acquire knowledge is from conversation with a father, a brother, or a friend, in the way of family intercourse and easy conversation, and by such a course of reading as they may recommend."

This idea, which seems to have arisen from a wish for a more enlarged system of female education than then prevailed, appears to have dropped; and Mr. Barbauld, soon after accepting the charge of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, in Suffolk, opened a boarding-school for boys in that neighbourhood.

The celebrity attached to the name of Miss Aiken, and her active participation in the labours of instruction, soon brought their establishment into great repute, and many are the literary characters who imbibed their first ideas of learning and eloquence under the superintendence of Mrs. Barbauld.

One of the pupils of Mr. Barbauld, William Taylor, Esq., of Norwich,* in a biographical notice of his friend and brother scholar, Dr. Sayers, M. D., of the same city, says, "Among the instructions bestowed at Palgrave, Dr. Sayers has repeatedly observed to me, that he most valued the lessons of English composition superintended by Mrs. Barbauld. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the boys were called in separate classes to her apartments: she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay, and then sent them back into the school-room, to write it out on the slates in their own words. Each exercise was separately overlooked by her; the faults of grammar were obliterated, the vulgarisms were chastised, the idle epithets were cancelled, and a distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of auditing and of criticism were in some degree learned together. Many a lad from the great schools, who excels in Latin and Greek, cannot write properly a vernacular letter, for want of some such discipline."

Mrs. Barbauld must have had a great love as well as talent for the education of infancy, for not many years after her marriage, on finding she had no children, she made an application to her brother, Dr. Aiken, for one of his, whom she might adopt and bring up as her own.

Mr. Aiken, who had been for some years married to his cousin Martha, the youngest daughter of his maternal uncle, Mr. Arthur Jennings, had now an increasing family, and in the year 1777, yielding to the entreaties of his sister, his youngest son Charles was consigned to her care, whilst yet an infant under two years of age.

Mrs. Barbauld appears to have been delighted with her young charge, who was destined to become an important personage in half the nurseries of the kingdom, as he was the hero of, and it was for his use that his aunt wrote, her "Lessons for Children," a work which, though sixty years have elapsed since it was first penned, has not been excelled in its peculiar adaptation to an infant's mind.

Mrs. Barbauld, in the introduction to this work, says—"To lay the first stone of a noble building, and to plant the first idea in a human mind, can be no dishonour to any hand;" and, probably, there is many a mind, in which her little elementary work laid the foundation for many an after-train of noble thought.

* Mr. Taylor (lately deceased), is known by his English Synonyms, his Iphigenia in Tauris, and Leonora, from the German. Dr. Sayers was the author of Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology.

In her correspondence with her brother, Mrs. Barbauld often speaks with eminent exultation of the flourishing state of their establishment, among whom were to be found several members of noble families; indeed, so great was its reputation, that she was solicited by parents to take their children from the earliest age under her own peculiar care. Among these may be mentioned the present Lord Chief Justice Denman—who was committed to her charge before he was four years old—and Sir William Gell. It was for the benefit of these, her infant scholars, that she was induced to compose her "Hymns in Prose;" the peculiar design of which publication was "to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind;"—for, she says, "a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea."

In many a bosom has Mrs. Barbauld, "by deep, strong, and permanent association, laid a foundation for practical devotion" in after life. In her highly poetical language, only inferior to that of Holy Writ, when "the winter is over and gone, and buds come out on the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout," what heart can be so insensible as not to join in the grand chorus of nature, and "on every hill, and in every green field, to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise."

With each revolving year, the simple lessons of infancy are recalled to our minds, when we watch the beautiful succession of nature, and think, "How doth every plant know its season to put forth? They are marshalled in order; each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank."

"The snowdrop and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh they say, here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months."

Who can observe all this, and not exclaim with her, "Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves."

"Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind."

"They all speak of him who made them; they all tell us he is very good."

She does indeed instruct us how to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

In 1775, Mrs. Barbauld published "Devotional Pieces, compiled from the Psalms of David, with Thoughts on the Devotional Taste, and on Sects and Establishments," which did not meet with the same success as her preceding works; but her reputation as an authoress was now well established, and her society courted in various quarters.

Mrs. Barbauld had the advantage of mingling in circles very different from each other. Her own connexions were among the leading Dissenters and persons of the then opposition politics, whilst Mr. Barbauld's were courtiers and members of the Established Church. At the house of Mrs. Montagu, who was an early and constant admirer of hers, she associated with individuals high in rank and literary fame; whilst under the humble roof of her friend and publisher, Mr. Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, on terms of greater equality, she tasted "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

During the intervals of leisure afforded by the vaca-

tions, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld generally visited their friends in the country, or paid visits to the metropolis; but notwithstanding these little breaks in the monotonous business of tuition, at the end of eleven years, their health and spirits being somewhat impaired by their exertions, they resolved upon relinquishing their establishment at Palgrave, and in the autumn of 1785 they indulged themselves in a continental tour.

They continued their route as far as Geneva, and when they returned to England, in the following year, they settled at Hampstead, Mr. Barbauld having been elected the minister of a dissenting congregation there, where for some years he took a few pupils, whilst Mrs. Barbauld gave daily instructions to a young lady, whose mother took up her residence there, to secure to her daughter the benefit of her tuition.

A few miscellaneous papers, both in prose and verse, arising from the events of the day, were all that for some time proceeded from Mrs. Barbauld's pen. Her poetical "Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce" appeared in 1791; her "Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's Inquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of Public or Social Worship," and her "Sins of Government Sins of the Nation," in the year 1793; but a far more popular work, to which she largely contributed, was Dr. Aiken's very amusing "Evenings at Home," the first volume of which appeared in 1792, and which still remains a favourite work for young people. Many of the more fanciful and ingenious papers were of her composition: *The Transmigrations of Indur, The Fairy Tale, Order and Disorder, The Seasons, &c.*

In 1795 and 1797, she composed two critical essays, to be prefixed to ornamental editions of Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination* and the *Odes of Collins*; and in 1804, she offered to the public a selection from her favourite works, the *Spectator*, *Tattler*, *Guardian*, and *Freeholder*, with a preliminary essay, in which the mutual influence exerted by books and manners on each is remarked, and the gradual change from the active circulation of a book till it retires to the shelves of the library as a classic. An account of each particular work is added, with a slight sketch of the state of society at the period of its appearance, the objects they had in view, and the effects they produced.

In the same year Mrs. Barbauld undertook the selection and arrangement of the letters of Richardson and his correspondents, which had remained in the hands of his last surviving daughter, and at her death, were purchased of her grandchildren; to which she prefixed a life of Richardson, and a review of his works. Her own part of the performance would, probably, be generally considered as the most interesting; but still, to those partial to this style of reading, the letters themselves are amusing, and full of particulars of the literary coterie of which Richardson was the *Magnus Apollo*, and where he, "like Cato, gave his little senate laws."

In the year 1802, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld left Hampstead to settle at Stoke Newington, where Mr. Barbauld had received an invitation to become the pastor of the dissenting congregation at Newington Green, which had formerly been Dr. Price's. The chief, perhaps the sole reason for this removal, was, that they might be in the immediate neighbourhood of Dr. Aiken, who had resided in that village ever since 1798. The dissolution of the academy at Warrington in 1783, and the dispersion, in consequence, of the little knot of literary society in that neighbourhood, had induced Dr. Aiken to take his doctor's degree at Leyden, in 1784, and to attempt a higher line

of practice, where there would be a more extensive field for his exertions.

At the close of the year 1784, Dr. Aiken repaired to Yarmouth, accompanied by his family and mother, who had resided with him since the death of her husband in 1780. He was succeeded in his tutorship by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, between whose family and that of Dr. Aiken an intimate friendship was formed, which was cemented, in 1806, by the union of Mrs. Barbauld's adopted Charles with the eldest daughter of Mr. Wakefield. Mrs. Aiken stopping on the road to pay her daughter, Mrs. Barbauld, a visit, was seized with illness, at Palgrave, which speedily terminated in her death.

Dr. Aiken had an excellent opening at Yarmouth, and a fair share of practice, but latterly politics divided the society there, and his, not coinciding with those of the leading party in Yarmouth, his situation became unpleasant, and he finally resolved on moving to London in 1792, where he resided, till obliged by the state of his health, in 1798, to leave the metropolis for Newington.

Many literary works had, at various times, proceeded from Mr. Aiken's pen, besides the "Evenings at Home," the greater part of which was originally written for the instruction of his own family. In 1796, he undertook the editorship of the *Monthly Magazine*, and in conjunction with Dr. English, he began his "General Biography," which occupied his attention for nineteen years, and which extended to ten volumes quarto.

It had long been the mutual wish of Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld to pass the evening of their days in the society of each other; and this wish, which had been affectingly expressed in a poetical epistle, addressed, in 1785, by the brother to his sister, whilst she was at Geneva, was now to be gratified:

"How many years have whirled their rapid course,
Since we, sole streamlets from one honoured source,
In fond affection as in blood allied,
Have wandered devious from each other's side,
Allowed to catch alone some transient view,
Scarce long enough to think the vision true!
O then, while yet some zest of life remains,
While transport yet can swell the beating veins,
While sweet remembrance keeps her wonted seat,
And fancy still retains some genial heat;
When evening bids each busy task be o'er—
Once let us meet again, to part no more!"

It is pleasant to see the brother and sister, though separated by even tenderer ties from the constant society of each other, still retaining through life the same warm affection, arising, not merely from the fraternal connexion, but still more from a similarity of taste and genius, unalloyed by envy or jealousy, and at the close of their lives, when each had acquired an honourable station amidst the literary characters of their country, again renewing the social intercourse of their youthful days.

The happiness of Mrs. Barbauld was, however, of no very long duration, for on the 11th November, 1808, her husband was taken from her. "His latter days were oppressed by a morbid affection of the spirits, in a great degree hereditary, which came gradually upon him, and closed the scene of his earthly usefulness; yet in the midst of the irritation it occasioned, the kindness of his nature broke forth, and some of his last acts were acts of benevolence."

His death was probably a happy release from sufferings

of a melancholy nature, but after an union of thirty-four years, the separation was a painful trial to his widow.

It was not till 1810 that Mrs. Barbauld again resumed her literary pursuits, when a collection of British Novelists, edited by her, issued from the press, to which were prefixed, an Introductory Essay, together with Biographical and Critical Notices.

In the following year, she compiled, for the use of young ladies, a volume of verse and prose, entitled "The Female Speaker," and soon afterwards, an original composition appeared in verse—"Eighteen Hundred and Eleven." In this, which contains some beautiful passages, Mrs. Barbauld has, perhaps, rather adopted the gloomy views of those who anticipated the downfall of England's glory, from the doubtful struggle in which she was then engaged; and, in consequence, notwithstanding her sex and age, her blameless character and literary reputation, she was attacked by some, who were so illiberal as not to be able to make allowances for the circumstances under which the work was composed.

The venerable septuagenarian appears to have felt somewhat keenly this unkind treatment, and henceforth she confined every literary attempt to her own immediate circle, and retired from the world to her own connexions and friends, by whom she was honoured and beloved. She lived many years in undisturbed peace, though it was her lot to suffer the penalty of advanced life, in the seeing the friends of her youth gradually drop into the grave, one after the other. Her brother, Dr. Aiken, died in December, 1822, after a long decline; and just after she had consented to take up her abode under the roof of the child adopted by her in her prime of life, whose infancy she had tended, and who now wished to repay in her failing years the attention she had lavished on his early ones, she herself was attacked by illness at the house of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aiken, where she was on a visit, and on the morning of March the 9th, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the eighty-second year of her age.

The works of Mrs. Barbauld for children entitle her to the gratitude of all those who have the care of education, and many of her other miscellaneous performances evince not only sound judgment and good sense, but also brilliancy of imagination and a considerable degree of wit. Her allegory of "The Hill of Science," will bear a comparison with the beautiful ones of Addison.

Mrs. Barbauld's works are very slightly tinged with the peculiar tenets of the sect to which she belonged. Indeed, she appears ever to have been in principle equally opposed to superstition and fanaticism, to sectarianism and persecution. In spirit, it would rather seem as if she were of the moderate party of the Church of England, which boasts so many amiable and learned divines, who, holding fast the profession of their own faith, can make charitable and liberal allowances for those who differ from them either in opinion or in discipline.

Since Mrs. Barbauld's demise, a small volume of miscellaneous pieces, chiefly intended for young females, has been published, among which may be found several excellent and original observations.

Mrs. Barbauld was exemplary in every relation of life; as a wife, a sister, and a friend, she was beloved, admired, and esteemed; and she must ever be considered as an ornament both to her sex and to her native land.

WORKS.

- Poems, 1773.
 Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aiken, 1773.
 Devotional Pieces, &c. 1775.
 Lessons for Children.
 Hymns in Prose.
 Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce, 1791.
 Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's Inquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of Public Worship, 1793.
 Sins of Government, 1793.
 Contributions to the Evenings at Home, 1799.
 Essays Prefixed to Editions of Akenside and Collins, 1795—1797.
 Selections from the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, and Freeholder, 1804.
 Correspondence of Richardson, with Life, &c. 1804.
 British Novelists, with Essays and Biographical Notices, 1810.
 The Female Speaker, 1811.
 Eighteen Hundred and Eleven—a Poem, 1812.
 Miscellanies for Young Females, &c.

MISS SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD was born on the 12th December, 1744, at Eyam, in Derbyshire, of which place her father, Mr. Seward, was rector, and where the first six or seven years of her life were spent. The family then removed to Lichfield, in 1754, where, with but very few interruptions, the rest of her life was passed.

She was the eldest of two daughters, the sole survivors of a numerous family. Her father had some pretensions as a poet, and was besides a good classical scholar, and several of his productions were printed in Dodsley's Collection. In 1750, he published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which Sir Walter Scott describes as evincing a considerable degree of information and sound criticism.

The name of Miss Seward's mother was Hunter; she was the daughter of Mr. Hunter, the head master of the school at Lichfield, the preceptor of Johnson, Garrick, and of other eminent literary characters. But for intellectual employments, Mrs. Seward seems to have had little inclination, and in fact she rather discouraged the early indications of talent in her daughter; so much so, indeed, that poetry was almost altogether prohibited, and ornamental needlework substituted in its place.

Mr. Seward, as Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, was, together with his family, of course entitled to move in the first circles there, and his daughters, as reputed heiresses, met with much homage and attention.

Miss Seward, in early youth, must, in addition to her mental accomplishments, have possessed considerable personal attractions; for, in 1807, when arrived at her grand climacteric, Sir Walter Scott thus describes her: "When young, she must have been exquisitely beautiful; for in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade of her hair, and possessed great expression. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker, and, as it were, to flash fire. Her stature was tall, and her form was originally elegant, but having broken the patella of

the knee by a fall, in the year 1768, she walked with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years. Her tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised it." It appears that she was considered to bear, a strong resemblance to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she was also occasionally thought like the pictures of Mary Queen of Scotland. In 1796, she thus more modestly describes herself: "I can believe what I am told about my countenance expressing the feelings of my heart, but I have no charms, no grace, no elegance of form or deportment. If, in youth, my complexion was clear, glowing, and animated,—if my features were agreeable, though not regular, they have been the victims of time."

When about thirteen years of age, Miss Seward's father removed to the palace of Lichfield, which, though, of course, not his own property, singularly enough continued to be her residence until the time of her death.

It was about 1755, that Miss Honora Sneyd, the daughter of Edward Sneyd, Esq., one of a family of eight children lately deprived of their mother, was partly adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Seward, and continued to reside with them from the age of five to nineteen, when she rejoined her family, till the period of her marriage. Miss Seward appears to have assisted in superintending her education, and to have formed for her the most romantic and enthusiastic friendship; and though, after her union with Mr. Edgeworth, in 1773, their intimacy in some degree ceased, to the last moment of her life she retained for her lost Honora the warmest and tenderest affection.

Miss Seward was not herself eighteen years of age, when, in 1762, she inspired Col. T—— with an attachment as fervent as it was lasting. From her own account, she appears to have felt, at first, merely a girlish interest in, and curiosity for, his dignified seriousness of manner, and his refined attachment to Miss Georgiana Chadwick, afterwards Lady Middleton; but in becoming the confidante of his passion for an absent object, in a few weeks she found his affections were transferred to herself. His regiment then leaving Lichfield, they were separated for two years, when, on meeting again in London, their former friendship was renewed, and soon assumed the shape of love; but as Mr. T——'s fortune had been considerably diminished by the expenses of his education, the price of his commission, and perhaps by the mismanagement of his guardians, during his minority, Mr. Seward gave a decided negative to his addresses, when the affair was brought to his notice by the observations of officious friends.

In this decision Miss Seward seems to have so perfectly acquiesced, that in the following year she began a flirtation, which on her part soon became an ardent attachment, with Colonel, afterwards General Vyse, a native of Lichfield, who in a few months avenged her inconstancy to Col. T——, by totally neglecting her, and in a couple of years afterwards marrying a friend of hers, whose fortune, then in her own possession, exceeded that which Miss Seward had only in prospect. Mrs. Vyse died in childbirth in the following year, when Miss Seward composed a monody to her memory.

Her lover, once more at liberty, again bowed at the shrine of rank and wealth, in preference to that of the Muses, and married a lady, whose father was high in military command, and during the war, the son-in-law soon rose to the rank of general. Miss Seward consoled herself for his desertion by composing several copies of

verses and sprightly songs on the occasion, and soon resumed her tranquillity of mind; though she seems to have suffered sufficiently to have formed a sort of resolution to remain for ever a priestess of Apollo rather than to become a votary of Hymen.

Though she subsequently received several offers of marriage, they were all declined by her. Four years afterwards, Miss Seward again accidentally met Col. T—— in London, when he declared his unceasing affection, with his hopes that an acquisition to his fortune would now induce Mr. Seward to consent to their union. Miss Seward was too much surprised at the moment to make him an immediate answer, and also somewhat ashamed to find how much he had surpassed herself in constancy; but, on the following day, she communicated to him by letter the complete change which had taken place in her feelings towards him,—from the apparent tranquillity of his deportment never for an instant supposing that she had made an indelible impression on his heart. But it was never effaced; for though, from the conviction of the hopelessness of his attachment, in 1775 he married a young and beautiful woman, the remembrance of Miss Seward clouded with gloom the first years of their married life.

Mrs. T—— appears to have repeatedly sought for opportunities of becoming acquainted with the object to whom her husband was so devoted, and with melancholy enthusiasm she was induced to invest her with all the charms imagination could devise, or which were lavished on her by her husband's description.

The gravity which first captivated Miss Seward's youthful fancy, in after life partook in some degree of a religious insanity, in the form of a devotion which, however intent, veered by turns from one faith to another. Notwithstanding his wife and numerous family, his mind became strangely, extravagantly, and darkly-coloured by disappointment; and the singular visit he paid to Lichfield, in 1796, more than thirty years after he first became acquainted with Miss Seward, evinces that she was the original cause of his eccentricity. A servant brought up his card to her whilst she was dressing, and on her sending down word she would be down immediately, he had vanished! The housekeeper coming up stairs had observed him gazing up the next flight, at the foot of which he was standing, when, perceiving her, he went back into the hall and left the house. Mrs. T——, who was in correspondence with Miss Seward, and who, singularly enough, was always requesting of her to send her portrait, on perusing her account of this singular visit, naturally exclaimed to her husband, "Good heaven! how could you leave the place without seeing Miss Seward at last, since she was at home?"

He replied, with much solemnity, "The momentary gratification must have been followed with pain and regret, that would sufficiently have punished the temerity of attempting to see her at all. I had no sooner entered the house than I became sensible of my perilous state of feeling, and fled with precipitation." Both Mrs. T—— and Miss Seward regretted this result of his visit, for his "insane constancy," as this fair object of his devotion terms it, would scarcely have stood the test of seeing the devastations of time on the idol of his imagination. It would, as she observes, in all probability, "have proved a spell-dissolving interview," for at fifty-two she could scarcely have retained many of the charms that first captivated him when she was but eighteen.

But to return to Miss Seward's youthful days. In 1764,

the arrival in Lichfield of Mr. Porter, the son-in-law of Dr. Johnson, appeared likely to produce a considerable change in her manner of life, as, in the event of his marriage with her sister Sarah, then about to take place, she was to have accompanied the bride and bridegroom to Italy, where she was to have spent a couple of years. In her early letters, she gives a spirited and amusing account of the first introduction of Mr. Porter to his fair intended, who, fortunately, were so mutually well pleased with each other, that in a couple of days the offer was made and accepted. But a terrible blow awaited the family of Seward; the lovely and amiable girl, (for such indeed does she appear to have been,) when every thing was arranged for her marriage, and the wedding-day fixed, was suddenly seized with fever, and in a few days was a corpse!

This was the first affliction experienced by Miss Seward, and it consequently was most severely felt by her; and it was now, when deprived of her only sister, that the friendship of her amiable protégée, Honora Sneyd, became of inestimable value to her.

With the exception of a few months occasionally spent at Eyam, her father's living, whither she frequently accompanied him, or at her uncle, Mr. Marten's, at Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, where every two years they passed a month, the greater part of Miss Seward's subsequent life was generally spent at Lichfield, where there seems to have been considerable gaiety, and much visiting in the winter months.

Miss Seward thus describes the quietude of a country clergyman's life seventy or eighty years ago. She was on a visit at Gotham, 1767, when she writes—

"The convenient old parsonage is uncommonly light and cheerful. Its fire-places have odd little extra windows near them, which are the blessings of employment in cold or gloomy days. A rural walk encircles the house. In its front, a short flagged walk divides two grass-plots, and leads to a little wicket gate, arched over with ivy, that opens into the fold-yard. A narrow gravel-walk extends along the front of the house, and under the parlour-windows. Opposite them, and on the larger grass-plot, stands the venerable and expensive mulberry-tree. * * * We rise at seven. At eight, my aunt and cousin, my mother, Honora, and myself, meet at our neat and cheerful breakfast. That dear, kind-hearted saint, my uncle, has his milk earlier, and retires, for the morning, to his study. At nine, we adjourn to my aunt's apartment above stairs, where one reads aloud to the rest, who are at work. At twelve, my uncle summons us to prayers in the parlour. When they are over, the family disperses, and we young ones either walk or write till dinner. That appears at two. At four, we resume my aunt's apartment. * * * When we quit this dear apartment to take an evening walk, it is always with a degree of reluctance. At half-past ten, he calls in his servants to join our vesper devotions, which close the peaceful and unvaried day, resigning us to sleep as tranquil as itself. * * * The village has no neighbourhood, and in itself no prospect. The roads are deep and dirty, in winter scarce passable. My fair cousin, Miss Marten, is completely buried through the dreary months. * * * She tells us she weeps for joy at the sight of the first daisy, and welcomes and talks to and hails the little blessed harbinger of brighter days, her days of liberty as well as of peace."

Both Miss Seward and Miss Honora Sneyd appear to have far more enjoyed the society and the pleasures of Lichfield than the quiet uniformity of this rural life; and

her lovely young friend, now growing up to womanhood, shortly after became the object of the fervent but disastrous attachment of Major André.

They first met at Buxton, in 1769, when Major André, then little more than a boy, drew two miniature portraits of Miss Honora Sneyd, and in so doing he appears to have become desperately enamoured of the object whose charms he was portraying. One of these pictures was given to Miss Seward, the other became of melancholy celebrity in after years, when he was seized by the Americans. He wrote to a friend, "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stript of every thing but the portrait of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I think myself fortunate."

Miss Sneyd does not seem ever to have felt for him any sentiment warmer than that of friendship, and in 1773 she became the second wife of Mr. Edgworth of Edgworth town.

André afterwards joined the army in America, where his unfortunate end has attached a melancholy celebrity both to himself and to the object of his attachment.*

Miss Seward composed a monody to his memory, in which she severely animadverted upon the conduct of Washington. Some years after peace was signed between England and America, an officer introduced himself to her, commissioned from General Washington to call upon her, and to assure her, from the General himself, that no circumstance of his life had been so mortifying as to be censured in the Monody on André, as the pitiless author of his ignominious fate; that he had laboured, in fact, to save him, as appeared by papers he had sent for her perusal, which fully proved the truth of the assertion.

In 1778, Miss Seward gave a singular mark of friendship for Lady Northesk, daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville, who then visited Lichfield to consult Dr. Darwin about her health, which was rapidly sinking by hæmorrhage. She became an object of great interest both with Dr. Darwin and Miss Seward, from her sufferings and patience, as well as from her beauty and amiable qualities. Dr. Darwin, one evening, suggested to her the expediency of attempting in her case an old medical custom, long since sunk into disuse from superstitious feelings, viz. that of injecting blood into the veins by means of a syringe,—both human blood, and that of calves and sheep, being used. Lady Northesk cheerfully replied, "She had not the least objection, if he thought it eligible." Upon which Miss Seward, who was then present, immediately observed, that "perhaps Lady Northesk would prefer a supply from a healthy human subject, rather than from an animal, and as she had no dread of the lancet, she would gladly spare from time to time such a portion from her veins as Dr. Darwin should think fit to inject." He was much pleased with the proposal, and Lady Northesk expressed her warm gratitude on the occasion. The idea was, however, subsequently abandoned, from Dr. Darwin's fear of the consequences. He, however, by altering her regimen to a milk diet, did her much good; she gradually recovered her strength, and in three weeks' time she was enabled to pursue her journey to Scotland, a convalescent, and full of hope of eventual recovery.

Lady Northesk corresponded with Miss Seward till her death, which took place in 1779, at Edinburgh, in consequence of her cap and handkerchief taking fire.

* He was hanged as a spy by the Americans in 1780.

In 1780, Miss Seward lost her mother. Her father died in 1790, at an advanced age, leaving his daughter an independence of 400*l.* per annum, which, with economy, enabled her to continue to reside in her beloved palace at Lichfield. In her attention to her father in his declining years, Miss Seward appears in a most amiable light, and she evidently took more than ordinary filial delight in soothing the infirmities of his protracted life.

Miss Seward early obtained considerable celebrity, and six volumes of letters published by Sir Walter Scott, evince that she was well known in the republic of letters, as she, from 1784 to 1807, corresponded with many of the most celebrated characters of the day.

Miss Seward was so early in life introduced to some of the best poets, that she could repeat passages from *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* before she was three years of age; of course before she could comprehend their meaning. When but eight years old, the dazzling beauty and graces of the Countess of Bradford were the first inspiration of her infant muse, that lady's fondness for her at that period making an indelible impression on her young heart. At ten years of age she began a versification of the *Psalms*, after which her attempts at poetry appear to have received a check from her mother, who deemed the needle and the thimble fitter implements to grace the hand and to occupy the time of a young lady, than pen and ink. Her father, also, seems not to have relished the being told that he was surpassed in the poetic art by his daughter. Dr. Darwin, perhaps, may be considered to have been her master and her model in verse, as Johnson was in prose,—to which latter may be attributed her lavish use of epithets, her inversion of sentence, and her grandiloquence of phrase.

Although several pleasing little poems, composed between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three, have since been printed, at the time they were written she seems to have had but little idea of publication, and it was not till after the encomiums she received from Lady Miller and the Bath-Easton coterie, that she was induced to give her poems to the world. Her monodies to André, Cook, and Lady Miller, were among the first that appeared in print.

The laurel wreath of Bath-Easton appears frequently to have been awarded to Miss Seward, as to many of her poems is prefixed "Prize Poem at Bath-Easton." It was after thus having tried her poetical powers, that she gave the monody to André to the world, and the interest attached to his melancholy fate soon obtained for it no slight celebrity.

Her longest, and as she seems to consider it, her most superior poem, "*Louisa*, a poetical novel in four epistles," appeared in 1782. In this, she endeavoured "to unite the impassioned fondness of Pope's *Eloisa*, with the chaster tenderness of Prior's *Emma*, avoiding the voluptuousness of the first, and the too conceding softness of the second."

This pleasing poem, which, when first it came before the public, was perused and admired, has since incurred the fate of many a favourite of fashion—that of being forgotten when its original patrons and patronesses are laid in the grave. Numerous little poems of local and temporary interest, then, at different times issued from the pen of Miss Seward. Her "*Paraphrases and Imitations of Horace*" were considered as having caught the *spirit*, while they departed from the *letter*, of the poet; though with the Latin language she was totally unacquainted, as, indeed, with any other than her own.

Miss Seward's voluminous correspondence made its appearance in 1811, after her death. It was edited by Sir Walter Scott, to whom, together with Constable, she left the superintendence of her papers. The letters commence in 1784, and continue down to 1807, and are addressed to several of the literati and celebrated characters of the day; Boswell, Hayley, Mundy, Gregory, Carey, Croft, Repton, Whalley, Jerningham, Sir Brook Boothby, Dr. Parr, Todd, Walter Scott, Southey, Percival; Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, Helen Williams, Mrs. Brookes, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Knowles, and a long etcetera in addition, whom her partial friendship would fain have exalted into a foremost station in the temple of fame. They present an interesting picture of her own pursuits and of the passing literature of the day. Some of her stars, however, already begin "to pale their intellectual fires," whilst others, whose dawning glories she ardently watched, have justified her predictions of becoming of the first magnitude in the constellation of literature.

Her letters contain many excellent observations, both moral and literary, though they certainly must be considered as productions of the head, rather than of the heart. Her style is studied almost to affectation, and is frequently disfigured by inversions and compounded epithets. But it must be remembered that many of her letters are addressed to literary characters, exclusively upon subjects of taste and criticism, and consequently, cannot be expected to have the easy elegance of more familiar letters. They had also the advantage, or disadvantage, of having been revised and corrected by herself for the press, so that we do not see them in their original form.

It was her habit to transcribe into a book every letter of her own which appeared to her worth the attention of the public, omitting those passages which were without interest but to the person to whom they were addressed. She left twelve volumes of letters, thus copied by herself; but as from this it is evident she always had in view the possibility of publication, their studied and highly ornamented style is easily accounted for.

Three volumes of poems, also thus prepared by herself, have made their appearance, in a collective form, since her death, the greater part of which, however, had previously been published in periodicals, or in separate editions. Among these was a centenary of sonnets completed in 1790, all in the style of Milton's. The interesting sonnets of Mrs. Charlotte Smith she ever held in the most utter contempt; but the latter are oftentimes remembered and quoted, whilst Miss Seward's are already consigned to oblivion.

In 1802, the death of her early friend, Dr. Darwin, induced Miss Seward to commit to paper anecdotes of his life, which were afterwards published, and which contain a curious and interesting account of the society of Lichfield at that time.

It is a singular fact that some lines of Miss Seward's, about fifty in number, first suggested to Dr. Darwin the idea of his celebrated *Botanic Garden*. They were written in 1778, in a wild umbrageous valley near Lichfield, which Dr. Darwin had purchased the preceding year, and where a mossy fountain of pure and cold water had, one hundred years before, induced the inhabitants to build a cold-bath. A rock there drops perpetually three times in a minute. Summer drought does not abate, frost does not congeal, nor rain increase it. Aquatic plants border it, and branch from fissures. Dr. Darwin cultivated and

ornamented the spot, and converted it into a picturesque garden of botanical science. She took out her tablets and pencil, and, seated on a flowery bank in the midst of this luxurious retreat, wrote the lines in question, while "the sun was gilding the glen, and while birds of every plume poured their songs from the boughs." When shown to him whom she considered as her poetic preceptor, he expressed himself pleased with them, and said they should form the exordium of a poem, which he that instant conceived might be written upon the Linnæan system, and under the Ovidian license of transforming trees, shrubs, and flowers into ladies and gentlemen.

Upon this hint, Darwin commenced his *Botanic Garden*, somewhat disingenuously prefixing the said lines, with a few alterations, without any acknowledgment of the author. They had, however, been previously sent to the *Gentleman's Magazine* unknown to Miss Seward, and had from thence got into several public prints of that era, with her name affixed.

Miss Seward, though she utterly condemned the licentious excesses of the French Revolution, was liberal in her views both in politics and religion; so that, as she herself observes, she pleased neither the high church party on the one hand, nor the Jacobins on the other.

It was comparatively late in life that Miss Seward began to apply herself to music, of which afterwards she appears to have been passionately fond, that is, of cathedral and sacred performances; and of Handel, she seems to have been an idolater. Her taste may possibly have been formed by an intimacy with Mr. Saville, which commenced when she was about thirteen, and he but twenty years of age, when they were next-door neighbours, and which continued uninterruptedly for a space of forty-eight years. He was musician and vicar choral of Lichfield, and appears to have been also a clever and well-informed man.

Miss Seward never left her native land, and was but seldom in the metropolis; but she made frequent excursions to watering-places, and to the habitations of her friends. She was a frequent visitor at Mr. Whalley's in Somersetshire, where she became acquainted with Hannah More; also at Wellsburn, the seat of Court Dewes, Esq., the nephew of Mrs. Delany, where she was introduced to Dr. Parr; at Mr. Robert's, at Dinbran, in Wales, she first visited and became intimate with the celebrated recluses of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, who, early in life retired to that elegant seclusion, which they never willingly left even for a night, though they were sought by, and corresponded with, many of the celebrated characters of the day. Miss Seward paid frequent visits to Llangollen vale, the beauties of which she describes in glowing colours, both in prose and verse.

Though an enthusiast in friendship, and liberal in her opinions, it is evident that Miss Seward did not like contradiction, from the impetuous manner with which she frequently addresses Mr. Hardinge, the Welsh judge, and Mr. Hayley, both of whom occasionally presumed to differ with her in opinion. Probably at Lichfield, where there was none to cope with her—she, like

"Cato, gave her little senate laws,"

and thus acquiring confidence in her own opinions, was astonished at any one who disputed her critical decisions.

Her taste seems to have been formed on the models of Pope, Dryden, Prior, and the authors of the reign of Queen Anne. Excepting for Shakspeare and Milton,

she had little partiality for writers of an earlier period, nor indeed for those in general of the romantic school; though she admired the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, and had penetration enough to foresee his future literary fame. She preferred Johnson to Addison, and formed her style accordingly, though she was by no means one of his indiscriminate admirers.

Miss Seward had very early in life seriously injured her right knee, which impeded in some degree the taking that exercise which seems to have been absolutely necessary for the preservation of her health. She was frequently ordered to the sea, Buxton, Harrowgate, &c., but many of the remedies for her lameness, and other disorders, tended to increase an oppression of health to which she was liable, and which latterly seems to have rendered writing inconvenient to her.

In 1801, when paying an evening visit, deceived by an imperfect moonlight, she fell down a flight of steps into the street, and violently strained the muscles and tendons of her hitherto uninjured knee. It was long before she recovered from the effects of this accident, and thus being prevented taking her customary exercise, her health seems gradually to have become impaired. She, however, continued her love of literature to the last, and latterly occupied herself with preparing her prose and poetical works for the press.

In 1807, she was attacked with a scorbutic disorder, which affected her blood and whole frame in so distressing a manner, as to banish sleep, and to render intolerable her waking hours. She, however, struggled with her complaint till the year 1809, when, in the month of March, she was attacked with a lethargy, which carried her off on the 25th, at the age of sixty-five.

Her last letter, completed on the 13th of March, was addressed to her friend Sir Walter Scott, with whom she had maintained a literary correspondence for some years, and who, in 1807, had paid her a visit at Lichfield. In this epistle she too surely felt her own approaching end, and describes the fatal progress of her disorder. In another letter, delivered to him after her death, she explained her wishes as to the arrangement and publication of her letters and poems.

Her poetical works were published in 1810, in three volumes, and her letters in six, in the following year.

Dr. Johnson appears to have highly respected Miss Seward, notwithstanding the difference of their opinions, for which she says, she "knew he hated her." Some letters under the signature of Benvolio, upon his character, were after his death addressed by her to, and published, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

WORKS.

Anna Seward's *Poetical Works*, with extracts from her *Literary Correspondence*, by Walter Scott. 3 vols. 1810.

Anna Seward's *Letters from 1784 to 1807*. 6 vols. 1811.

Life of Dr. Darwin, 1804.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE was born on the 2d of February, in the year 1745, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire. She was the youngest but one of the five daughters of Mr. Jacob More, who was descended from a respectable family in Norfolk. As he had been originally intended for the

church, he had received a learned education, but in consequence of the failure of a lawsuit, by which considerable property went from his into another branch of the family, he quitted that part of the country for Gloucestershire, where he obtained a foundation school. He afterwards married a young woman, the daughter of a respectable farmer, who, though she had herself received but a plain education, was endowed with sound sense and judgment; and to her care in bringing up her daughters, their success in after life has been deservedly attributed.

Mr. More was himself a Tory and high churchman, but his mother had been a Presbyterian, and was of a zealous nonconformist family, who, in former days, and in troubled times, had boarded a minister at their own house, and had often assembled at midnight to worship God according to their own way of thinking, whilst one of the party kept watch at the entrance, with a drawn sword in his hand.

This may, perhaps, in some degree, account for the subsequent bias of the subject of this memoir, whose political sentiments differed considerably from her religious ones, which were considered by some to tend towards Calvinism; and, indeed, her precepts and principles partook certainly, in some degree, of the austerity of the old puritanic doctrines and practice.

At an early age she evinced a great aptitude for learning, and a desire for information. When her mother first began to think of teaching her to read, she found her infant Hannah had already made considerable progress, from attending to the instructions bestowed on her elder sisters. Her nurse having lived in the family of Dryden, the inquisitive mind of the intelligent child was incessantly prompting her to ask for stories about the poet; and to her father's excellent memory (for he had lost most of his books in the removal from Norfolk) she was indebted for long stories from the Greek and Roman histories. Whilst sitting on his knee, he would, to gratify her ear by the sound, repeat speeches of her favourite heroes, in their original language, afterwards translating them into English.

Mr. More imparted to his daughters the rudiments both of Latin and of the mathematics, and was afterwards, it was said, alarmed at the proficiency of his pupils. Mrs. More, however, highly approved of Hannah's wish for information, and joined with her in her entreaties to be allowed to prosecute her studies.

From her earliest infancy, she was fond of scribbling a moral essay or poem on any scrap of paper she could obtain, which she afterwards concealed in the dark corner allotted for the housemaid's brushes and dusters: and the greatest wish her imagination could then frame, was, that she might be one day rich enough to have a whole quire of writing-paper to herself! Her little sister, with whom she slept, was the usual confidante of her nightly effusions, and one of the sports of her childhood was making a carriage of a chair, to ride to London to see the bishops and booksellers.

As it was intended that their children should be qualified for the establishment and superintendence of a boarding-house, the eldest sister, Miss More, was sent by her parents to a French boarding-school, to acquire the requisite accomplishment, and under her tuition, each week when she returned from thence, did Hannah learn the French language, in which she afterwards became a great proficient.

The projected plan was put into execution, and the boarding-school was opened at Bristol, in 1760, when the

eldest Miss More was not yet quite of age. Her sister Hannah was confided to her care for the benefit of masters in the modern languages, and here soon commenced her first acquaintance with books and with persons of celebrity.

Hannah was not fifteen when Mr. Sheridan's lectures on eloquence, at Bristol, gave rise to a copy of verses, which led to an introduction to the object of her admiration. About the same time she became acquainted with Ferguson the astronomer, Dr. Stonehouse, and soon afterwards with Dr. Langhorne, with whom she subsequently corresponded, and with whom she first met at Weston-super-Mare, whither she had resorted for the benefit of her health, which was generally delicate.

At sixteen, she wrote her pastoral drama, "*The Search after Happiness*," which generally pleased, and greatly increased her reputation. Fortunately for her, she now had access to some of the best libraries in the neighbourhood, so that she was enabled to continue her studies in the Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages, from which she made numerous translations and imitations. The greater part of these were, however, subsequently destroyed, excepting Metastasio's opera of "*Regulus*," which, after it had lain by for years, she worked up into a drama, under the title of "*The Inflexible Captive*."

When about twenty-two years of age, she received and accepted an offer of marriage from a Mr. Turner, a gentleman of large fortune, but considerably her senior. Their acquaintance had commenced in consequence of some young relations of Mr. Turner's being at the Misses More's school, who generally spent their holidays at their cousin's beautiful residence at Belmont, near Bristol, whither they were permitted to invite some of their young friends; and Hannah and Patty More, being near their own age, were generally among those invited. The affair was so far advanced that the wedding-day was actually fixed, and Hannah, having given up her share in her sister's establishment, had gone to considerable expense in making her preparations,—when Mr. Turner, who appears to have been of eccentric temper, was induced to postpone the completion of his engagement; and as this was done more than once, her friends at length interfered, and prevailed on her to relinquish the marriage altogether, though this was against the wishes of the capricious gentleman.

To make some amends for his thus trifling with her affections, Mr. Turner insisted upon being allowed to settle an annuity upon her, which she at first rejected, but subsequently, through the medium of her friend, Dr. Stonehouse, who consented to be the agent and trustee, she was at length prevailed on to allow a sum to be settled upon her, which should enable her hereafter to devote herself to the pursuits of literature.

She had soon after another opportunity of marrying, which was declined, and from this time she seems to have formed the resolution, to which she ever afterwards adhered, of remaining single.

The desire, so natural to all young persons of talent, of becoming acquainted with persons of celebrity, appears to have been early and strongly felt by Hannah More; and about the year 1774, when she must have been twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, she seems to have had her wish fully gratified. The good-natured vanity of Garrick, pleased with a letter of hers he had casually seen, in which she eulogized his acting, induced him to seek her acquaintance; and at his house, where she was afterwards a frequent inmate, she was by him introduced

te, and soon became intimate with, all the literati that visited him. She there first met the celebrated Mrs. Montagu; and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's took place her first introduction to Dr. Johnson, who was touched with the enthusiastic feelings of the young authoress, of whom it is recorded, that, at her first visit to the great moralist, during his absence, seeing a great chair in his room, she immediately installed herself therein, "hoping," as she said, "to catch from thence a ray of his genius." He laughed heartily, when told of the circumstance, as it happened to be a chair on which he never sat!

She has herself described, in a letter to her friend Mrs. Gwatkin, the rapture she felt when she first visited "the immortal shades of Twickenham, the haunts of the swan of the Thames,"—the ardour she had ever had to see the sacred spot, and the many times she had "created to herself an imaginary Thames."

Speaking of letter-writing, she used to say, "When I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them much better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common-sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing." She added, "that letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

Hannah More again visited London in 1775, and in the course of this year the eulogiums and attentions she had received induced her, as she observed to her sisters, to try her real value, by writing a small poem and offering it to Cadell. The legendary tale of "Sir Eldred of the Bower" was, accordingly, composed in a fortnight's time, to which she added "The Bleeding Rock," which had been written some years previously. Cadell offered her a handsome sum for these poems, telling her if he could discover what Goldsmith received for the "Deserted Village," he would make up the deficiency, whatever it might be.

Thus commenced Hannah More's acquaintance with Mr. Cadell, who was, by a singular coincidence, a native of the same village with herself; and her connexion with his establishment was carried on for forty years.

The reception her poems met with was most flattering, and on her return to town in 1776, where she now made an annual visit, her society was more than ever courted. Engagements multiplied upon her; carriages waited at her door; Sir Joshua Reynolds carried her to see pictures; Dr. Johnson conveyed her home to her lodgings; Mrs. Garrick took her to Westminster Hall to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, and invited her to Hampton; and occasionally the sisters (for one of her sisters was generally with her) had a little *réunion* of friends at their own lodgings.

On one of these latter occasions, Dr. Johnson, after one of the sisters had been describing their way of life, exclaimed, "I love you both—I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God for ever bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses."

At another time he told Boswell "he had dined at Mrs. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney; three such women are not to be found. I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all."

Hannah More was this year introduced, by her friend

Mrs. Boscawen, to Mrs. Delany. She was afterwards occasionally at Mrs. Delany's select little parties, never exceeding eight in number, where, besides the venerable hostess, she frequently met the Duchess of Portland, Prior's "noble, lovely, little Peggy," the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Montagu, and the granddaughter and heiress of Harley, Earl of Oxford, minister to Queen Anne; Horace Walpole; the Countess of Bute, daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Lady Wallingford, the daughter of Mississippi Law; Mrs. Dashwood, the Delia of Hammond, and many other celebrated characters.

It was not till the end of June, in this year, that Hannah returned to Bristol, after a six months' residence in and near the metropolis, more than half of which had been spent with her kind friends the Garricks.

In the following year she went into Norfolk, to see some of her connexions who resided there; and whilst there she paid her sister poetess, Mrs. Barbauld, a visit, of whom she says, "Mrs. B. and I have found out, that we feel as little envy and malice toward each other, as though we had neither of us attempted to 'build the lofty rhyme;' though she says, this is what the envious and malicious can never be brought to believe."

In the November of the same year, 1777, Hannah More returned to town, where she spent five months; during which period her tragedy of "Percy" was brought out at Covent Garden. The reception of this drama exceeded her most sanguine expectations. Mr. Garrick and the Lord Chancellor Bathurst exerted themselves greatly in its behalf, and its success was extraordinary.

But the period was now arriving when she was to be deprived of the friend who had introduced her to the literary world, and who had so flatteringly interested himself in her welfare. On the 20th January, 1779, after a short illness, Garrick died; and, at the express desire of his widow, Hannah More rose from the bed of sickness to set out for town, to attend her unhappy friend.

Garrick's death made a considerable difference in the position of Hannah More, as Mrs. Garrick, with whom she spent a great deal of her time, lived in the utmost retirement. But very few persons were admitted into the house that had so recently been the abode of so much gaiety, and reading and meditation appear to have occupied the greater part of their residence at Hampton. It was now, to use her own words, "very clean, very green, very beautiful, and very melancholy."

"The Fatal Falsehood," a tragedy Hannah More had written at the desire of Mr. Garrick, and which was completed before his death, was brought out this season, and though it did not meet with so much success as "Percy," it was received with considerable applause.

In the summer of this year, Hannah More paid a visit to Dr. Kennicott,* Bishop of Oxford, with whom she had become acquainted in the preceding year, at Mr. Wilmot's, where also she had met the Chancellor Bathurst's family.

Here she was introduced to Dr. Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich; and to his daughter Sally was addressed the "Heroic Epistle," which was first written in the blank pages of Mother Bunch's fairy tales, and presented to her when she was but a child of three years old. Her "Essays on various subjects, principally designed for

* Mrs. Kennicott, it may be mentioned, had taken the trouble to learn Hebrew, for the express purpose of qualifying herself to correct the press of her husband's work.

young ladies," had previously made their appearance in 1777, with a dedication to Mrs. Montagu.

It was about this time that Hannah More's distaste to the pomps and vanities of the world, the theatre, and other public amusements, which amongst all the great and gay society with whom she had lately associated, had been gradually increasing upon her, began to be very decided. In 1777, when, singularly enough, she was occupied with writing and bringing forward plays, Garrick had one Sunday playfully addressed her at Mr. Wilmot's when sacred music had been proposed, with "Nine," (an appellation he generally gave her, alluding to the number of the Muses,) "you are a *Sunday woman*; retire to your room; I will recall you when the music is over."

The deaths of Garrick and Mrs. Dashwood, in 1779, and of several of the coterie in which she was intimate, and where she was so great a favourite, appear to have made a deep impression upon Hannah More; but the awfully sudden decease of Mr. Thrale, in 1781, must have made the most frivolous thoughtful. Herself and Mrs. Garrick were dressing for a great party at his house, when the intelligence was brought that he was dead!

In 1782, Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas," together with her poem on "Sensibility," made their appearance, and produced compliments from royalty, and from several even of the bench of Bishops. The good Jonas Hanway told her, he began them with fear and trembling, fearing it was an undue liberty with the Scriptures; but no sooner had he finished them than he ran off to the bookseller, bought three or four, and carried them to a boarding-school, where he had some little friends.

In one of her letters to her sister, she thus describes the parties at Mrs. Vesey's, which gave rise to her poem entitled "The Bas Bleu," written in the summer of 1783, where, under classical names, she described several of the stars that often sparkled in that horizon.

"I believe I forgot to mention Mrs. Vesey's pleasant Tuesday parties to you. It is a select society, which meets at her house every other Tuesday, and of which I am invited to be an unworthy member. It assembles on the day on which the Turk's Head Club dine together. In the evening they all meet at Mrs. Vesey's, with the addition of such other company as it is difficult to find elsewhere."

She sent half of this poem, under two franks, to each of her friends, Mr. Pepys, the *Lælius* of the writer, the father of the late Lord Chancellor, and Miss Hamilton, by whom they were to be transmitted anonymously to Mrs. Vesey, who was in Ireland. It was at first circulated only in manuscript, and she had the honour of transcribing a copy with her own hand for the King, who desired to have one. Dr. Johnson told her, "There was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it." It was published in 1786, with "Florio," another of her poems.

On her return to town in 1784, she continued to be overwhelmed with kind and flattering attention, though she seems no longer to have entered into the spirit of that society. She now evidently preferred her quiet visits to Bishop Porteus's parsonage, at Hunton, in Kent, and to Mrs. Montagu's, at Sandleford, in Oxfordshire.

This year she was elected member of the French Academy, proving that her fame was no longer confined to England. She likewise became acquainted with, and greatly interested herself in, the Bristol milkwoman, Mrs. Yeats, whose verses, published under her inspection,

obtained for their author a sum exceeding £600, for which Miss More and Mrs. Montagu became trustees. Her charitable intentions were, however, repaid by so much ingratitude, that she was at last induced to abandon her protégée altogether.

After having thus sparkled in the fashionable and literary world for more than ten years, where she had received such great and flattering attentions, she began to put into practice her long-projected plan of gradually retiring to "a little thatched hermitage," as she termed it, which, in 1785, she had built for herself, when about forty years old, at Cowslip Green, at Wrington, ten miles on the Exeter road from Bristol. She, however, still continued to pay visits annually to Mrs. Garrick and other friends, but she now spent much more of her time at her own home, in her little garden, in the morning, as she states, "employed in raising dejected pinks, and reforming disorderly honeysuckles;" in the evening, "riding through the delicious lanes and hills in her neighbourhood."

Her friends, however, paid her frequent visits in her retirement, where, in 1790, her sisters, having realized enough to enable them to give up their school, joined her little establishment. Here, and in a house they had built for themselves in Bath, they projected henceforward spending their time, and passing the rest of their days in the society of each other.

An acquaintance Hannah More had formed in 1777 with Newton, the friend of Cowper, perhaps may have in some degree contributed to the more serious way of thinking which led afterwards to the production of so many valuable works on religious subjects.

Her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," first appeared in 1788, and soon passed through several editions. A fellow-feeling with Mr. Wilberforce on the subject of slavery, led to an introduction, and a little poem with that title appeared in 1789. The mutual interest they felt upon this and many other subjects, produced a friendly intercourse; and "The Red-cross Knight," as Mrs. Montagu termed him for his crusade in behalf of the suffering blacks, took equal pains in assisting Hannah More in return, in her endeavours to establish Sunday schools at Cheddar, where the spiritual ignorance of the inhabitants was most deplorable.

In all her schemes, Hannah More had an able and energetic coadjutor in her youngest sister, Martha, —and the sisters soon had schools and various little institutions over a tract of country of ten or twelve miles, with nearly five hundred children in training. They met, however, in their benevolent schemes, with many difficulties and impediments, arising from the clergy as well as laity; and probably, the account of the rebuffs with which Mr. Jones meets, described in the Cheap Repository Tracts, is but a faint description of those they themselves encountered.

Mrs. Martha More has given, in an unpublished journal, the following account of the origin of the Sunday schools at Cheddar. At the period in question, the vicar was non-resident, and the curate, who lived at Wells, nine miles distant, visited the parish only on Sundays.

"In the month of August, 1789, Providence directed Mr. Wilberforce and his sister to spend a few days at Cowslip Green. The cliffs of Cheddar are esteemed the greatest curiosity in those parts. We recommended Mr. W. not to quit the country till he had spent a day in surveying these tremendous works of nature. We easily prevailed upon him, and the day was fixed; but after a

little reflection he changed his mind, appeared deeply engaged in some particular study, fancied time would hardly permit, and the whole was given up. The subject of the cliffs was renewed at breakfast; we again extolled their beauties, and urged the pleasure he would receive by going. He was prevailed on, and went.

"I was in the parlour when he returned. With the eagerness of vanity (having recommended the pleasure) I inquired how he liked the cliffs? He replied, they were very fine, but the poverty and distress of the people were dreadful. This was all that passed. He retired to his apartment, and dismissed even his reader. I said to his sister and mine, I feared Mr. W. was not well. The cold chicken and wine put into the carriage for his dinner were returned untouched. Mr. W. appeared at supper, seemingly refreshed with a higher feast than we had sent with him. The servant, at his desire, was dismissed, when he immediately began—'Miss Hannah More, something must be done for Cheddar.' He then proceeded to a particular account of his day, of the inquiries he had made respecting the poor; there was no resident minister, no manufactory, nor did there appear any dawn of comforts, either temporal or spiritual.

"The method or possibility of assisting them was discussed till a late hour; and it was at length decided in a few words, by Mr. W.'s exclaiming, 'If you will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense.'

"Mr. Wilberforce and his sister left us in a day or two afterwards. We turned many schemes in our head, every possible way; at length those measures were adopted which led to the foundation of the different schools."

Mr. Wilberforce adhered to his offer, and furnished the necessary funds for beginning an attempt at a reformation, the Misses More undertaking to subscribe attention and industry: and to them Mr. Wilberforce observes, "Your labour can only be equalled by Spenser's Lady Knights, and they seem to be much of the same kind too—I mean, you have all sorts of monsters to cope withal."

In the same year her "Bonner's Ghost" was printed at the Strawberry Hill press; and in 1790 appeared "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which met with great success.

Having thus exerted herself to reform the rich, she shortly after wielded her pen with equal spirit to attempt to amend the morals of the poor. "Village Politics, by Will Chip," was her first performance in this line, which was published in 1794. Its popularity induced her to commence operations on a more enlarged scale. The establishment by Mr. Raikes of Sunday schools, having enabled multitudes of the lower orders to read, she deemed it advisable to provide something for them which they might peruse with safety and advantage to themselves; she accordingly, with the assistance of one of her sisters, and two or three friends, began the publication of these tracts every month, at a price far below what they originally cost. They consisted of stories, ballads, and Sunday readings. They were called "The Cheap Repository Tracts," and had an amazing sale; two million of these were sold in the first year;—a circumstance perhaps unprecedented in the annals of printing.

The Bishop of London (Porteus) interested himself greatly in the circulation of these tracts, and sent off ship loads to the colonies. One having found its way into the hands of the Rajah of Tanjore, through the medium of the missionary Gericke, he declared "he

preferred it to the Rambler, and liked Miss More's books better than any of the English books he had ever read."

About the year 1793, Hannah More's benevolence induced her to exert herself in behalf of the French priests, who, at the time of the French Revolution, emigrated to England in vast numbers, and were in great distress. The profits of a little work, entitled "Remarks on the Speech of M. Dupont, made in the National Convention, on the subjects of Religion and Public Education," which amounted to forty pounds, were dedicated to the fund raised for their relief; for which she received the thanks of the committees of the subscribers.

Hannah More now withdrew almost entirely from her former intercourse with the literary coterie in town, confining herself, in a great degree, to what has been termed the religious world; and when in London, she divided her time between the houses of Bishop Porteus, Lord Teignmouth, and Mr. Thornton; and, besides an annual visit to Lord Barham, in Kent, she was also frequently at Tringwell, the residence of the Bishop of Salisbury, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

In 1799, the "Strictures on Female Education" were published. These volumes were read by royalty and approved by bishops, by some of whom they were even recommended from the pulpit; and, in spite of a little censure cast on them by those who deemed them over strict, they eventually found their way into most libraries in the kingdom; the elegance of the style recommending them to many of her former gay and fashionable friends, who might otherwise have felt but little interest in the subject.

It might have been thought that the decided loyalty of Hannah More's political sentiments would have saved her from the imputation of disaffection to church and state. She now had to sustain, however, a violent persecution from those who, calling themselves the High Church School, set themselves in array against what is now termed the Serious, or Evangelical party, to which she belonged. Some violent attacks were made upon her character, and every attempt was made to put a stop to her schools and Sunday Readings, where, it was reported, blasphemous and seditious principles were inculcated. The cry was raised that "the Church was in danger;" the clergy and farmers in that part of the country too generally set themselves in opposition to her; and at last she was induced to appeal to the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Beadon, who, in answer, expressed his full approbation of her attempts to do good by instructing the poor.

In consequence, probably, of the anxiety and annoyance occasioned by these attacks, she had a very serious illness about this time, which lasted seven months, during which apprehensions were entertained for her life. She lived, however, to shame her persecutors by farther deeds of benevolence. Her friends, and all the Evangelical party, took up her cause warmly, and she continued to receive marked attentions from persons of the highest rank, among whom was the Duchess of Gloucester, with whom she frequently corresponded on religious subjects.

In 1802, Hannah More and her sisters came to the resolution of parting with their house in Bath, and of exchanging Cowslip Green for a more comfortable abode at Barley Wood, which they henceforth intended to make their sole residence, amusing themselves with laying out the grounds and gardens in the intervals between their acts of charity. It was now that she composed, at the request of a dignitary of the church, her "Hints towards

forming the *Character of a Young Princess*," which was published in 1805, and which was most graciously received by the royal family.

In 1806, Hannah More, now more than sixty years of age, was attacked by a dangerous illness, from catching cold in returning from one of her schools. A twelvemonth elapsed ere there were hopes of her restoration to health, and two years before she was thoroughly re-established, so as to be competent to literary exertion.

In December, 1809, appeared one of her most popular works, under the title of "*Cælebs in Search of a Wife*." Within a few months this work ran through twelve editions; and thirty editions, one thousand copies each, were printed during her lifetime. It was at first published anonymously, but the real author was soon discovered, and she was again overwhelmed with panegyrics and compliments by her friends.

In 1811, Hannah More produced her "*Practical Piety*," which she began about a year after the appearance of "*Cælebs*." In 1813 appeared her "*Christian Morals*." Both these works were deservedly popular, and had a great sale.

Soon after the publication of the latter work, the sisterhood, who had lived together for the space of fifty years, began to be broken up by the hand of death. Mary More, the eldest of the five sisters, was the first to pay the debt of nature. She died in April, 1813. In June, 1816, followed Elizabeth, the second; and in the spring of 1817 Sarah was taken off; so that Hannah, now past seventy, began to feel that universal penalty of long life—the seeing her family and her friends fall fast around her.

In 1815, her "*Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul*," was published. But just before it was completed, a termination was almost put to her life by her clothes catching fire when alone in her apartment. The flames were extinguished by the courageous kindness of Miss Roberts, a lady staying with her, who was herself considerably injured, while preserving her friend.

Hannah More had now lived so long that her legal right to her "*Sacred Dramas*," was expired, and to preserve the rights of her publishers, Cadell and Davies, she consented to make some few additions to a new edition in the press.

In 1817, a committee being formed for the sale of pious tracts, she again exerted herself in the cause, and produced several, both practical and experimental. Her "*Village Politics*," which first appeared in 1794, was now republished under the title of "*Village Disputants*." Of these, in September 1817, she tells Mr. Wilberforce she had scribbled thirteen in about six weeks. "*Pretty well for a septuagenary*," as she observes.

In the following year, she mentions, in a letter to Lady Tryphena Bathurst, that the greater part of her Cheap Repository Tracts had been translated into Russ by the Russian Princess Metschersky, and were widely circulated in her country. "*Cælebs*," and "*Practical Piety*," were also much read, the former in Sweden, the latter in Iceland.

Thus the labours of this excellent woman were, at the same time, diffusing good in the regions of the frozen north, and in those under the sultry line; for many of them had been translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages, through the instrumentality of Sir A. Johnstone.

In the autumn of this year, both Mrs. H. More and her surviving sister Martha were seized with alarming ill-

ness. "Her own," she says, "was partly caused by too great excitement, from an influx of company, chiefly strangers, but who were recommended by friends." Among these are mentioned, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Miss Vansittart, the Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Chalmers, Drs. Henderson and Paterson, northern missionaries, Persian noblemen, &c.

In the autumn of the following year, (1819,) Martha, the sole surviving and the best beloved of H. More's sisters, was taken from her, after an illness of only four days. The Wilberforce family were staying at Barley Wood at the time, and she seems to have over-exerted herself in attending on them. Thus, at the age of seventy-four, Hannah More, the last of a sisterhood who had lived so long and so happily together, was left to finish her worldly course alone; and she survived the loss of this, the last of her sisters, for yet many years.

A month previous to her sister's death, Hannah More's last original work made its appearance, in one thick volume. It was entitled "*Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer*." Of this work, she mentions in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, "Though consisting of more than five hundred pages, it was first thought of in January, and was entirely printed and published at the end of August." It was equally popular with her other works, and appears to have been composed to counteract what she terms "the epidemic French mania." She says, "The rage for a Paris excursion has spread such a general infection, that curatees, and even farmers in our part of the world, have caught the malady. A clergyman with ten children has been twice, and his wife is now left there, with a house full of children, that they may bring home the Parisian accent to a little country village."

On the night of the 12th of August, Hannah More had so violent an attack of illness, that, as she had already kept her chamber all the preceding spring and summer, her end was thought approaching; but, through the vigorous measures of Dr. Lovell, in copiously bleeding her, after twice appearing to be dead, she was called back to the world. But though broken in health, the powers of her mind seem at this period to have been as elastic as ever. In 1821, she wrote for the use of young people, a little work called "*Bible Rhymes*;" and notwithstanding several equally alarming attacks of illness, one in May 1822, and another in 1824, she executed a plan, to which she had often been urged when in tolerable health—that of extracting from all her later works, each of which contained a chapter on prayer, her thoughts upon that all-important subject. This work, with some additions, appeared in 1824, under the title of "*Spirit of Prayer*," and was the last of her numerous publications.

A young friend, Miss Frowd, appears latterly to have devoted herself entirely to Hannah More's service, and was, as she says, "her domestic chaplain, secretary, house-apothecary, knitter, and lamp-lighter; missionary to her numerous and learned seminaries, and without controversy the queen of clubs,"—alluding to the charitable institutions, where she took the place which her aged friend could no longer occupy.

In December 1825, Hannah More writes from Barley Wood: "I have now been confined seven years and two months to my apartments, consisting of two rooms, having opened a communication to the adjoining one, which I have made a drawing-room, so that I have room for exercises; it is no want of strength which confines me, but

my friendly physician will not allow me to walk out, as a cold has so often threatened to be fatal to me."

But though she had left the world, the world could not consent to resign her as yet, for the retreat of the veteran in literature was still besieged by persons of rank and celebrity; and still she continued to be overwhelmed with letters from numerous correspondents. She says of herself, "I think I never was more hurried, more engaged, or more loaded with cares than at present; I do not mean afflictions, but a total want of that article for which I built my house and planted my grove—I mean retirement—it is a thing I only know by name. I think Miss Frowd says that I saw eighty persons last week, and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect; if young, I hope I may do them a little good; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought to see them on that account; if near home, my neighbours would be jealous of my seeing strangers, and excluding them. My *levée*, however, is from twelve to three o'clock, so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself, except now and then an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two."

Twenty years before this period, she had been deprived by illness of both her smell and taste, which, however, she considered as a mercy, from her being afterwards obliged almost to live upon medicine, instead of food. Indeed, such was her general ill-health, that she says her seventy-fifth year was the only one in her life in which she had not been confined during some part of it to her bed. She retained, however, to the last, what she terms "her intellectual senses," her sight and hearing, which amply made up for her other privations—the doctrine of *compensation* being a favourite theme with her.

She now frequently occupied her leisure hours in the fabrication of linen articles, for fancy bazaars, for the benefit of the Missionary and Jews Societies, and in the composition of rhymes, which were sold for a considerable sum; whilst her private charities continued, on perhaps an even more extended scale than ever.

Now, however, came a severe trial to her, in the discovery, that either from her too easy indulgence, or from her having been so long unable to superintend her domestic concerns, her household had become in a terribly deranged state. By quietly submitting to the waste and misconduct of her servants, she was told, she might appear to be the patroness of vice, or, at least, indifferent to its progress, and thus lessen the beneficial influence of which her writings had been productive. She therefore came to the decided resolution of breaking up her establishment, and of parting with her beloved Barley Wood. It was disposed of to William Harford, Esq., and on the 18th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, she removed to Windsor Terrace, in Clifton, still accompanied by her kind friend Miss Frowd.

Having now no garden, and having parted with her carriage and horses, her house expenses were considerably diminished, and instead of eight pampered minions, she kept four sober servants.

After selling Barley Wood, she soon after parted with the copyright of her later works, to the number of ten volumes, to Cadell, and thus was enabled to maintain her schools and enlarge her charities. The former alone, with clothing, rents, &c., stood her in £250 per annum.

From the time Hannah More removed from Barley Wood to Clifton, her health was constantly in a precarious state, and she seldom continued many days without severe attacks of illness. She had at all periods of her

life been subject to dangerous affections of her chest, and though these were warded off by the unremitting care of her friend Miss Frowd, who had the entire management of her family, she was ever liable to them, and each now promised to be the last. Latterly, also, the powers of her mind, as well as of her body, began to give way, imperceptibly at first, though towards the end of 1832, a considerable alteration was observable.

The illness and death of her friend Miss Roberts, which took place in September, possibly contributed to produce a farther deterioration in Hannah More's mental faculties; and she now continued gradually to decline till, on the afternoon of the 7th of September, 1833, she placidly yielded up her spirit into the hands of her Creator, at the age of eighty-eight years.

WORKS.

- Search After Happiness; a Drama, 1773.
- Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock, 1775.
- Percy, 1777; The Fatal Falsehood, 1779; The Inflexible Captive.
- Essays on Various Subjects, for Young Ladies, 1777.
- Sacred Dramas and "Sensibility," 1782.
- The Bas Bleu and Florio, 1786.
- Thoughts on the Manners of the Great, 1788.
- Poem on Slavery, and Bonner's Ghost, 1789.
- An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World, 1790.
- Cheap Repository Tracts; Village Politics, by Will Chip, 1792.
- Remarks upon the Speech of M. Dupont, 1793.
- Strictures on Female Education, 1799.
- Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Princess, 1785.
- Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, 1808.
- Practical Piety, 1811.
- Christian Morals, 1813.
- Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul, 1815.
- Village Disputants, and other Tracts, 1817.
- Moral Sketches, &c., 1819.
- Bible Rhymes, 1821.
- Spirit of Prayer, 1824.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH was born on the 4th of May, 1749, at Bignor, in Sussex. She was the eldest daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., of Stoke House, in Surrey, and of Bignor Park, in Sussex, near the banks of the Arun, where she passed many of her earliest and happiest years. There, amid scenery which had nursed the fancies of Otway and of Collins, she trod on classic ground; and every charm of Nature seems to have made the most lively and distinct impression on her very vivid mind.

She had the misfortune to lose her mother when she was only three years of age; and the care of her education thenceforth devolved upon her aunt, who paid unwearied attention to her young charge. This lady, however, appears to have considered that a good education consisted in an early and unbounded devotion to modern accomplishments, and, in after years, Charlotte Smith was wont to regret that her attention had not been more

directed to useful reading, and to the acquirement of languages.

Such, however, was her insatiable thirst for reading, that, notwithstanding her love for literature was checked by her aunt, she was in the habit of reading, from her earliest childhood, every book which fell in her way. This indulgence, assisted by great natural abilities, enlarged the sphere of her observations, and extended her faculties; it gave impulse to her powers of thinking, and mingled itself with the original operations of a vigorous and penetrating understanding.

One of the leading characteristics of her mind appears to have been, from the earliest infancy, a deep and unaffected love of nature, and her beautiful descriptions of rural scenery form one of the most attractive peculiarities of her writings.

At six years old, she was placed at a respectable establishment in Chichester, where she received instructions in drawing from George Smith, a celebrated artist, and a native and inhabitant of that pretty little city, to whose house she went two or three times a week, for the purpose of taking lessons.

In her eighth year, Miss Turner was removed from thence to a school at Kensington, at that time in high repute, and where the daughters of several persons of distinction received their education. One of her school-fellows has recorded of her, that "she excelled the greater part of them in writing and drawing, and being the best dancer, she was always, when there was company, brought forward for exhibition. She had a taste and ear for music, but never applied with sufficient steadiness to insure success. She was considered romantic by her young companions; she had read more than any one in the school, was continually composing verses, and was thought too great a genius for study."

It was the custom, at this seminary, to perform both French and English plays, and Miss Turner, on such occasions, was in great request, as she was the best actress of the little party. When at home, she was frequently called upon to exhibit her theatrical powers to the company there, where also her verses were read and admired by her friends. Some of these were composed before she was ten years of age; none of them, however, have been preserved.

At twelve years of age, she quitted school to live at home, where she was attended by masters; but by the indulgence of her father, who at this time resided occasionally in town, and of her aunt, who almost idolized her, she was, even at this early age, introduced to frequent and various society, and accompanied her friends to public places. One of her biographers has observed, that "it would be curious to have a picture of her feelings and remarks at that critical period. With that liveliness of perception, and that eloquent simplicity of language, which women of sensibility and talent possess, more especially at an early age, in a degree so superior to the other sex, she must not only have been highly attractive, but have exhibited a brilliancy of imagination and a depth of sentiment, the absence of any record of which must excite severe regret."

Miss Turner's manners and appearance at this time were so far beyond her years, that she was but fourteen when she received an offer of marriage from a gentleman of suitable rank and fortune, which was rejected by her friends solely on account of her extreme youth.

At this period of her life, her reading was desultory and indiscriminate, though principally confined to poetry

and to works of fiction. Unknown to her aunt, she sent to the editor of the *Lady's Magazine* some verses of her own composition.

In the following year, upon her father again entering the matrimonial state, her aunt, contemplating with dread the effect which this event might have upon the happiness of one who had hitherto been treated with unbounded indulgence, endeavoured, with injudicious haste, to establish her niece, by what she considered to be an advantageous marriage. In this she was seconded by the busy and officious zeal of some relations, by whose means an introduction was effected between Miss Turner, who was then not quite fifteen, and Benjamin Smith, Esq., the second son of Richard Smith, Esq., an East India merchant, and also an East India director, a young man only just of age, but in easy circumstances, as he was already admitted a partner into the lucrative business of his father, who had realized a considerable fortune.

The elder Mr. Smith was originally induced to withhold his approbation from the connexion, on the conviction that the manner in which Miss Turner had been educated had not qualified her for those habits which he deemed essential in the wife of a British merchant. His first interview, however, overcame all his objections, and he subsequently evinced both partiality and affection for his daughter-in-law.

By her own friends, the marriage, which took place on the 23d of February, 1765, was generally esteemed to be an advantageous one for the young lady; and an uncle of hers was the only one of her family who foresaw and foretold all the misery likely to result from an union in which neither the habits nor tempers of the parties had been consulted, whilst their mutually youthful years prevented either being able to appreciate or understand the character of the other.

After a few months' residence with an aunt, the widow of Walter Berney, Esq., the young couple removed into the house prepared for their reception, which was situated in one of the narrowest and most dirty lanes in the city, and which, though tastefully and expensively fitted up, was, nevertheless, a large and dull habitation, into which the cheering beams of the sun never penetrated, consequently filling the mind with depression and gloom; and here, away from the fields and woods which she loved, and among a set of people whose habits and opinions could be but little congenial with her own, Charlotte Smith appears to have been placed in a situation wholly unsuited to her character.

The elder Mrs. Smith, formerly the widow of Nathaniel Crow, Esq., of Barbadoes, who at the time of her son's marriage with Miss Turner was still alive, though in very bad health, exacted the constant attention of the whole family, and her poor daughter-in-law was incessantly worried with questions on household economy, which she was ill-fitted to encounter; and her ignorance of such matters was often contrasted with the notable housewifery of the ladies of Barbadoes.

The lower part of the house being appropriated to the business, thither her father-in-law every morning repaired to superintend his mercantile concerns. Having no taste for literature or the arts, the elegant and refined amusements of his daughter-in-law appeared to him expensive encroachments upon time, and his somewhat petulant way of speaking, and his keen black eyes, darting inquisitive glances from under dark bushy eyebrows, always appearing as if in search of something with which to find fault, obliged her, whenever his creaking shoes gave no-

ice of a domiciliary visit, to hurry out of sight whatever might be deemed a cause of offence. Her friends and acquaintance who happened to call were often subject to his sort of suspicious examination, which generally caused them to shorten their visits.

After the death of his wife, whose stately formality, anguished air, and sallow complexion, with a monotonous drawl and pronunciation common to the ladies in the West Indies, rendered her a peculiarly unattractive personage, Mr. Smith became so partial to the society of his daughter-in-law that he required her constant attendance. From long residence in the West Indies, his health had been impaired; and he was so sensible to cold, that, in the hottest day in summer, not the slightest breath of air was admitted into his apartment. Here, however, she was often expected to assist at the lectures of an old governess, who, with a broad Cumberland dialect, was accustomed to lull her master to sleep with devotional books of a most gloomy tendency.

Nevertheless, he had sufficient penetration to discover and to appreciate the superior abilities of his daughter-in-law; and he entertained so much respect for her judgment, that he consulted her upon all occasions, confided to her his anxieties, and frequently employed her pen in matters of business. Such was her readiness, that he was wont to declare she could do more from his directions in one hour than any of his clerks in a day. He, at one time, even offered her a considerable allowance if she would reside altogether in town, for the purpose of assisting him, as, with a prophetic eye, he foresaw that his business would otherwise be hereafter lost to his family, through the reckless carelessness of his son, and his increasing habits of dissipation. This proposal was declined, but it has been observed, "it was a singular instance of the compass of her mind, which with equal facility could adapt itself to the charms of literature, and to the dry details of commerce."

On one occasion she vindicated the character of the elder Mr. Smith, which had been illiberally attacked, in a spirited little pamphlet, which, however, has not been preserved.

During her second confinement, Mrs. Charlotte Smith was deprived of her eldest child by a malignant fever, which ran through the house, and so great was her affliction, that it nearly proved fatal to her. Change of air and scene being recommended, she removed from the city to the village of Southgate, where, in a few months, she recovered her health, and where she enjoyed more liberty and tranquillity than had hitherto fallen to her lot.

The marriage of her aunt, who for some time had ceased to reside with her, with the elder Mr. Smith, soon after released her from her constant attendance upon her father-in-law; and as her husband daily went to town, she had now more time at her disposal, which she employed in the cultivation of her mind, and in reading a small but select collection of books which was in her possession.

An increasing family, all of whom she nursed herself, began now to claim much of her attention; and a larger house becoming necessary, Mr. Smith's father purchased for him a handsome one at Tottenham, whither they removed. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Smith disliked the situation, and was the more dissatisfied with it, as its vicinity to the metropolis had failed to induce her husband to pay greater attention to his affairs than he had hitherto done. At no time, indeed, had he a turn for business, but wasted his time in trifling occupations, each fancy being pursued

at a reckless expense, till superseded by some other whim equally frivolous and costly.

In 1774, Mrs. Smith prevailed with her father-in-law to allow them to retire altogether into the country, when he purchased Ly's farm for them in Hampshire, not far from White's "Selborne," on the borders of Sussex. It, however, proved an unfortunate speculation, for her husband, with his usual imprudence, kept a larger establishment than suited his fortune, engaged in injudicious and wild schemes in agriculture, purchased more land, and attempted every sort of plan, some of which are alluded to in "Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle," where Mr. Stafford is represented as projecting the mending of his land with old wigs, &c.

They also entered into such society as the neighbourhood afforded, where, probably, among the country families of Hampshire and Sussex, Mrs. Smith was better appreciated for her talents and personal attractions than when in the heart of the city, among her civic acquaintance.

She here passed several most anxious and important years; for her husband, being away from his father's eye, (the only check which could ever restrain his conduct,) now plunged into the most serious expenses, which, with an increasing family, for they had now eight children, he was ill able to support.

In 1776, the death of the elder Mr. Smith took place, and unfortunately for his family, his will, a voluminous document, having been made by himself, and being couched in contradictory terms, plunged his heirs into law, and large sums were lost by mismanagement. Endless disputes arose between the parties interested, and probably what Mrs. Smith, who was appointed a joint executor, together with her husband and the elder Mrs. Smith, suffered upon this occasion, gave rise to the bitterness with which she describes the legal characters frequently introduced in her novels.

The storm now lowering about them was for the moment warded off by Mr. Smith's procuring a lucrative contract, through the agency of Mr. Robinson, then Secretary to the Treasury, who had married a connexion of his. He, however, went on with his usual recklessness of expense, and was shortly afterwards appointed sheriff for Hampshire. He also took an active part in behalf of the ministerial candidate in a contested election for Southampton, in whose cause Mrs. Smith's pen was also employed; and her anonymous effusions were among the most successful that appeared upon this occasion.

In the spring of 1777, Mrs. Smith was deprived by death of her then eldest son, in his eleventh year; and to divert her mind from this heavy affliction, together with her increasing anxieties respecting their pecuniary embarrassments, she amused herself with composing her first set of sonnets, which were, at that period, never intended for publication, and the simple pathos of which is the more touching from their evidently describing the feelings of the writer. "When in the Beech Woods of Hampshire," she says, "I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear; it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth; I wrote mournfully because I was unhappy!"

The late Bryan Edwards, author of the History of the West Indies, is said, by his warm and gratifying praises, to have first given the writer an idea of the merits of these poems, by which she was encouraged to add to the collection.

The peace of 1782 depriving her husband of his con-

tract, the legatees became importunate for the settlement of their respective claims, and Mr. Smith, from his inability to meet them, was thrown into the King's Bench prison. Here he languished for seven months; but the greater part of his confinement was shared with him by his admirable wife, who had the virtue and the fortitude to accompany him thither, and by whose indefatigable exertions alone it was, she having made herself mistress of his affairs, that he eventually obtained his liberty. In effecting this, she had to encounter the most unfeeling repulses, and to submit to the most humiliating applications, and all for one whose conduct towards herself had been far from unexceptionable. The estate in Hampshire was sold under the most painful circumstances, and the property being at length placed in the hands of trustees, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at liberty to retire to a house in Sussex, which they had taken when they parted with Ly's Farm.

It was after a day of excessive fatigue, which had succeeded to the most cruel solicitude, that, the deed of trust being signed, Mrs. Smith had the satisfaction of seeing her husband liberated from his confinement, and she thus beautifully describes her sensations upon the occasion:

"It was on the 2d of July that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband in a prison, amidst scenes of misery, of vice, and even of terror. Two attempts had, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation by blowing up the walls of the house. Throughout the night appointed for the enterprise I remained dressed, watching at the window, and expecting every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps be overwhelmed by the projected explosion. After such scenes, and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft, pure air of the summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as (having slept one night upon the road) we passed over the heaths of Surrey! My native hills at length burst upon my view! I beheld once more the fields where I had passed my happiest days, and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of the fields was strewn, perceived with delight the beloved group from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from my calamities."

It was during the interval of her husband's confinement, that Mrs. Smith's talents, hitherto only cultivated for her private gratification, and for her amusement in prosperity, seemed to offer some resource in the day of adversity. She collected together, therefore, a few of those poems which had been previously confined to the sight of one or two friends, and offered them to Dodsley, the bookseller, who received them with coldness, cast a hasty and casual glance over the manuscript, and returned them with indifference.

Mrs. Smith, with the sensibility of real genius, felt oppressed and overcome with this discouragement, and but for the impulse of imperious necessity, would probably have made no further exertion to place her talents before the eye of the public.

Her brother, Mr. Turner, who was ever extremely kind to her, now tried his powers of persuasion with Dilly, but with equal want of success. The sonnets were, therefore, printed at Chichester, at the expense of the authoress,

and appeared May 10th, 1784, with a dedication to Mr. Hayley, by whose intercession, although he was as yet personally unacquainted with Mrs. Smith, Dodsley had been at length prevailed upon to undertake to be the publisher. They appeared under the title "*Elegiac Sonnets, and other Essays, by Charlotte Smith, of Bignor Park, Sussex;*" and so great was their success that a second edition was rapidly called for in the same year. The profits arising from this success temporarily released the writer from her pecuniary embarrassments.

The tranquillity which the successful poetess flattered herself she was now destined to enjoy, proved but of short continuance. Mr. Smith's affairs were in a state which made it expedient for him to retire to the continent, to avoid being again thrown into confinement; and, being ignorant of the French language, he went over to Dieppe, whither his wife accompanied him; but after making the arrangements necessary to his comfort, she recrossed in the same packet that had taken her over, rejoining her family, with the vain hope of arranging matters in England. But fresh difficulties arising, and being wholly disappointed in her expectations, they all shortly afterwards joined him at a large, dreary, and dilapidated chateau, in Normandy, twelve leagues from Dieppe, which, with his usual thoughtless want of providence, he had engaged.

The distance from a market, the scarcity of fuel, and the brutal manners of the peasantry, rendered the abode both inconvenient and melancholy; but here they passed the peculiarly hard winter of 1785, and here poor Mrs. Smith, who had till lately been accustomed to every comfort and luxury in life, was, without proper attention or accommodation, confined with her youngest son.

A few days after this event had taken place, she was surprised at the entrance of a procession of Catholic priests into her bedroom, who, in defiance of her entreaties and tears, forcibly carried off the infant to be baptized at a neighbouring church, though the cold was intense, and the snow was on the ground. The child was restored to her, however, without, fortunately, having sustained any injury.

The following year Mrs. Smith was again called upon to exert herself for her husband, and she so far succeeded as to enable him to return. Soon after this, they hired the old mansion of the Mills family, at Woolbeding in Sussex, a parish of which Otway's father had been rector.

Here she wrote the following address to the pretty little river Arun, which gives its name to Arundel Castle, the princely abode of the Duke of Norfolk.

"TO THE RIVER ARUN.

"On thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear,
Yet shall the mournful muse thy course adorn,
And still to her thy rustic waves be dear!
For with the infant Otway lingering here,
Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
While thy low murmurs soothed his pensive ear;
And still the poet consecrates the stream.
Beneath the oak and beech that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring;
And in thy hazels, bending o'er the tide,
The earliest nightingale delights to sing,
While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate."

To those well acquainted with the scenery of Sussex, the wild forest scenery of the northern part of the county,

the softly swelling blue downs of the south, with the magnificent sea-views from thence, the oak-woods of the Weald, together with the flowery banks, the bosky bourns, and the sequestered dells, so frequently to be met with there, the poetical descriptions of Mrs. Smith convey a peculiar charm, and please, because they are correct and natural, as well as elegant and pathetic.

During her seclusion in Normandy, Mrs. Smith had amused her leisure hours with translating a French novel into English, entitled, "*Manon l'Escaut*," written by the Abbé Prévot, and as it now became necessary to exert her abilities for the support of herself and family, this work was published in 1785. She was, however, violently censured on account of the alleged immoral tendency of this novel.

Her next literary employment was the making a selection of extraordinary stories from "*Les Causes Célèbres*" of the French, which she published, under the title of "*The Romance of Real Life*;" but the difficulties which attended this undertaking gave her a disgust to translating and transcribing the thoughts of others,—fortunately for the world,—as she was in consequence induced afterwards to recur to original composition, which gave rise to a series of works, alike pleasing, elegant, and interesting.

In 1786, Mrs. Smith's then eldest son having obtained a writership in Bengal, left England for India. But though it was a fortunate circumstance thus to have provided for one of her numerous family, the separation was a great trial to an affectionate mother. A still severer one, however, awaited her, in the death of her second son, who was, in thirty-six hours, carried off by a malignant fever, which, spreading through the family, reduced several others to the brink of the grave. She herself, however, fortunately escaped, and by her exertions they were eventually restored to health.

Shortly afterwards, increasing incompatibility of temper and other circumstances, making it quite hopeless that there should be any chance of happiness whilst living together, Mrs. Smith came to the resolution of separating from her husband, and she accordingly left Woolbeding House, accompanied by all her children, some of whom were old enough to judge for themselves, and who decided on going with their mother, rather than remaining with the father. By their friends, this was deemed, under existing circumstances, the best arrangement that could be made, and perhaps it might have been better had she taken the step at an earlier period. It, however, exposed her to much censure, for the world generally imputes blame to the wife who leaves the protection of her husband.

Unfortunately, no previous adjustment of terms had been made, and Mr. Smith, after a few attempts to induce her to return to him, having involved himself in fresh difficulties, was again obliged to retire to the Continent. They occasionally met after this separation, but never again resided together, though they constantly corresponded, till the death of Mr. Smith, which took place in March, 1807.

Mrs. Smith now took a small cottage at Wyke, in the vicinity of Chichester, where she published a new edition of her Sonnets, with many additions, which afforded her a temporary relief. In this retirement, again stimulated by necessity, she was induced to try her powers of original composition in another line of literature, and accordingly began, and in the space of eight months, completed her novel of "*Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*."

This novel was published in the spring of 1788, and the whole of the first edition, 1,500 in number, sold so rapidly, that another was immediately called for, and Mr. Cadell, her publisher, in consequence, voluntarily agreed to augment the price he had promised to give for it. The success of this work, as well as of her Sonnets, established her reputation as a writer, and procured her many valuable friends and acquaintances, some, indeed, of very exalted rank, and it is said, her son, in Bengal, owed his promotion in the civil service to the talents of his accomplished mother.

Of this work, Sir Walter Scott says, "We remember well the impression made on the public by the appearance of *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*, a tale of love and passion, happily conceived, and told in a most interesting manner. It contained a happy mixture of humour and of bitter satire, mingled with pathos, while the characters both of sentiment and of manners were sketched with a firmness of pencil and liveliness of colouring, which belong to the highest branch of fictitious narratives."

Another elegant critic and warm admirer of Mrs. Smith's works, Sir Egerton Brydges, says, "All that part of the public, who, though they were disgusted with the usual contents of a circulating library, yet had fancy and feeling enough to judge for themselves in spite of prejudice, received this enchanting fiction with a new kind of delight. It displayed such a simple energy of language, such an accurate and lively delineation of character, such a purity of sentiment, and such exquisite scenery of a picturesque and rich, yet most unaffected imagination, as gave it a hold upon all readers of true taste, of a new and captivating kind. The simple charms of *Emmeline*, the description of the old castle in Wales, the marine scenery in the Isle of Wight, the character of Godolphin, and many other parts, possessed a sort of charm, which had not hitherto been imparted to novels. How a mind oppressed with sorrows and injuries of the deepest dye, and loaded with hourly anxieties of the most pressing sort, could be endowed with strength and elasticity to combine, and throw forth such visions, with a pen dipped in all the glowing hues of most playful and creative fancy, fills me with astonishment and admiration."

"But whatever wonder may be excited by this first effort, it will yet be increased when we recollect that for several successive years, she still produced others with equal felicity, with an imagination still unexhausted, and a command of language, and variety of character, which have not yet received their due commendation."

Her next performance, "*Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake*," appeared in 1789, with a rapidity of composition only equalled by Sir Walter Scott, who, in speaking of this work, says, "Though the love tale be less interesting, owing to a sort of fantastic romance attached to the hero Montgomery, it is in other respects altogether fit to stand beside '*The Orphan of the Castle*.' The cold-hearted yet coquettish woman of fashion, Lady Newenden, is very well drawn, and so are the female horse-jockey and the brutal buck."

"*Celestina*," the next that appeared, was published in 1791, and if somewhat less popular, perhaps, than the preceding, is, nevertheless, a pleasing and an interesting fiction.

"*Desmond*" followed in 1792, in which the heroine, Geraldine, being a married woman, Mrs. Smith was somewhat severely criticised by austere moralists; as also by politicians adverse to the French Revolution, for

having therein somewhat advocated the cause; but when she was in France, she had seen the degradation of the people, and the oppression of the aristocracy, and possibly deemed any change must be for the better, unwitting of the ferocious scenes of licentiousness and anarchy that were afterwards to ensue. Politics are certainly out of their place in a novel, and her having thus introduced them is said to have lost her some valuable friends.

She was, however, not frowned into silence by unfriendly critics, for, in the following year, 1793, appeared "The Manor House," by many thought the best of her productions. "The Wanderings of Warwick," a sort of episode in the above, was published afterwards in a separate volume.

Of this work, Sir Walter Scott observes, "The chef-d'œuvre of Mrs. Smith's works, is, according to our recollection, the *Old Manor House*, especially the first part of the story, where the scene lies about the ancient mansion and its vicinity. Old Mrs. Rayland is without a rival; a Queen Elizabeth in private life, jealous of her immediate dignities and professions, and still more jealous of the power of bequeathing them. Her letter to Mr. Somerville, in which she insinuates rather than expresses her desire to keep young Orlando at the Hall, while she is so careful to avoid committing herself by any direct expression of her intentions with respect to him, is a masterpiece of diplomacy, equal to what she of Tudor could have composed on a similar occasion. The love of the young people, thrown together so naturally, its innocence and purity, and the sort of perils with which they are beset, cannot fail deeply to interest all those who are interested by this peculiar species of literature. The unexpected interview with Jonas the smuggler, furnishes an opportunity for varying the tale with a fine scene of natural terror, drawn with a masterly hand."

Whilst composing this work, Mrs. Smith paid a visit to her friend Mr. Hayley, with whom, as well as with his lady, she had been intimate for two or three years; and whilst at his villa at Earham, near Chichester, the poet Cowper formed one of the party. In his letters he mentions Mrs. Smith bringing down and reading for their amusement "The Old Manor House," as she proceeded in its composition.

At that period the friendship of Mr. Hayley appears to have entailed on his "Muses," as he was wont to call his female friends, the loss of that of their own sex, each apparently wishing to monopolize to herself all claims to his adulation. This may, perhaps, in some degree, explain the severity of criticism with which Mrs. Smith's productions were greeted by certain literary ladies about this time. But whilst the performances of most of her contemporaries have been consigned to a well-deserved oblivion, at the end of nearly half a century, some of Mrs. Smith's are still read with pleasure and interest by all persons of taste.

She had now quitted her cottage at Wyke, and resided sometimes in or near London, but chiefly at Brighton, where her sister, Mrs. Dorset, appears to consider she formed certain acquaintances with some of the advocates of the French Revolution, which influenced her political sentiments. Mrs. Smith was, however, by far too clever a woman not to judge for herself, and to form her own opinion upon all occasions, and, indeed, in "Desmond," published in 1792, she had already openly avowed them.

Domestic calamity, in other than a pecuniary form, now again awaited her, for, in 1793, her third son, who

was serving as an ensign in the 14th regiment of foot, lost his leg at Dunkirk, and in a few years afterwards she fell a martyr to the yellow fever in Barbadoes.

But the misfortune which most severely tried her fortitude, was the death of her second and favourite daughter, who had married the Chevalier de Foville, a gentleman of Normandy, who had emigrated at the beginning of the Revolution. Madame de Foville fell into a decline after her first confinement, and died at Clifton in the spring of 1794.

"How lovely and beloved she was," says the afflicted mother in a letter to a friend, "those only who knew her can tell. In the midst of perplexity and distress, till the loss of my child, which fell like the hand of death upon me, I could yet exert my faculties, and in the consciousness of the resource which they afforded to me, experience a sentiment not dissimilar to that of the Medea of Corneille, who replied to the inquiry of her confidante, "Where now are your resources?" "In myself!"

Elsewhere she says, "After having resisted for twelve years, difficulties and distresses such as women are seldom called upon to encounter, one dreadful evil has overtaken me, and nearly overwhelmed me; that lovely being who was the greatest blessing of my life, who alone had the power to soothe my wearied spirits and sweeten my hours of toil, has been torn from me for ever, and this last and bitterest calamity I shall ever impute to the conduct of our inhuman oppressors. Yet, in the hour of my extreme misery, while I *dreaded*, and after I had suffered the severity, what did I receive from them—from these men who *then held*, who *still hold*, the property of my family? Refusal of the most necessary assistance, taunts, and insults;—and I owed it to the friendship of one amiable and exalted female character, to a nobleman eminent for his good actions, and to a physician of the first reputation in London, (to whom I was wholly a stranger,) that at that period of agonizing distress I did not entirely sink; while to a physician at Bath I was indebted for every friendly, every skilful exertion which I could not purchase, but which were unremittingly applied to save me from the blow that has indeed crushed me to the earth, and rendered the residue of my days labour and sorrow."

Mrs. Smith seems never to have recovered from this shock; indeed her health began to sink under the pressure of so many calamities, and the continued exertion she was constrained to use to effect some arrangement of the family property. An imperfect gout fixed itself in her hands, perhaps increased by the constant use of the pen, which she, however, continued to employ, even after some of her fingers had become contracted. She removed to Bath for the waters, but derived no benefit from their use.

She now became more than ever unsettled, wandering from place to place in search of that tranquillity and happiness she seemed destined never to enjoy. She continued her literary labours, however, without intermission, and with astonishing rapidity, "The Old Manor House" was followed, in July 1794, by "The Banished Man," in which, under the name of Mrs. Denzil, she has described the troubles of an authoress, which were probably drawn from her own experience; and in the adventures of the hero and heroine, the Chevalier D'Aimville and Angelina Denzil, we may imagine are portrayed those of the Chevalier and Madame De Foville.

"Montalbert" appeared in 1795, and "Marchmont" in 1796.

In the preface to this work, ("Marchmont,") Mrs

Smith observes, "I have been gravely told that I have made enemies by personality. In many instances it has certainly been the consciences of the prototypes that have helped the world to resemblances; but I do not affect to deny that I have occasionally drawn from the life; and I have no hesitation in saying, that in the present work the character most odious (and that only) is drawn *ad vivum*; but as it represents a reptile whose most hideous features are too offensive to be painted in all their enormity, I have softened rather than overcharged the disgusting resemblance."

"The Young Philosopher" appeared in 1798, and "The Solitary Wanderer," making together, with her former productions, about thirty-eight volumes.

Besides these, Mrs. Smith wrote several beautiful little works for young people, entitled, "Rural Walks," "Rambles Farther," "Minor Morals," "Conversations;" also a poem in blank verse, called "The Emigrant;" a "History of England for the Use of Young Persons," which being incomplete, was finished by another hand; and "A Natural History of Birds," which was published in 1807, as was also her poem, entitled, "Beachy Head." Some of these performances are in a half dramatic, half narrative form, interspersed with interesting tales and curious facts in natural history, many evidently the result of her own observation.

The whole of these performances are well calculated to inspire young persons with a love of the country, and to attract their attention to the works of nature. Indeed, to those brought up in retirement, there are few works better calculated to teach them to find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

A premature old age coming on, probably from the pressure of anxiety and distress, in 1803, Mrs. Smith removed from Frant, near Tunbridge Wells, into Surrey, from a desire that her mortal remains might be laid with those of her mother, in Stoke Church, near Guilford.

Whilst at Elsted, near Godalming, her talented sister, Mrs. Dorset, the authoress of "The Peacock at Home," paid her a visit. She says, "In the winter of 1804, I spent some time with her, when she was occupied in composing her charming little work for the use of young persons, entitled 'Conversations,' which she occasionally wrote in the common sitting-room of the family, with two or three lively grandchildren playing about her, and conversing with great cheerfulness and pleasantry, though nearly confined to her sofa, in great bodily pain, and in a mortifying state of dependence on the services of others, but in the full possession of her faculties: a blessing of which she was most justly sensible, and for which she frequently expressed her gratitude to the Almighty."

In the following year, Mrs. Smith moved to Telford, near Farnham, where her sufferings were terminated on the 28th of October, 1806, in her fifty-eighth year. She was interred at Stoke, according to her wishes, where an elegant monument of white marble with a gray border, by Bacon, was erected to her memory, with the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the talents and virtues of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, (eldest daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., late of Stoke Place,) who terminated a life of great and various sufferings on the 28th of October, 1806. Also to the memory of Charles and George Frederic Smith, two of her sons, who met an early but honourable death in the West Indies, in the service of their country;—this tribute

of gratitude and affection, of filial and paternal love, is inscribed by the surviving family."

From her writings it might be supposed that Mrs. Smith was of a melancholy cast of mind. It appears, however, that she was naturally of a cheerful and gay disposition, and when with those she liked, her conversation was spirited and racy. Every sentence had its point, the effect of which was increased by the extreme rapidity with which she spoke, her ideas, apparently, flowing too fast for utterance.

She composed with greater facility than others could transcribe, and never availed herself of an amanuensis, always asserting that it was more trouble to find them in comprehension, than to execute the business herself. The quickness of her conception, indeed, was such, that she made but little allowance for the slower faculties of others, and her impetuosity seldom allowed her time to explain herself with precision.

The whole of her works, not far from fifty volumes in number, bear the impress of a highly elegant and cultivated mind, as well as of great original talent.

Of Mrs. Smith's numerous family of twelve children, one daughter only is in existence, residing at Lymington, in Hampshire. Her son, Lieutenant-General Sir Lionel Smith, colonel of the fortieth regiment, who was born the 9th of October, 1778, was created a baronet in 1838, in consideration of his military services and patriotic exertions as the liberal governor of Jamaica. His departure from that colony was marked by the lamentations and tears of the coloured population, to whom he had ever evinced himself a sincere and steadfast friend. He was appointed governor of the Mauritius, where his decease took place a few months ago.

WORKS.

Elegiac Sonnets and other Essays, 1784.
Translation of Manor L'Escant, 1785.
The Romance of Real Life, 1786.
Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle, 1788.
Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake, 1789.
Celestina, 1791.
Desmond, 1792.
The Manor House, and Wanderings of Warwick, 1793.
The Banished Man, 1794.
Montalbert, 1795.
Marchmont, 1796.
The Young Philosopher, 1798.
The Solitary Wanderer, 1799.
Rural Walks and Rambles Farther, 1796.
Minor Morals, 1798.
History of England for Young People.
Natural History of Birds, 1807.
Conversations, 1805.
The Emigrant, a Poem, &c.
Beachy Head, &c., 1807.

MRS. INCHBALD.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD was born on the 15th of October, 1753, at Standingfield, near Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk. Her maiden name was Simpson. Her father was a respectable farmer of the Roman Catholic religion, who died on the 15th of April, 1761, leaving a very numerous family. Her mother, (whose maiden name was Rushbrook,) though very early left a widow, and having to

struggle with great difficulties, nevertheless brought up her children respectably.

The beauty of her daughter Elizabeth was much celebrated in the circle of her acquaintance, and she appears to have been noticed by several of the neighbouring gentry, particularly by those who were of the same religious tenets with themselves. But an imperfection in her organs of utterance, which for some time rendered her speech indistinct, induced her, in early youth, to fly from company, and hide her defect in solitude; seeking in books for that recreation which she denied herself in the world. The nature of her education, or rather the absence of it, may be gathered from an observation of her own. "It is astonishing how much all girls are inclined to literature, to what boys are. My brother went to school seven years, and could never spell; I, and two of my sisters, though we were never taught, could spell from our infancy."

Elizabeth Simpson appears early to have felt the craving so frequently experienced by young persons of talent, for the excitement of change of scene, and at thirteen, she declared, "she would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world." As the impediment in her speech was a bar to her getting a theatrical engagement, for which she had an early and a decided inclination, she endeavoured to cure it by the most persevering efforts, and by repeated trials at length discovered methods of at least palliating her defect. She wrote out all the words with which she had much difficulty, carried them constantly about with her, and at last perceived, or fancied she perceived, that stage declamation was favourable to this defect, rather than the reverse.

Her passion for the theatre was probably caused, in the first instance, by the vicinity of Standingfield to Bury, and by their frequently attending the performances there, and becoming intimate with the actors. There seems also to have been a little girlish flirtation in the case, with one of the managers, of the name of Griffiths, to whom she privately applied for an engagement in his company, but was refused.

It was about the same time that her brother George became an actor, which kept up the desire in his sister's breast of going upon the stage.

In 1771, she paid a visit to one of her sisters, who was married to a Mr. Hunt, and lived in London; and on this occasion she frequently met her future husband, Mr. Inchbald. An attachment seems to have then been formed, at least on the gentleman's side, and a correspondence begun, without any thing, however, like a regular engagement between them.

In April, 1772, she had the indiscretion to leave her mother's house, unknown to any one, and getting into a Norwich coach, she again set off for London, apparently without any very definite motive for so doing. On arriving there, she proceeded to the residence of some relations opposite Northumberland House, but to her great consternation she found that they had left London for Wales. She then requested, and obtained permission from the people of the house to remain there for the night, but suddenly taking into her head that there was something suspicious in their kindness, she caught up her bandbox and rushed into the street.

Not exactly knowing what to do with herself, she then sought accommodation at the first lodging-house where there was a bill in the window, under the assumed character of a milliner's apprentice, when, turning round, she found she had been pursued, from curiosity or from

kindness, by the master of the house from whence she had originally fled. She now again meditated flight, when a constable was threatened; but through the tears and entreaties of a little boy of twelve years old, who began to cry and to tell his mother "he would never go to school again if she did not let the young lady go," she was allowed to depart.

She then wandered about in the streets all night, till the clock struck two, when finding herself at Holborn Bridge, and a coach just setting off for York, she applied at another lodging-house, feigned herself to be a disappointed passenger, and under this pretext obtained a bed-chamber, the door of which was locked by her careful landlady.

She remained here for some days, during which period she in vain sought for an engagement in one of the theatres. At last, probably the extreme impropriety of her conduct becoming apparent to her, she entered into communication with some of her married sisters, who were settled in town, and placed herself under their protection. Here she again frequently met with Mr. Inchbald, who renewed his assiduities, and they were united on the 9th of June, 1772, by a Roman Catholic priest, and on the following day they were regularly married according to the rites of the Protestant religion.

Mr. Inchbald was a Roman Catholic, and by profession an actor and an artist. He appears to have been an amiable and worthy man, considerably older than his young, lovely, and somewhat giddy wife, she being eighteen, and he in his thirty-seventh year.

Mr. Inchbald followed his calling with great assiduity, and his wife's still existing passion for the stage was now gratified. She made her first appearance at Bath, on the 4th September, 1772, in the character of Cordelia, her husband playing that of Lear.

For some years the Inchbalds seem to have been in connexion with a company of country actors, and underwent all the pleasures and privations attendant on their migratory life. The latter appear greatly to have predominated, as their funds were at times so low that they were frequently forced to go without their customary meals.

In July, 1776, they went to France, with the idea of Mr. Inchbald improving in the art of painting, and his wife in the French language; but they soon found that their schemes of supporting themselves in that country by his profession as an artist, were abortive, and in the following August they returned to England.

So urgent were their necessities at this time, that Mrs. Inchbald began to think of earning something by her pen; and on the 31st, whilst waiting at Dieppe for the packet, she commenced writing a farce. After a stormy passage they reached Brighton, and were in such a destitute condition that they actually went into the fields to eat turnips, to satisfy the cravings of nature.

Mr. Inchbald now attempted to resume his theatrical engagements, and at Liverpool he was at last fortunate enough to procure one both for himself and his wife. Here Mrs. Inchbald met Miss Farren, and first opened an acquaintance with Mrs. Siddons, which ripening into friendship, lasted for a period of forty-five years. In the January of 1777, they first saw John Kemble, then a youth of nineteen, at his sister's house, and an intimacy was immediately formed between them.

It was in the following February that Mrs. Inchbald drew the first brief outline of her best and greatest work, the "Simple Story," which now deservedly ranks

among our first-rate novels. But as she accompanied her husband on his theatrical tour, she probably had not as yet much time to devote to her literary pursuits. At Birmingham, the families of Inchbald and Siddons lived together, Mr. Inchbald frequently painting in Mrs. Siddons's room.

Young and fascinating, Mrs. Inchbald now found friends and admirers wherever she went; the latter, indeed, somewhat to the annoyance of her more sedate husband; and some little differences not unfrequently took place between them. Nevertheless, he appears to have indulgently overlooked all the impetuosities of her temper and character; he also did his utmost to improve her as an actress, by listening to her declamation, and giving her instructions, by which she greatly profited.

Just, however, as they had obtained regular engagements at the York theatre, and were rising considerably in professional reputation, whilst at Leeds, June 5th, 1779, Mr. Inchbald suddenly expired, it was supposed of some affection of the heart, leaving his young, beautiful, and unprotected widow, at the age of twenty-five, to struggle by herself with the world, and with all the difficulties of her situation.

Deeply did she now feel the loss of one who had been to her at once husband, father, brother, counsellor, and friend; and now that she was for ever deprived of him, she recalled to her mind his attachment and kindness. Well might she call the day which took him from her, "a day of horror," and the week succeeding "a week of grief, horror, and almost despair."

Her friends, upon this melancholy occasion, were extremely kind, and John Kemble, in particular, was so attentive to her, as to lead to the idea that he would willingly have succeeded to the place of the departed husband. He contented himself, however, with writing a Latin epitaph on his deceased friend. To him she shortly afterwards submitted her novel, and he wrote at length his opinion of the work. Other friends approved of it also, and it was, on the 5th of October, 1779, packed up in a small box, and sent to London, to the care of Dr. Brodie, who had attended her in a dangerous illness, and who had paid her very marked attention. He was commissioned to offer the work to the trade for sale; and it may be some satisfaction to those similarly situated, to know that the "Simple Story," which is now so universally admired, met with no bookseller who would venture his money on the publication; and it was not till many years afterwards that it was printed.

Mrs. Inchbald continued her engagement with the country company till the following year, when she procured one at Covent Garden, and made her first appearance before a London audience on the 3d of October, 1780. At first she seems to have acted somewhat subordinate parts; but her exquisite loveliness made her an excellent heroine in parts requiring youth and beauty, and in many of them she was very successful.

She now received several offers of marriage from persons of her own profession, but they were all declined. She had also many admirers in high life, some of whom would have dishonourably availed themselves of her unprotected state; but she repulsed such advances with the scorn and indignation they deserved.

She wrote a farce, entitled "Polygamy," which she sent to Mr. Harris on the 13th of February, 1781, and in the following year she sent "The Ancient Law" to Mr. Colman at the rival theatre. An unfavourable answer was returned to both. But, notwithstanding these rebuffs,

she was not discouraged, and again tried her fate, when her "Mogul's Tale" was at length accepted by Mr. Colman, who offered her £100 for the piece, and it was acted with considerable success in July, 1784.

Mrs. Inchbald was, at this time, lodging in Leicester-court, Leicester Fields; but as this was an abode not sufficiently respectable for the visits of managers and of her more aristocratic acquaintances, who now began to notice her, she occasionally borrowed the house of a friend in which to receive them.

Whilst alone, she practised the greatest frugality, indeed it might be called culpable parsimony, but for the generous and noble use she made of her little savings, great part of which were applied to alleviate the distresses of her sisters and other friends, who were in pecuniary difficulties.

In 1785, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, "I tell you What," was acted with considerable success, and she received many congratulations from her numerous friends. Amongst these must be enumerated Francis Twiss, Esq., who afterwards married Miss Kemble, and with whom, when in town, Mrs. Inchbald regularly took her Sunday dinner; Holcroft, the dramatist; Pratt; Dr. Wolcot; Sir Charles Bunbury, &c.

The last gentleman appears to have been so devoted to his attentions to Mrs. Inchbald, as to have led to the idea that he intended to make her Lady Bunbury, and it is understood that she expected an offer from him; but none was ever made—at least none that she could with propriety have accepted. In the mean time she declined, perhaps for his sake, a regular offer of marriage from a Mr. Glover, a gentleman of independent property, who offered her a carriage and a settlement of 500*l.* per annum.

Mr. Moore, a barrister, and the brother of Sir John Moore, was also deeply attached to her, when she was no longer young, and though she was considerably his senior.

As a proof of the uncertainty of the success of a theatrical piece, after the performance of "I tell you What," Harris accepted a little piece of hers, entitled "Appearances are against Them," which had been actually declined by Colman, and its reputation was such that the King commanded it, and the Prince of Wales went to see it.

Her next production was "The Widow's Vow," which was soon followed, in 1787, by a comedy entitled "Such things are," founded upon the character of the benevolent Howard. Mr. Haswell, his representative in the play, in visiting a prison, has his pocket picked by a slave, of his pocket-book, who afterwards receiving from the philanthropist bounty and promises of aid, falls on his knees and returns the stolen article. By a singular coincidence, the hero of the drama, Mr. Howard himself, at this juncture arrived in England, and was actually plundered of his papers and jewels between Canterbury and town.

This play was very successful, and the author's receipts for it, were estimated by herself at 900*l.*

Mrs. Inchbald was at this time residing in Great Russell Street, at the house which had formerly been Button's coffee-house, founded by Addison, in favour of a servant of the Warwick family bearing that name.

She now occupied herself in translating, or rather in imitating, from the French, and preparing for the English stage, several plays, all of which were more or less successful. She likewise employed her leisure in altering her novel in some degree, by consolidating two stories into one, which she effected with great skill. This she

completed late in the year 1790, and sold to Richardson for 200*l.*, under the well-known title of "The Simple Story." It was published on the 18th of February, and such was its popularity, that on the 1st of March a second edition was ordered.

This most interesting performance, which by many has been esteemed unequalled in its line, established Mrs. Inchbald's reputation as a literary character, and her acquaintance was, in consequence, very generally sought and cultivated. It gained for her the friendship and admiration of the late Judge Hardinge, who subsequently corresponded with her in a jocosé strain of gallantry and criticism.

Mrs. Inchbald's talents and fascinating manners rendered her a most agreeable companion, and though now no longer young, her beauty caused her to be so much admired, that she often received the homage of strangers, and when walking in the streets, she was not unfrequently followed by persons who were attracted by her appearance. "The fair muse," as she was often termed, was, when between thirty and forty, above the middle size, rather tall, of a striking figure, but a little too erect and stiff. She was naturally fair, slightly freckled, and her hair was of a sandy auburn hue. Her face and features were beautiful, and her countenance was full of spirit and sweetness. This description is from a decided admirer of hers, who winds it up with observing, that "her dress was always becoming, and very seldom worth so much as eight pence."

The year 1793 found Mrs. Inchbald very busy with her comedy, "Every One has his Fault," which was acted on the 29th of January, for the first time, with the greatest applause. She received 700*l.* from the proceeds of this successful composition, and Mr. Robinson bought the copyright. The sale was immense, partly perhaps, owing to it having been attacked by "The True Briton," a paper established for the express purpose of supporting Mr. Pitt, and which chose somewhat unfairly to attribute a revolutionary tendency to the work.

Belonging as she did to the Roman Catholic community, who were then suffering under several of those civil disadvantages which have since been removed, Mrs. Inchbald necessarily advocated liberal opinions; yet she seldom took much interest in politics, and consequently this attack was not only unmanly, but also unfair. She wrote a spirited answer, which was published in her friend Woodfall's paper, called "The Diary," in which she exposed the falsehood of the imputations.

In 1794, she completed her second romance or tale, entitled "Nature and Art," which she submitted to her then literary friends, Holcroft, Godwin, and Hardinge. In this performance are some passages of the utmost pathos, feeling, and interest; the sternest nature can hardly refrain from being touched with the distresses of the unfortunate Agnes, who may be esteemed the heroine of the work.

This year Mrs. Inchbald was introduced at the house of her friend and publisher, Mr. Robinson, to the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, and at Mrs. Siddons's, she first met Sir Thomas Lawrence, then only beginning his career of fame. She afterwards frequently sat for her picture to him.

"Nature and Art" was published by Mr. Robinson, who gave 150*l.* for it, in the following year, and in a short time another edition was required.

Mrs. Inchbald was now a frequent visiter at the houses

of the nobility and other persons of consequence. She often was at Stanmore, the Marquis of Abercorn's, Lady Milner's, Lady Cork and Ossory's, Sheridan's, and was invited to Kemble's house to meet various individuals. At his and at other houses she met Curran, Fuseli, Roger, Jekyll, &c. She paid bridal visits to her fair friends Miss Alderson and Miss Wallis, on their respectively becoming Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Campbell. At Mrs. Opie's she was introduced to Mrs. Barbauld.

She now occupied herself in translating from Kotzebue, at Mr. Harris's request, "Lover's Vows," and "The Wise Men of the East." "Deaf and Dumb," from the French, was refused by him, but was accepted by the rival theatre, Drury Lane, where it was performed with great applause.

She had been some time employed upon her *Memoirs*, for which Phillips, the bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, now offered her £1000, without having ever seen one word of them. Being, however, somewhat undecided about the publication, and perhaps wishing the son of her old friend Robinson to have the opportunity of printing them, if so disposed, she declined giving him an immediate answer. They were, however, refused by Robinson at her price, and when she offered them to Phillips, he had changed his mind, it was said, because he had been told that there was nothing in them unfit to meet the chastest eye!

For "To Marry or not to Marry," Mr. Harris eventually gave her £600, and Messrs. Longman, relations of his, who had succeeded to Mr. Robinson after his bankruptcy, were the publishers. With them she corresponded about her *Memoirs*, but the negotiation failed; she, however, undertook for them, biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of acting plays, which they were about to publish. This somewhat tedious employment occupied much time, but so well were they approved of and so firmly was her reputation now established as a critic, that a handsome sum was afterwards given her for merely prefixing her name to a selection of modern farces, and afterwards to another collection of modern plays, for which she wrote not a word. She was also solicited by Prince Hoare to write for a periodical, entitled "The Artist," for which she furnished some papers.

In 1809, the editorship of *La Belle Assemblée* was declined by her. A manuscript novel of Madame D'Arbly, probably "The Wanderer," was submitted to her by a bookseller, and when "The Quarterly Review" was just set on foot, in 1809, she was requested to write for it. Madame Cottin's "Malvina" was the subject submitted to her inspection, and "The School for Authors," by Mr. Tobin, which would have given her an opportunity of making general observations on the state of theatrical situations. She, however, resisted the flattering offers of Mr. Hoppner and Mr. Murray, apparently wishing to enter into no further literary engagements of a critical nature.

At all times Mrs. Inchbald seems to have determined to retain a perfect independence, and to have chosen to have her time and her property at her own disposal. She had an enthusiastic love of home, although that home was often, indeed generally, only a single, or at most a couple of rooms up two or three pairs of stairs, occasionally in the attic, where she was waited on by the servant of the house, or sometimes not waited on at all; for she not unfrequently speaks of fetching her own water and dressing her own dinner, and once kept a coroneted carriage waiting whilst she finished scouring her apartment. But in that apartment she was free to do what she chose;

she could act as she pleased, dress as she liked, and keep her own hours.

At one time she took up her abode in a boarding-house, but she could not, as she said, when there, command her appetite, and be hungry at stated periods, like the rest of the boarders, so she generally returned to "her attic, her crust of bread, and liberty."

But though Mrs. Inchbald could not bring herself to comply with the usual forms of fashionable life, by living like the rest of the world, she at times evidently felt deeply the isolation of her situation. Lest, however, undue eccentricity should be imputed to her, in her style of living, when, by her successful efforts of genius, she had comparatively large sums at her command, it is to be remembered that she was by religion a Roman Catholic, and that penance, fasting, and almsgiving, are often enjoined in that religion, as religious exercises; so that possibly some of the abstinences and austerities observed by her, which have been attributed to parsimony, might have been in reality only the observances of her church. She frequently suffered from the want of fire herself, when it is known that she had enabled others to avail themselves of that necessary of life, and her donations to her sisters and other friends in distress were generous and munificent. To her sister, Mrs. Hunt, she eventually allowed nearly a hundred per annum. At the time when Mrs. Inchbald was her own servant, she writes, "I have raised her allowance to eighty, but in the rapid strides of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months hence, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred." Again in 1810, she says, "I say no to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say, that I shall allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year."

In June 1810, she took lodgings in George's Row, overlooking Hyde Park, first at number 5, afterwards at number 11, kept by a publican of the name of Beale. This was a favourite situation with her, and is perhaps one of the pleasantest in town. Here she at first fancied herself in paradise, for, from her windows she could see, the rising and the setting sun; and she says of herself, "I must have London, combined with the sun, the moon, and the stars, with land or with water, to fill my imagination, and excite my contemplation."

Mrs. Inchbald's method, when composing, appears to have been to shut herself up in her apartment, where she sat, with closed shutters, in order that her attention might not be distracted; and, thus secluded, she would devote herself to the subject which engrossed her thoughts for hours together. From this, or from other causes, she appears frequently to have suffered in health, and, as years increased, their general attendants, infirmities and sickness, accompanied them. Her several trips into Suffolk were not of sufficient duration to prove of much utility.

In 1810, Mrs. Inchbald again sold the copyright of her two novels, "The Simple Story," and "Nature and Art," to Messrs. Longman and Co., and they were republished in Mrs. Barbauld's edition of British Novels, where she took her station with Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and the already celebrated living writers, Madame D'Arblay and Miss Edgeworth. With the last-mentioned talented lady she had entered latterly into a friendly and literary correspondence, after Mr. Edgeworth had courteously sent her a copy of one of his daughter's "Tales of Fashionable Life."

The following is the opinion of Miss Edgeworth, and a better authority we can scarcely have, on the merits of

Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story:"—"I have just been reading, for the third, I believe for the fourth time, the 'Simple Story.' Its effect upon my feelings was as powerful as at the first reading; I never read any novel—I except none—I never read any novel that affected me so strongly, or that so completely possessed me with the belief in the real existence of all the persons it represents. I never once recollected the author whilst I was reading it; never said or thought, *that's a fine sentiment—or, that is well expressed—or, that is well invented*; I believed all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes, if they had passed before my eyes; it is truly and deeply pathetic."

In answer to a letter from Mrs. Inchbald, Maria Edgeworth says, "The strength and originality of your thoughts and expressions distinguish your letters from all we receive; and when we compared it with one from Walter Scott, received nearly at the same time, and read both letters again, to determine which we liked the best, upon the whole the preference was given, I think, by the whole breakfast-table (a full jury) to Mrs. Inchbald's."

Mrs. Opie was the medium through which an introduction was effected between Mrs. Inchbald and Madame de Staël, who sought her acquaintance with much perseverance, and even threatened a call upon her "at her ale-house," Mr. Beale's, the publican's. After much persuasion Mrs. Inchbald was induced to meet this celebrated lady at a third house. She thus describes the meeting between "Corinne" and "Miss Milner:" "I admired Madame de Staël much; she talked to me the whole time; so did Miss Edgeworth, whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory; but with Madame de Staël it seemed no passing compliment; she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to tell her why I shunned society. 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirit: why will you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have none to tell that I have seen you; no one to describe your presents; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my 'Simple Story;' no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.' 'Ah! ah! you have no children;' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty."

Two days afterwards, Mrs. Inchbald called by appointment on Madame de Staël, and was told she was ill!—Her only son had just been killed in a duel!

A better rule, perhaps, cannot be offered to over-anxious parents, than the following observation of Mrs. Inchbald's, to her friend Mrs. Phillips, about her family. "I think in your determination concerning your children (which are your greatest care), you do not sufficiently consider, after all your caution, how much more than upon all your own poor efforts for their welfare, their success will depend upon chance. Still, do the best you can; and then call that chance by the name of Providence, and submit to it."

In 1814, Miss Edgeworth paid Mrs. Inchbald the compliment of sending to her "Patronage," whilst in manuscript, for her criticisms, which seem to have been re-

ceived in the same spirit of candour and liberality with which they were given. Miss Edgworth says, "Would you ever have guessed that the character of Rosamond is like me? All who know me intimately, say that it is as like me as possible; those who do not know me intimately would never guess it."

This, perhaps, will explain why Rosamond is so much more interesting than the more perfect Caroline. The one is drawn from nature, and is pleasing, the other from imagination, and is almost monotonous from its perfection.

In 1815, Mr. Colburn solicited Mrs. Inchbald to undertake the editorship of a work he was publishing; but she politely declined it, and seems now to have gradually been detaching herself from this world, and turning her thoughts to another. She destroyed an immense number of letters relating to former times, particularly those connected with her lost sisters, some of whom seem to have been a great cause of grief to her, from their misfortunes and misconduct.

The last of her family, Mrs. Hunt, expired on the 14th of February, 1811, aged seventy-four; and Mrs. Inchbald became that most melancholy of beings—the sole survivor of a numerous family of brothers and sisters.

To the last, Mrs. Hunt depended on Mrs. Inchbald almost exclusively for support. The following expresses the sentiments of her feeling and affectionate heart, on the receipt of the intelligence that she had no longer a brother or sister in the world. "To return to my melancholy. Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself—but, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room: she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provisions bought, and brought to her ready cooked: she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer, but from this reflection! It almost made me warm, when I reflected that she suffered no cold; and yet, perhaps, this severe weather affected her also, for after only two days of dangerous illness she died. I have now buried my whole family."

The circumstances of her landlord, Mr. Beale, having induced her to give up her lodgings in St. George's Terrace, she now removed to the establishment of Miss Hodges, No. 4 Earl's Terrace, opposite Holland House. There she remained for a few months, when she went to Mrs. Voysey's in Leonard's Place, Kensington, where she was far more comfortable than she had been heretofore; but a life of regularity does not seem to have suited her desultory and independent habits. She says, "I know of no employment with my present feelings and taste (thank God, according with my years), that would afford me so much enjoyment as attending and conversing with the sick. Perhaps this disposition is not so much the result of charity, as of the selfishness which inclines us to seek after the pleasure of importance; and in cheering the heavy hours of an invalid, I think I could render myself important."

Her wishes were, however, soon granted, as all the old widows and old maids of the establishment fell sick, as if to oblige her, leaving her, as she says, "the only strong and young person amongst them, to divert their blue devils from bringing them to an untimely end. I like to be of importance, and so the present society is flattering to my vanity."

In another place she says—"I really am very happy here, (Vaux,) and yet I would leave it to-morrow, could I meet with any pretty airy place near to London, and

where I could dine at the hour of hunger, and cut a piece of crust off my own loaf. My sisters were all poor and dependent, yet they sat at their own table, and ate their own bread."

It was probably under these feelings that she again took refuge in private lodgings in Sloane Street; but wavering between her love of independence and the want of society, in April, 1819, she took up her last and final abode at Kensington House, a large and respectable establishment under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Saltarelli, where during the early part of her residence, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Jerusalem regularly performed mass, and, after he had quitted the house, the Abbé Mathias officiated. Here, among other associates, were Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, and some old friends of Mrs. Inchbald.

Her Memoirs, now increased into four volumes, had, through the medium of Godwin, been submitted to the inspection of Constable, in 1818, who praised the manuscript extremely, but declined the publication, and requested to have them returned to her; and she either destroyed, or left directions finally to have them destroyed at her death, from conscientious motives—probably from the advice of Dr. Poynter, as indicated by the following memorandum in her own handwriting:—"Query. What I should wish done at the point of death? Dr. P.—'Do it now.' Four volumes destroyed."

Though now almost entirely retired from the world, Mrs. Inchbald was not forgotten by all her old friends, for, at the close of 1820, one of her earliest, John Kemble, who had introduced Talma to her a short time before, called on her before he quitted England, as it proved, for ever; and, in 1820, Mr. Rogers sent her a present of "Eustace's Travels," which she had promised she would keep for his sake.

Age and infirmities were now coming fast upon her, and her health, which seems to have been for some time not particularly good, became impaired by frequent attacks of illness. In 1819, she had felt symptoms of a disorder which never afterwards entirely left her, in a sensation of tightness about her waist; though it at times yielded to the care of Dr. Baillie, whom she consulted on the occasion. In July, 1821, she caught cold,—to which she was always extremely susceptible; fever and inflammation of the intestines ensued, and she expired at nine in the evening, on the 1st of August, 1821, at the age of sixty-seven, after having had all the rites and ceremonies of her religion administered to her by the Abbé Masser and Mathias, who resided in the same house with her.

Her remains were deposited in Kensington Churchyard, in a grave immediately adjoining the monument to the eldest son of Mr. Canning. Her funeral was by her own desire private.

WORKS.

- Polygamy, a Farce, 1781.
- The Ancient Law, 1782.
- The Mogul's Tale, 1784.
- I'll Tell you What, 1785.
- Appearances are Against Them, 1786.
- The Widow's Vow, 1786.
- Such Things Are, 1787.
- The Simple Story, 1791.
- Every One has His Fault, 1793.
- Nature and Art, 1795.
- Lover's Vows, a translation.

The Wise Men of the East, a translation.
Deaf and Dumb, a translation.
To Marry or Not to Marry.
Prefaces to a Collection of Plays.

MRS. PIOZZI.

THE maiden name of the lady so well known in the literary world, first as Mrs. Thrale, and subsequently as Mrs. Piozzi, was Hester Lynch Salusbury. She was born on the 16th, or, according to the change of style, the 27th of January, 1740, at Bodvel, in Caernarvonshire, and was the only daughter and heiress of John Salusbury, Esq., of Bodvel and Bach-y-graig, in Wales, by his connexion, Hester Maria, who was the daughter of Sir Thomas Cotton, of Combermere, in the county of Cheshire.

Sir Thomas Salusbury, the brother of Mr. Salusbury, was well known as a civilian in Doctors' Commons, and for having been several years a judge of the High Court of Admiralty. Lady Salusbury, a daughter of Sir Henry Penrice, who had no family of her own, was particularly attached to Miss Salusbury, and being a woman of great acquirements, and acquainted with several literary characters, she took great pleasure in cultivating the abilities of her niece.

In the year 1750, Miss Salusbury accompanied her parents to London, from whence Mr. Salusbury proceeded to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where he remained four years, during which period his daughter continued under the superintendence of her mother, who paid assiduous attention to her education.

Under the care of the learned Dr. Collyer, she attained a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and even attained to some proficiency in the Hebrew. She likewise soon acquired a variety of information, and a general acquaintance with literature in all its branches, which, added to her personal attractions, procured her the admiration of all who were acquainted with her.

Early in life she was distinguished as the beautiful Miss Salusbury, both in the fashionable world, of which she was so long a brilliant ornament, and also of the literary circles of the period. Her richly-stored mind, lively wit, and pleasing manners, rendered her a most delightful friend and companion, whilst her fine flow of spirits, which continued to the last, made her a general favourite in society.

When Miss Salusbury was about the age of fourteen, Hogarth was paying a visit at the house of her uncle Cotton, where she was an inmate; and one evening, turning to her, he told her he hoped she would never waste her hours nor hazard her repose in the pursuit of gaming. He then made a sketch of her, and informed her she should hear more from him at a future time. Soon after he showed her "The Lady's Last Stake," in which picture she is represented as a young married lady who has lost her property to a handsome officer, in the perilous occupation of deep play. "Miss Salusbury," said he, "the lady is a likeness of yourself, because I wanted a pretty subject, and wished to give a lesson of wisdom to one who is, I trust, capable of understanding its force." This picture was painted by this renowned artist for the Earl of Charlemont; it was exhibited at the British institution in 1814, and has been engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. Cheseman.

When very young, and admiring a solar eclipse which

occurred at the time, a medical gentleman, and a man of science, the intimate friend of her family, who was present, observed that from her general form he thought she would be long lived, and might possibly survive to witness an eclipse of the sun, which would happen when she was fourscore. Singular to say, his prediction was accomplished, and Mrs. Piozzi lived to see the remarkable eclipse which took place September 7th, 1820.

The first event which broke the uniformity of Miss Salusbury's early life was her marriage, in 1763, with Mr. Thrale, an eminent brewer, and member for Southwark. He was a worthy and amiable man, and appears to have been much attached to literature, men of letters always meeting with a hospitable reception at his house at Streatham, where for many years was almost completely domiciled the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who experienced the greatest kindness both from Mr. Thrale himself, and from his lively and sprightly lady.

Mr. Thrale was eighteen years older than his wife. The following is the account Dr. Johnson gave of the rise of Mr. Thrale's father.

"He worked at six shillings a week for twenty years, in the great brewery which afterwards was his own. The proprietor of it had an only daughter, who was married to a nobleman. It was not fit that a peer should continue the business. On the old man's death, therefore, the brewery was to be sold. To find a purchaser for so large a property was a difficult matter; and after some time, it was suggested that it would be advisable to treat with Thrale, a sensible, active, honest man, who had been employed in the house, and to transfer the whole to him for thirty thousand pounds, security being taken upon the property. This was accordingly settled. In eleven years Thrale paid the purchase money. He acquired a large fortune, and lived to be member of parliament for Southwark. But what was most remarkable was the liberality with which he used his riches. He gave his son and daughters the best education. The esteem which his good conduct procured him from the nobleman who had married his master's daughter, made him be treated with much attention; and his son, both at the school and at the University of Oxford, associated with young men of the first rank. His allowance from his father, after he left college, was splendid—no less than a thousand a year. This, in a man who had risen as old Thrale did, was a very extraordinary instance of generosity. He used to say, 'If the young dog does not find so much after I am gone as he expects, let him remember that he has had a good deal in my own time.'"

Dr. Johnson had a very sincere esteem for Mr. Thrale, as a man of excellent principles, a good scholar, well skilled in trade, of a sound understanding, and of manners such as presented the character of a plain independent English squire.

"I know no man" (he was wont to say) "who is more master of his wife and family than Thrale. If he but hold up a finger he is obeyed. It is a great mistake to suppose that she is above him in literary attainments. She is more flippant; but he has ten times her learning; he is a regular scholar; but her learning is that of a schoolboy in one of the lower forms."

Boswell observes, that "Mr. Thrale was tall, well-proportioned, and stately. As for *madam*, or *my mistress*, by which epithets Johnson used to mention Mrs. Thrale, she was short, plump, and brisk. She has herself given us a lively view of the idea which Johnson had of her person, on her appearing before him in a dark-coloured

Mrs. Thrale had indeed good cause for her alarm, for then, as now, there were mistaken fanatics, and they took up an idea that Mr. Thrale was a concealed Papist, and kept a priest in the house. "Mr. Thrale," she says, "is scarcely in security here, for the rioters have strange ideas about his papism, somehow. We will move off, therefore, and finish our summer at Brighthelmston, where I trust there is peace and quietness, and if not, why the sea and the packet are at hand."

Luckily, the injury the Thrales sustained appears to have been chiefly an attack upon the brewery, and the loss of a few butts of beer.

In the following year came the fatal stroke which carried Mr. Thrale off. It took place at his own town house in Grosvenor Square, in the spring of 1781. So little had such a blow been expected, that a large party of persons of fashion, talents, or celebrity, had been invited to a splendid entertainment.

Mrs. Thrale flew, immediately upon this misfortune, to Brighthelmston, to her friend Mr. Scrase, for consolation and counsel, deferring returning to Streatham till her presence was necessary at the opening of the will.

Dr. Johnson immediately resumed his apartments at Streatham, cordially and gratefully bestowing on the remaining hostess every minute that she could desire or require of his time and services. And nothing could be wiser in counsel, more zealous in good offices, or kinder in intention, than the whole of his conduct in performing the duties of executor that devolved upon him by the will of his late friend.

The brewery was eventually disposed of to Mr. Barclay the Quaker, and Mr. Perkins, who had for many years been the worthy superintendent.

Miss Burney now became a still more constant guest at Streatham even than heretofore, and Dr. Johnson was a constant inmate there; but "the fine old lion," as one of Mrs. Thrale's guests whimsically termed him, after the death of Mr. Thrale, became almost unmanageable, and so often lacerated and wounded the feelings of her friends, and worried them with his overbearing intellectual superiority, as to render it extremely unpleasant to the amiable mistress of the house, whose own sweet temper seems to have made it morally impossible for her ever wilfully to have offended the prejudices of any individual.

Dr. Johnson felt the loss of Mr. Thrale very severely. In writing to Mrs. Thrale, he says, "No death, since that of my wife, has ever oppressed me like this. * * * I have lost a friend of boundless kindness, at an age when it is very unlikely I should find another. * * * He that has given you happiness in marriage, to a degree of which, without personal knowledge, I should have thought the description fabulous, can give you another mode of happiness as a mother, and at last the happiness of losing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven."

Dr. Johnson was appointed by Mr. Thrale one of the guardians of his five daughters and heiresses, Hester, Sophia, Susan, Cecilia, and Harriet, the only survivors of twelve children borne him by Mrs. Thrale. Of these, one died in the spring of 1783, and the eldest, in 1804, became the second wife of Viscount Keith.

Mrs. Thrale appears originally to have been of very domestic habits, and devoted to her children. She told a friend, that her mother disapproved so much of her going into public, that she never set foot in a theatre till her eldest child, born in 1764, went with her to an oratorio. In a letter to Miss Burney, she says, "I have read to

them the Bible from beginning to end, the Roman and English histories, Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and Young's works from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's Criticisms on the Poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and classical—I mean the English classics—they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; 'Rollin des Belles Lettres,' and a hundred more."

Mrs. Thrale became acquainted with Signor Piozzi, an amiable, accomplished, and gentlemanly man, though an artist by profession, through Dr. Burney, who recommended him as a music-master for the Miss Thrales during their visits at Bath and Brighton. Soon afterwards, he formed concerts in London, of which she became the patroness, interesting herself greatly in their success, and exerting herself to procure subscriptions for him.

When Piozzi's professional services were no longer requisite for Miss Thrale, an intercourse was still kept up between him and the family, and after Mr. Thrale's death, Mrs. Thrale's regard appears speedily to have been converted into feelings of a more tender nature; though she endeavoured to restrain her affection for him; and indeed her struggles with herself appear seriously to have affected both her health and her spirits. She is said to have allowed him, when on the continent, even before their marriage, eight hundred a year, a large sum even from the handsome sum of 3,000*l.* a year left her by Mr. Thrale, in addition to her original fortune of 10,000*l.*, and property in Wales, which she had inherited from her uncle, and which was entirely at her own disposal.

Unfortunately for Mrs. Thrale, her friend, Miss Burney, now at the zenith of her fame and popularity, was at this period requested by her friends again to exert her powers in the composition of another production; but, as at Streatham she had no time to herself, she went into the more perfect retirement of her friend Mrs. Crisp's house at Chesington, in Surrey.

On her return to Streatham, she writes: "Changed, indeed, was Streatham! Gone its chief, and changed his relief!—unaccountably, incomprehensibly, indefinitely changed! She was absent and agitated; not two minutes could she remain in a place; she scarcely seemed to know whom she saw; her speech was so hurried, it was hardly intelligible; her eyes were assiduously turned from those who sought them; and her smiles were faint and forced."

Towards Miss Burney, Mrs. Thrale, however, always evinced the same affection and kindness; and after having at her solicitations revealed the secret of her attachment to Signor Piozzi, she clung to her for comfort to the last. From her other friends she gradually became estranged, and Dr. Johnson, in particular, was deeply wounded, through the palpably altered looks, tone, and deportment, of the bewildered lady of the mansion, who, cruelly aware what would be his wrath, and how overwhelming his reproaches against her projected union, wished to break up their residing under the same roof before it should be proclaimed.

It was this feeling probably which gave to her whole behaviour towards Johnson a sort of restless petulance, of which she was sometimes hardly conscious; at others, nearly reckless; but which hurt him far more than she purposed, though short of the point at which Miss Burney supposes she aimed, "of precipitating a change of dwelling that would elude its being cast, either by himself or the world, upon a passion that her understanding

blushed to own, even whilst she was sacrificing to it all of inborn dignity that she had been bred to hold most dear.

"But, at length, as she became more and more dissatisfied with her own situation, and impatient for its relief, she grew less and less scrupulous with regard to her celebrated guest; she slighted his counsel; did not heed his remonstrances; avoided his society; was ready at a moment's hint to lend him her carriage to return to Bolt Court; but awaited a formal request to accord it for bringing him back."

That there were faults on both sides, however, may easily be conceived, Dr. Johnson being, as Mrs. Piozzi remarks, "extremely impracticable as an inmate, though most instructive as a companion, and useful as a friend." Mr. Thrale himself, formerly, could sometimes overrule his rigidity, by saying coldly, "There, there, we have had enough for one lecture, Dr. Johnson! we will not be upon education any more till after dinner, if you please," or some such speech; but "when there was nobody to restrain his dislikes, it was extremely difficult to find any body with whom he could converse, without living always on the verge of a quarrel, or of something too like a quarrel to be pleasing."

In addition to the irascibility of his temper, the habit of very late hours, in which Dr. Johnson was fond of indulging, was one productive of great inconvenience to the mistress of a household, particularly if her health happened to be exceedingly delicate, which was the case with Mrs. Thrale; indeed, she acknowledges that she often hurt herself by sitting up to oblige him, as she frequently did in London till four o'clock in the morning. "At Streatham, indeed, she managed better, having always some friend who was kind enough to engage him in talk, and favour her retreat."

At last, in the month of June, 1784, on the return of Signor Piozzi to England, "Mrs. Thrale put an end to the alternate hopes and fears of her family and friends, and to her own torturing conflicts, by a change of name that, for the rest of her life, produced nearly a change of existence."

Mrs. Piozzi herself communicated her change of name to Dr. Johnson in the following letter:—

"Bath, June 30.

"My dear Sir,

"The enclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands somewhat more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connexion which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain; I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell you now because all is irrevocably settled, and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments, and though perhaps I am become, by many privations, the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

"Your faithful Servant."

The following was the solemn answer of Dr. Johnson:

"London, July 8, 1784.

"Dear Madam,

"What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to

me; I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

"I wish that God may grant you every blessing; that you may be happy in this world for a short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which has soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

"Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon Mr. Piozzi to settle in England: you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security; your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy.

"I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

"When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; and when they came to the irremediable stream that separated the two kingdoms, he walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger, and his own affection, pressed her to return. The Queen went forward. If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther? The tears stand in my eyes.

"I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,

"Yours, &c."

After having rendered herself the topic of conversation in all the coteries in town, it is not surprising that Mrs. Piozzi should prefer the leaving England for a while to the following Dr. Johnson's advice of remaining at home. She accordingly, with Mr. Piozzi, made an excursion to the Continent, landed at Calais, September, 1784, and from thence proceeded to Paris.

From Paris the Piozzis went by Lyons to Turin, Geneva, and Milan, where they wintered.

In April, 1785, they proceeded by Mantua, Verona and Padua, to Venice, with which, as well as with its inhabitants, Mrs. Piozzi was highly delighted; indeed, every where she appears to have been received with the most cordial kindness, and her gay and sociable spirit appears to have assimilated well with the *dolce far niente*, and with the easy manners of the Italians.

In May, they proceeded by Ferrara and Bologna to Florence and Leghorn, where she says, "I have here finished that work which chiefly brought me hither—the Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson's Life. It is from this port they take their flight for England, while we retire for refreshment to the *Bagni di Lucca*." This is a most pleasing and interesting little work, carrying upon it the impress of truth, and giving an excellent idea of the great but wayward mortal with whom she had associated on terms of the utmost intimacy. It was published in 1786, and it appears to have raised her a host of enemies in the admirers of Dr. Johnson.

The Piozzis afterwards proceeded to Rome and Naples, where they wintered, and in the following year they returned by Loretto, Ancona, Bologna, Padua, &c., to Milan, in which neighbourhood they took a villa at Varese, and obtained permission to spend a week of their destined villeggiatura at the Borromean palace, situated in the middle of Lago Maggiore, on the island so truly

called *Isola Bella*. She says, "Our manner of living here is positively like nothing real, and the fanciful description of Oriental magnificence, with Seged's retirement, in the *Rambler*, to his palace on the Lake Dambea, is all I ever read that could come in competition with it; for here is one barge full of friends from Milan, another carrying a complete band of thirteen of the best musicians in Italy, to amuse ourselves and them with concerts every evening upon the water by moonlight; while the inhabitants of these elysian regions who live upon the banks, come down in crowds to the shores, glad to receive additional delight, where satiety of pleasure seems the only evil to be dreaded."

On the 22d of September, the Piozzis finally quitted Milan, and crossing the Tyrolean Alps, soon reached Munich and Saltzburgh. They subsequently went on to Venice, and projected an excursion into Hungary, but were prevented by Mrs. Piozzi's being seized with a fever at a wretched village on the route.

In November they proceeded northward from Vienna, by Prague, to Dresden, Berlin, and Potsdam, and in January they continued their route to Hanover, Brussels, Antwerp, and Calais, her return to which place and to Dover, Mrs. Piozzi commemorates in some sportive lines.

Her lively and animated account of her travels on the Continent was published in 1789, in two volumes octavo, and though the style is careless in many instances, even to a degree of vulgarity, yet, perhaps, it better conveys the ideas she wishes to impart than if she had adopted one more ornate and grandiloquent.

Mrs. Piozzi evidently greatly enjoyed her liberty, and her emancipation from the Johnsonian restraint she had endured for nearly twenty years, and she seems never to have had cause to repent of the rash step her friends considered her to have taken in espousing Signor Piozzi. Envy at his superior good fortune, in having married a wealthy, clever, amiable, and highly attractive woman, appears to have caused many to delight in detracting from his personal merits, in which he abounded, though less favoured with the gifts of fortune. Miss Seward, however, in describing the pair, who paid her a visit at Lichfield in 1787, says, "I am become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi. Dr. Johnson told me truth when he said she had more colloquial wit than most of our literary women. It is, indeed, a fountain of perpetual flow; but he did not tell me the truth when he asserted that Piozzi was an ugly dog, without particular skill in his profession. Mr. Piozzi is a handsome man, in middle life, with gentle, pleasing, and unaffected manners, and with very eminent skill in his profession. Though he has not a powerful or fine-toned voice, he sings with transcending grace and expression."

With Mrs. Piozzi, Miss Seward kept up for some time an occasional correspondence, which, perhaps, was rather an interchange of compliments upon the appearance of their mutual literary performances, than a friendly and familiar intercourse: however, the Piozzis appear to have, on her account, paid attention to her musical friends, the Savilles, when at Bath, where they principally resided after their return from the Continent.

In 1788, Mrs. Piozzi published, under the title of "Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., to which are added, some Poems never before printed," &c., a correspondence between Johnson and herself from 1765 to 1784, in which the mighty moralist appears in a far more amiable light than upon many other occasions, and the interest he takes in the ordinary concerns of

every-day life reduces him more to a level with the rest of mankind than he seems in his didactic composition, or when laying down the law in common conversation. The few letters of her own writing which have been introduced by Mrs. Piozzi, are seen by no means in a disadvantageous light, even by the side of Johnsonian epistles; indeed, some persons gave hers decidedly the preference. The poems are chiefly translations from Boethius, and are the joint performances of Dr. Johnson and of Mrs. Piozzi, who wrote verses in an easy and an animated manner, and whose talent was frequently exercised by her learned friend in this line.

"The Three Warnings," a lively and sprightly tale, imitated from *La Fontaine*, is a favourable specimen of Mrs. Piozzi's poetical powers.

It was at Florence that Mrs. Piozzi became mixed up with the Della Cruscan, on which account she was somewhat severely lashed by Gifford, in his "*Bayard and Mœviad*." "But how do you think," said she subsequently to a friend, "'Thrale's gray widow' revenged herself? I contrived to get myself invited to meet him at supper in a friend's house, soon after the publication of the poems, sat opposite to him, saw that he was perplexed in the extreme, and smiling, proposed a glass of wine, as a libation to our future good fellowship. Gifford was sufficiently a man of the world to understand me, and nothing could be more courteous and entertaining than he was while we remained together."

In 1785, the Piozzis, together with Mr. Merry, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Greathead, and others whom they casually met at Florence, projected and wrote in association, "*The Florence Miscellany*," a collection of pieces in prose and verse, of which a few copies were printed, but not published. Some specimens of this somewhat flighty production appeared in a paper of the day, called "*The World*," as well as in several of the periodicals. The preface was written by Mrs. Piozzi, to whom the general conduct of the work was committed.

Mrs. Piozzi was a member, and might almost be considered as the founder, of the association, and she was perhaps the most talented and best informed among the coterie, whose productions, circulated with great assiduity among their friends, were by some as far too much extolled, as, perhaps, by others, with Mr. Gifford at their head, unfairly depreciated.

Mrs. Piozzi subsequently published, in 1794, a work in two volumes octavo, entitled "*British Synonymy, or, An Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation*," chiefly for the use of her friends, in which, though there is no very profound criticism displayed, yet it is interspersed with lively and amusing anecdotes, of which she had an endless number at command. As this was composed about the time of the French Revolution, it contains a number of somewhat flippant remarks upon that nation, though certainly, that wit and ridicule of which they make such free use themselves, was not very much misplaced when exercised against the excesses and violence which characterized that eventful period.

Mrs. Piozzi's "*Retrospection, or Review of the Most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations, and their Consequences, which the last 1800 years have presented to the View of Mankind*," in two volumes quarto, appeared in 1801.

It was not till some time after her return from the Continent, that at a concert at Salomon's, she again met her friend Dr. Burney. Notwithstanding the disapprobation with which she knew the Burneys had viewed her

second marriage, with her usual invincible good humour, she immediately held out her hand, sportively ejaculating, "Here's Dr. Burney, as young as ever!"

In 1808, they again met at Bath, of which rencontre Dr. Burney gives the following account to his daughter, Madame D'Arblay :

"I have forgotten to mention, that during my invalidity at Bath, I had an unexpected visit from your ci-devant Streatham friend, of whom I had lost sight for more than ten years. When her name was sent in, I was much surprised, but desired she might be asked to follow it; and I received her as an old friend with whom I had spent much time very happily, and never wished to quarrel. She still looks well, but is grave, and seems to be turned into candour herself, though she still says good things, and writes admirable notes, and I am told letters. We shook hands very cordially, and avoided any allusion to our long separation and its cause. Her *caro sposo* still lives; but is such an object from the gout, that the account of his sufferings made me pity him sincerely. He wished, she told me, to see his old friend *un beau matin*. I could not forbear compliance with this wish. I found him in great pain, but very glad to see me. The old rancour or ill-will excited by our opposition to the marriage is totally worn away. Indeed, it never could have existed but for her imprudence in betraying to him that proof of our friendship for her, which ought never to have been regarded as spleen against him, whom, certainly, nobody could blame for accepting a gay rich widow. What could a man do better?"

Many years afterwards, an intercourse, both personal and epistolary, was renewed between Mrs. Piozzi and Miss Burney, then Madame D'Arblay, and with it all their feelings of early cordiality; but circumstances subsequently caused another separation.

On their return from the Continent, the Piozzis appear principally to have resided at Bath, though Mrs. Piozzi built a beautiful little villa in a pleasant part of the vale of Clwydd, in North Wales, called Brynbella, where she occasionally passed some time.

A friend, who, in an agreeable little work, called "Piozziana," has recorded several interesting anecdotes of the latter days of this celebrated lady, has given the following account of Mrs. Piozzi, quite late in life :

"She was short, and though well proportioned, broad, and deep-chested. Her hands were muscular and almost coarse, but her writing was, even in her eightieth year, exquisitely beautiful; and one day, while conversing with her on the subject of education, she observed that 'All misses now-a-days write so like each other, that it is provoking;' adding, 'I love to see individuality of character, and abhor sameness, especially in what is feeble and flimsy.' Then spreading her hand, she said, 'I believe I owe what you are pleased to call my good writing to the shape of this hand, for my uncle, Sir Robert Cotton, thought it too manly to be employed in writing like a boarding-school girl; and so I came by my vigorous, black manuscript.'"

When sitting for her picture to Roche of Bath, she required him to make the painting in all respects a likeness; to take care to show her face deeply rouged, which it always was; and to introduce a trivial deformity of the lower jaw on the left side, where she had been severely hurt by her horse treading on her, as she lay prostrate, after being thrown in Hyde Park. This miniature her friend states to be, "in the essential of resemblance, per-

fect; as all who recollect the original, her very erect carriage, and most expressive face, could attest."

When looking at "her little self," as she called the picture, she would speak drolly of what she once was, as if talking of some one else. One day, turning to her friend, she said, "No; I never was handsome, I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty."

"I ventured to express a doubt of this," continues the narrative, "and said that Dr. Johnson was certainly an admirer of her personal charms. She replied, she believed his devotion was at least as warm towards the table and the table-talk at Streatham. I was tempted to observe that I thought, as I still do, that Johnson's anger on the event of her second marriage was excited by some feeling of disappointment, and that I suspected he had formed hopes of attaching her to himself. It would be disingenuous on my part to attempt to repeat her answer; I forget it; but the impression on my mind is, that she did not contradict me."

On her friend's telling her, he wondered she should so far sacrifice to fashion, as to take the trouble of wearing rouge, which she carefully put on her cheeks every day before she went out, and generally before she would admit a visiter, her answer was, "that her practice of painting did not proceed from any silly compliance with Bath fashion, or any fashion; still less, if possible, from the desire of appearing younger than she was; but from this circumstance, that in early life she had worn rouge as other young persons did in her day, as a part of dress; and after continuing the habit for some years, she discovered that it had introduced a dead yellow into her complexion, quite unlike that of her natural skin, and that she wished to conceal the deformity."

In defiance of the prevailing weaknesses among old people, that of supposing every thing worse now than it was formerly, she always maintained that "nothing but ignorance or forgetfulness of what our grandfathers and grandmothers generally did and suffered, not politically, but in matters of dress, behaviour, &c., could incline any one to entertain a doubt as to the fact of modern improvement in most of the essentials of life. This," she would say, "was especially true with regard to our habiliments;" and she used to expatiate very agreeably, not only on the absurdities of the habits usually worn in her early days, but on the consequent embarrassment in which the artists of the age were involved.

"Mrs. Piozzi's nature was one of kindness," observes her friend; "she derived pleasure from endeavouring to please; and if she perceived a moderate good quality in another, she generally magnified it into an excellence; whilst she appeared blind to faults and foibles which could not have escaped the scrutiny of one possessing only half her penetration. But, as I have said, her disposition was friendly. It was so; and to such an extent, that during several years of familiar acquaintance with her, although I can recite many instances, I might say, hundreds, of her having spoken of the characters of others, I never heard one word of vituperation from her lips, of any person who was the subject of discussion, except once when Baretti's name was mentioned. Of him, she said that he was a bad man; but on my hinting a wish for particulars, after so heavy a charge, she seemed unwilling to explain herself, and spoke of him no more."

"In direct opposition to Boswell, Beloe, and others, I venture to assert, that it was not in the power of any one who knew her to find aught in her character to despise, nor to refuse the meed of approbation to her benevolence,

her talents, and her acquirements, or to the fascinating courtliness of her manners."

She preserved unimpaired to the last her strength and her faculties of body and mind. When past eighty, she would describe minute features in a distant landscape, or touches in a painting, which even short-sighted young persons failed to discover till pointed out to them.

When her friends were fearful of her over-exciting herself, she would say, "This sort of thing is greatly in the mind, and I am almost tempted to say the same of growing old at all, especially as it regards those of the usual concomitants of age, viz., laziness, defective sight, and ill-temper: sluggishness of soul and acrimony of disposition, commonly begin before the encroachments of infirmity; they creep upon us insidiously, and it is the business of a rational being to watch these beginnings, and counteract them."

On the 27th January, 1820, Mrs. Piozzi gave a sumptuous entertainment at the Town Assembly Rooms, Bath, to between seven and eight hundred friends, whom, assisted by Sir John and Lady Salusbury, she received with a degree of ease, cheerfulness, and polite hospitality, peculiarly her own. This fête, given upon the completion of her eightieth year, was opened by herself in person dancing with Sir John Salusbury, with extraordinary elasticity and dignity, and she subsequently presided at a sumptuous banquet, supported by a British Admiral of the highest rank on each side, "with her usual gracious and queen-like deportment."

A friend calling on her one day by appointment, she showed him a number of what are termed pocket-books, and said she was sorely embarrassed on a point on which she requested his advice.

"You see in this collection," said she, "a diary of mine of more than fifty years of my life: I have scarcely omitted any thing which occurred to me during the time I have mentioned; my books contain the conversation of every person of almost every class with whom I have held intercourse; my remarks on what was said; downright facts, and scandalous *on dit*s; personal portraits, and anecdotes of the character concerned, criticisms on the publications and authors of the day, &c. Now I am approaching the grave, and agitated by doubts as to what I should do—whether burn my manuscripts, or leave them to posterity? Thus far, my decision is to *destroy* my papers; shall I, or shall I not?"

The advice given was by no means to do an act which, when done, could not be amended—to keep the papers from prying eyes, and to trust them to the discretion of survivors. Whereupon, she replaced the numerous volumes in her cabinet, observing, that "for the present they were rescued from destruction."

If still in existence, it were to be wished, that portions at least of Mrs. Piozzi's Diary should be given to the public, which from her ready wit and multifarious information, her remarks on the various celebrated characters with whom she associated, and upon the publications that then issued from the press, could not fail to be extremely interesting; whilst the friendliness of her disposition would in itself be a guarantee, that there would be nothing of an invidious and offensive nature, to wound the feelings of the most sensitive of her very few surviving contemporaries.

In her last illness, unable to articulate, on being visited by Sir George Gibbs, when she saw him by her bedside, she signified by her looks that she knew him well; and unable to speak, conveyed her mournful conviction of her

situation, by tracing in the air with her extended hand the exact outline of a coffin. Suddenly, after laying some time silent, as if exhausted, she sat up, and with a piercing accent, and distinct utterance, said, "I die in the trust, and in the fear of God!" These were her last words.

She died on the 2d of May, 1821, in her eighty-second year, after a short illness, at her house in Clifton, where she had resided after the death of Mr. Piozzi, which took place in 1809.

The remains of Mrs. Piozzi were conveyed into North Wales, where they were interred in the burial-place of the Salusbury family.

WORKS.

Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson's Life, 1786.

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MADAME D'ARBLAY.

MISS FRANCES BURNLEY, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, was born at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, on the 13th of June, 1752. She was the second daughter and third child of Dr. Burney, a musical professor of great skill, afterwards well known in the literary world as the author of an erudite History of Music.

She was, during her childhood, the most backward of all his family; indeed, at eight years old, she was ignorant of the letters of the alphabet, though at ten, she began scribbling almost incessantly, little works of invention, in private, in characters illegible to all but herself.

Previous to this time, which she herself terms the period of her "writing mania," she recollected hearing a neighbouring lady recommend to her mother the quickening of her attention by chastisement; but her alarm was instantly superseded by gratitude and surprise, when she heard gently murmured in reply, "No, no,—I am not uneasy about Fanny!"

She soon began to convert every scrap of white paper which she could procure, into elegies, odes, plays, songs, stories, tragedies, and epic poems; which, however, were never shown to any one but to her younger sister Sessanna, whose praises rendered their secret readings the happiest moments of their girlish days.

At fifteen, Miss Burney began to consider it as her duty to subdue this writing passion, and accordingly, seizing an opportunity when her parents were from home, she made a bonfire of all her literary performances, in a paved play-court, resolving henceforth to abstain from scribbling.

The last of her works committed to the flames was one entitled "The History of Caroline Evelyn." Of this tale, however, she retained so vivid and animated an impression, and the singular situations to which Caroline's infant daughter, "Evelina," might be exposed between the elegant connexions of her mother, and the vulgar ones of her grandmother, were so irresistibly and uncon-

scionally imprinted on her mind, and pent up in her memory, long before a paragraph was committed to paper, that, subsequently, her celebrated novel, entitled "EVELINA," was the result of these recollections; and ten years afterwards, in 1788, it was given to the world, under very peculiar circumstances, which have been recently disclosed by herself, in her delightful "Diary and Correspondence,"—to which the reader is referred for the most interesting and curious account of any celebrated literary production that was perhaps ever put on record.* In the meantime we must glance briefly at the period of her life preceding this event.

Notwithstanding all her precautions, Mrs. Burney's vigilant eye had early discovered her step-daughter's love of seclusion, and from scraps of writing, and other tokens of her favourite employments, perhaps arose her alarm lest she should become that dreaded thing, an *authoress*. In spite, however, of her vigilance, it *was to be!* Miss Burney's vocation was her pen, and she eventually became one of the most popular writers of the day.

When in London, she used to write in a little play-room up two pair of stairs, which contained the toys of the younger members of the family. At Lynn, to which place they paid annual visits, after they had quitted it as a residence, she would shut herself up in a summer-house, which went by the name of the *cabin*, and there amuse herself by committing to paper the numerous ideas with which her mind was teeming.

After the heroic immolation of her compositions to filial duty, the embryo authoress, for some time perhaps adhering to her resolution of composing no more works of fiction, made herself amends by commencing a Journal,† which she continued without intermission for many years, and which she dedicated to "Nobody."

"To whom" (she says) "must I dedicate my wonderful, surprising, and interesting adventures?—to whom dare I reveal my private opinions of my nearest relations? my secret thoughts of my dearest friends? my own hopes, fears, reflections, and dislikes?—Nobody."

In the introduction to her Journal, she says, "To have some account of my thoughts, manners, acquaintance, and actions, when the hour arrives at which time is more nimble than memory, is the reason which induces me to keep a Journal—a Journal in which I must confess my every thought, must open my whole heart."

Finding, probably, that her early literary performances procured her more discredit than honour, Miss Burney very sagely resolved to devote herself to some usual and common-place feminine avocations, and in her Lynn Journal she states, that "she never indulged herself with writing and reading except in the afternoon, always scrupulously devoting her time to needlework till after dinner."

Luckily for the world, these repasts were taken at a much earlier period when Miss Burney was a child, than in the present day, or perhaps, instead of "Evelina," "Cecilia," and "Camilla," no memorials of her would have been handed down to posterity, beyond some old screen and chair covers, even now so often the resource from the attacks of ennui, of the industrious idlers of more modern times.

In company, or before strangers, Miss Burney from the

earliest childhood, was exceedingly silent and reserved, and from the gravity and composure of her appearance, was often termed "the old lady," by the friends who frequented her father's house. But, like many other persons, she was an acute observer of what was passing around, and at times, when her timidity was overcome by an ebullition of spirits, she would enact imaginary characters of her own invention, or, after seeing a play, take off the actors, and compose speeches for them, before she could read their parts.

The only regular instruction she ever received, was when she was, together with her sister Susanna, placed for a short period at a boarding-school in Queen Square, that they might be out of the way during their mother's last illness; and when the melancholy tidings of this lady's death were communicated to them, the agony of Frances, though then but nine years of age, was so great that the governess declared she had never met with a child of such intense feelings.

But though she received little regular education, there was no want of industry and application on her part; for, at an early age, she became acquainted with the best authors in her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range; and she was accustomed to make extracts from, and make remarks upon, the books she read, some of which it is said would not have disgraced her maturer judgment.

She had also the advantage of the example of her father's own industry and perseverance, to stimulate her to exertion; for Dr. Burney, notwithstanding his numerous professional engagements as a teacher of music, studied and acquired the French and Italian languages on horseback, from pocket grammars and vocabularies he had written out for the purpose.

In the French language his daughter Frances received some instructions from her sister Susanna, who was educated in France; and in Latin, at a later period, she had some lessons from Dr. Johnson himself, though it must be confessed, she does not seem to have taken much delight in this study—applying to that learned language rather to please her tutor than herself.

Dr. Burney had at this period a large circle of intellectual and even literary acquaintance, and at his house often congregated an agreeable but miscellaneous society, including, besides many eminent for literature several accomplished foreigners, together with our native artists and scientific men; and his children, emancipated from the restraints of a schoolroom, were allowed to be present at, and often to take a share in, the conversation of their father's guests; by which their minds were opened, their judgments enlightened, and their attention turned to intellectual pursuits; perhaps in a far greater degree than if they had regularly undergone all the drudgery of the usual routine of what is termed "education."

The following is a comparative sketch of the character of Miss Frances Burney, drawn about this period by her younger sister, Susanna, afterwards Mrs. Phillips,—to whom her Diary was subsequently addressed.

"Sister Fanny is unlike her [Hester Burney, the eldest daughter] in almost every thing, yet both are very amiable, and love each other as sincerely as ever sisters did. The characteristics of Hetty seem to be wit, generosity, and openness of heart;—Fanny's, sense, sensibility, and bashfulness, and even a degree of prudery. Her understanding is superior, but her diffidence gives her a bashfulness before company with whom she is not intimate, which is a disadvantage to her. My eldest sister

* See Vol. I. of the "Diary and Correspondence of the Author of Evelina."

† This is the "Diary" which we have referred to.

shines in conversation, because, though very modest, she is totally free from any *mauvaise honte*; were Fanny equally so, I am persuaded she would shine no less. I am afraid my eldest sister is too communicative, and that my sister Fanny is too reserved. They are both charming girls—*des filles comme il y en a peu*."

Dr. Burney was at this period accustomed to employ his daughters in copying out his manuscripts for the press, tracing over and over again the same page, with the endless alterations his critical judgment suggested. Upon these occasions, Frances was his principal amanuensis, and she thus became early initiated into all the mysteries of publication, of which she subsequently so singularly availed herself.

During Dr. Burney's excursion on the Continent, whither he went to collect materials for the Musical Tour which he afterwards published, his family resided either at Lynn or at Chesington, where his daughter Frances gradually arranged and connected the disjointed scraps and fragments in which "Evelina" was first written, many years before it was printed.

After her father's return, when confined by spasmodic rheumatism, owing to the fatigues and difficulties of his hurried journey, he generally kept one of his daughters seated near him, pen in hand, that he might dictate to them the ideas which occurred to him for the musical work he had in contemplation; though some years elapsed before he was enabled to put into execution his original plan, the first volume of his "History of Music" not being published till the year 1776.

Fanny was, however, still but a child when her father's rising reputation and re-established health induced his friends to advise his again quitting Lynn, and removing to London, as the best theatre for a man of his abilities, and in 1760, he accordingly settled himself in Poland Street, which was at that period a place of fashionable resort; and for his neighbours in the street, which then opened upon the fields beyond Oxford Road, he had the Duke of Chandos, Lady Augusta Bridges, the Hon. John Smith, and the Miss Barrys, Sir Willoughby and the Misses Aston. Here professional engagements poured upon him in such rapid succession, that he had not an hour at his disposal; and it may be worth mentioning, as illustrative of the habits of the nobility eighty years ago, that the Countess of Tankerville received lessons of him at seven o'clock in the morning, twice in the week.

Shortly after their settlement in London, a blight awaited this hitherto happy family, in the loss of Mrs. Burney, who had been some time declining. In her last moments, with one hand on her eldest daughter's head, and the other in that of Dr. Burney, she serenely said, "Now this is dying pleasantly! in the arms of one's friends!" and when her husband burst forth into an uncontrollable agony of sorrow, she endeavoured to repress his grief, by gently uttering a penetratingly tender "O Charles!"—shortly after which she breathed her last.

The loss was a terrible one to Dr. Burney, who was left a widower with six orphan children. His eldest son, then but ten years of age, was a nominal midshipman in Admiral Montagu's ship, but the others were all too young to be his companions, and were indeed still in their nursery.

After some hesitation, Dr. Burney eventually conveyed his eldest and third daughters to Paris, where he placed them under the care of a French lady recommended to him. Various causes prevented his taking thither his second daughter, Frances, one of which was, that from

the tender veneration she entertained for her maternal grandmother, who had been a Roman Catholic, he doubted whether at so early an age she might not run a risk of being converted to that religion on the Continent. He, however, fully contemplated the eventually sending her thither, though, when the time came, circumstances induced him to change his intention.

Six years after the demise of the first Mrs. Burney, her friend Mrs. Allen, then become a widow, came to town for the education of her daughter, when the professional attendance of Dr. Burney, who gave her instructions in music, led to a renewal of their former intimacy, which terminated in her becoming his second wife, and the Paris scheme for his two other daughters was then abandoned, the youngest, Charlotte, being sent to a school in Norfolk, whilst the second, Frances, remained with her other sisters under the paternal roof.

Numerous were the friends who frequented Dr. Burney's hospitable residence in Poland Street, and also that in Queen Square, which he subsequently occupied. The latter he afterwards exchanged for the house in St. Martin's Lane, which had once been the abode of Sir Isaac Newton, and where still remained, above the attics, his observatory, which, with due reverence, Dr. Burney caused to be repaired and preserved.

Miss Burney (as by the marriage of her elder sister Frances was now become) appears to have been endowed with no small portion of the English complaint of *mauvaise honte*, and she was so constitutionally shy, that, excepting among her family and intimate friends, her worth and talents were probably never fully appreciated, until, in the character of a first-rate novel writer, she unexpectedly burst upon the world with her "Evelina," the phoenix which had arisen from the ashes of Caroline Evelyn, erst while immolated on the funeral-pile in the paved court in Poland Street.

As her little narrative grew under her hands, which was written by stealth, in a closet up two pair of stairs, (the play-room formerly mentioned, appropriated to the use of the younger children,) the wish of seeing it in print began to cross her imagination, to the great amusement, as well as amazement, of her sister Charlotte, her confidant in the first instance, who knew the sensitive afflict with which she shrank from all observation.

Being her father's principal amanuensis, and, consequently, being apprehensive lest her handwriting might be recognised by some compositor of his "History of Music," she took the trouble to copy the manuscript of her own work in a feigned hand; but growing weary of the employment, after having completed the first and second volumes, she wrote a letter to Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller, without signature, offering her performance to him, and promising to send the sequel in the following year. Mr. Dodsley, in answer, declined looking at any thing that was anonymous. Mr. Lowndes, a bookseller in the city, was then, accidentally, fixed upon by the youthful coterie; her brother Charles, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, having been admitted into the secret, in order that he might enact the part of agent in the business; and Mr. Lowndes, to their no small delight, requested to see the manuscript, the two first volumes of which were consequently conveyed to Fleet Street, where they were left to their fate.

Mr. Lowndes's answer was, that he could not think of publishing an unfinished book, though he liked the work, and should be "ready to purchase and print it when it should be finished."

Tired and disappointed, Miss Burney now for some time abandoned her scheme. But having at last finished the third volume, she began to think it right to communicate the project to her father, which she had hitherto abstained from doing, both from the confusion of acknowledging her authorship, and the dread lest he should desire to see the performance. Seizing a happy moment of a kind *tête-à-tête* with Dr. Burney, she at last avowed to him her secret, and her wish to see her work in print, hastily adding, "her brother Charles would transact all the business with a bookseller, who should never know her name."

Her confession was received by her father with such a hearty fit of laughter, that the embarrassed author could not resist joining in it. He, however, offered no objection to her project, and recommending her to preserve her incognito in the affair, he dismissed the subject without asking to see the work.

Miss Burney now, with heightened spirits, again transmitted her manuscript to Mr. Lowndes, who shortly after sent his approbation of the work, together with an offer of twenty pounds for the copyright.—"An offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!" This, with a subsequent addition of ten pounds, after the third edition, was all Miss Burney ever received for her popular work of "Evelina," of which several thousands were sold within a few months of its first appearance.

The receipt for this settlement, signed simply by "the Editor of *Evelina*," was conveyed by her agent to Fleet Street, and the first she heard of its fate, having dropped all correspondence with Mr. Lowndes, was the hearing read aloud, accidentally at the breakfast table, by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Burney,—"*This day was published, 'Evelina, or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.'*" Printed for T. Lowndes, Fleet Street."

Irresistible smiles were exchanged by the young people, alone cognizant of the affair, and Mrs. Burney passed on unconsciously to other articles.

A violent fever, with which Dr. Burney was soon seized, and subsequently, symptoms in herself, of an inflammation in the lungs, for some time occupied the attention of the Burneys; and the young authoress was conveyed to Chesington Hall, where resided her father's excellent and accomplished friend Mr. Crisp, for the benefit of country air. Here she remained for some months, perfectly unaware that "*Evelina*" was suddenly become a popular work, and that every one was inquiring the name of its writer.

Six months from its publication had nearly elapsed, when Dr. Burney appears to have accidentally met with an account of the work in a review, and though he immediately sent for it, and read it with approbation, he did not at first know by whom it was written. For the minute and highly interesting details of the subsequent discovery, the reader is again referred to *Madame D'Arblay's "Diary and Correspondence,"* vol. I.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Thrale, with whom Dr. Burney was professionally employed, as well as intimately acquainted, commissioned him to order Mr. Lowndes to send her "*Evelina*," and when the secret of the authorship was at last revealed to that lady, an introduction ensued, which coloured the future life of Miss Burney.

The desire for literary reputation, which Miss Burney probably derived from her father, was in her curiously mingled with the dread of notoriety, which had been so daily impressed upon her by Mrs. Burney's lectures; and

her feelings, when she first heard rumours of the sudden and almost unexampled popularity of her work, appears to have been a singular compound of the very natural exultation of a successful author, joined to that aversion to being treated as a personage of celebrity, which every female of delicacy must experience.

Whilst unknown and unsuspected as the author of "*Evelina*," several curious scenes occurred, from the work being discussed and talked over in Miss Burney's presence, by individuals totally unconscious of the contiguity of its authoress. On one occasion she accompanied Mrs. Burney to Mr. Lowndes the publisher, and introducing themselves by purchasing a copy, they began to cross-question him about the person who wrote it, when he told her, "All he knew of the matter was, that it was a *gentleman* of the other end of the town. That at one time he thought it was Horace Walpole's, for he had once published a book in this snug manner;" and at last he wound up his information by stating, with a most important face, "To tell you the truth, madame, I have been informed it is a piece of real secret history; and in that case it will never be known."

"This was too much for me," observed Miss Burney; "I grinned irresistibly, and was obliged to look out at the shop window till we came away."

The work was soon introduced at Chesington, and Miss Burney, who considered "*Evelina*" to be "a young lady with whom she had some right to make free," volunteered to read it aloud to "her Daddy Crisp;" but her embarrassment preventing her doing it justice, she was forced to relinquish the task; and he, not having the slightest suspicion that the interesting young invalid by his side was the author, great was his surprise and astonishment, when, shortly afterwards, Dr. Burney, taking him into what he termed "the Conjuring Closet," revealed the secret.

The introduction of Miss Burney at Streatham, where she immediately became a favoured and frequent guest, may be said to have formed an epoch in her life; for here she became on the most intimate and familiar terms, not only with the celebrated mistress of the house, but also with all the literary circle that visited there; and the attentions paid her were so flattering, as to become occasionally almost distressing.

With Dr. Johnson in particular, she speedily became an especial favourite, and he spoke of her invariably in such high terms of commendation, that as Miss Palmer (Sir Joshua Reynolds's niece) told her, "All the world gave her to him, for he spoke of her as he spoke of hardly any body."

In Miss Burney's recently published *Diary*, several very amusing scenes are recorded, in which this "fine old lion," as he was termed by one of the party at Streatham, is portrayed as chatting, laughing, and even flirting with Mrs. Thrale, and his "dear little Burney," as it was his wont to term her, in a manner which must surprise those who consider him merely as the stern moralist and the awful critic.

Dr. Johnson appreciated very justly, both the abilities and moral excellence of Miss Burney. On one occasion, speaking of her work, he observes, "*Evelina* seems a work that should result from long experience, and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances. And such has been

her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers. * * * Modesty with her is neither pretence nor decorum; it is an ingredient in her nature; for she who could part with such a work for twenty pounds, could know so little of its worth or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility."

Partly by the persuasion of Mrs. Thrale, together with that of other friends, Miss Burney was now induced to attempt a comedy, entitled "The Wivings," of which Mr. Murphy, as well as Mrs. Thrale, appears to have thought highly. But she was afterwards induced to abandon it, at the instance of Mr. Crisp—one of whose chief objections to it was its resemblance to Molière's "Femmes Scavantes,"—which, however, the writer had literally never seen or read, when she composed her play.

Miss Burney's society was now in constant requisition, and she was introduced to Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Burke, Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished persons, from all of whom she met with the most flattering attention.

At Bath, whither, in 1780, she went with the Thrales, she became acquainted with the Bowdler family, Lord Mulgrave, Mrs. Dobson, the writer of Petrarch's Life, Lady Miller of Bath-Easton, &c. &c.

Miss Burney soon began to grow weary of all this popularity. In 1782, she says, "I begin to be heartily sick and fatigued of this continual round of visiting, and these eternal new acquaintances;"—and in allusion to the parties to which she was constantly engaged, she observes, "For my own part, if I wished to prescribe a cure for dissipation, I should think none more effectual than to give it a free course. The many who have lived so from year to year, amaze me now more than ever; for now more than ever I can judge what dissipation has to offer. I would not lead a life of daily engagements even for another month, for any pay short of the most serious and substantial benefit. I have been tired some time, though I have only now broke out; but I will restore my own spirit and pleasure, by getting more courage in making refusals, and by giving that rest to company and diversion which can only be given by making them subservient to convenience, and by taking them in turn with quietness and retirement."

Miss Burney was a welcome guest at the parties of Mrs. Montagu, "the acknowledged Queen of the Blues," according to Dr. Johnson, which were conducted with more form and state than those of Mrs. Vesey who originated the Bas-bleu meetings, celebrated by the pen of Hannah More. She also visited at the house of the Honourable Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery, whose assemblies were conducted with a degree of ease and good-humoured nonchalance, that almost bordered on eccentricity; whilst at those of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of his sister, Miss Reynolds, she met the most talented of "The Blues;" and even at Mrs. Chapone's, whose parties, from her own ill health and want of strength, were of a quiet and more subdued style, were to be seen Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Hannah More, the clever family of the Burroughs, Sir William Pepys, and the ingenious and excellent Mrs. Barbauld.

Miss Burney had already become a constant and a favourite guest at Streatham, when the sudden and unexpected death of its master, Mr. Thrale, in the spring of 1781, appeared a call upon her to redouble her attentions to his captivating widow, who, in her troubles, clung with increased affection to her fair friend, till informed that it was desirable, whilst still at the height of

her popularity, the young writer should again try her fortune in the lottery of literature. Very reluctantly did Mrs. Thrale part with her, and she was conveyed by Mr. Crisp to Chesington, and, installed in the quiet and exclusive possession of what he was wont to term "The Doctor's Conjuring Closet," where she devoted some months to the composition of a new novel.

Although Miss Burney had intended to have remained at Chesington till her "Cecilia" was completed, the marriage of her favourite sister, Mrs. Phillips, recalled her to the paternal roof, where she put the finishing hand to this her second literary production.

The publication of "Cecilia," which took place in 1782, procured for Miss Burney a fresh accession of fame and popularity. Expectation, which had been raised to the highest pitch by her previous performance, "Evelina," was not disappointed in "the Heiress;" though even then (and it remains so at the present day) it was doubtful whether the youthful simplicity of Evelina, or the more formed and dignified character of Cecilia, were the most interesting.

In the progress of "Cecilia," the manuscript was often submitted to the revision of some of her most particular friends,—her father, Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Crisp, &c.; but it does not appear, excepting in the curtailment of certain parts, and some slight changes of the original story, that their criticisms induced her to make many alterations. Indeed, Mr. Crisp's advice to her was, "Whoever she might think fit to consult, let their talents and taste be ever so great, she was to hear what they had to say, but never to give up or alter a tittle merely on their authority, unless it perfectly coincided with her own inward feelings." In another place, he well observed:

"In works of genius, fancy, imagination, it is not the long, learned argumentations of critics, *pro* and *con*, that come with the compass and line in their hands, to measure right and wrong, that will decide; no, 'tis the genuine, unbiassed, uninfluenced, inward feelings of mankind that are the true, infallible test, ultimately, of sterling merit."

Among many other eulogiums which the publication of "Cecilia" called forth, the following is the opinion of the celebrated Burke on "the Memoirs of an Heiress." In a letter to Miss Burney he says, "There are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observations enriched, by reading your 'Cecilia.'" * * * "I might trespass on your delicacy if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others; I should be troublesome to you alone if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humour, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation, that appear quite throughout this extraordinary performance."

On Miss Burney's return to Streatham, though welcomed with even more than customary kindness, yet did every thing appear to her sadly changed, and in the spring of 1783, Mrs. Thrale broke up her establishment there, let the house, and retired to Bath.

In the following year took place Mrs. Thrale's singular union with Mr. Piozzi, which estranged her from many of her former friends, who had probably expressed their disapprobation in stronger terms than was pleasing to his feelings. Among these was Miss Burney, and all intercourse and even correspondence between herself and

Mrs. Piozzi, ceased, till renewed at Bath, after a long lapse of years.

After a confidential friendship of six years, this breach in their intimacy could not but have been extremely painful to Miss Burney. Her feelings were also severely tried by the death of her old and paternal friend, Mr. Crisp, which took place at Chesington, April 24th, 1783; and in the following year, on the 13th of December, expired her scarcely less valued, though more lately acquired friend, Dr. Johnson.

But though she had lost so many valuable friends, Miss Burney appears to have been fortunate enough to have secured others equally attached to her. The publication of "*Cecilia*" having added greatly to her literary celebrity, her society was more courted than ever, and many new and illustrious names were added to the list of her friends and admirers. Among the most valued of these were the Lockes of Norbury Park, where she made frequent visits, the Cambridges, and the venerable Mrs. Delany, to whom she was first introduced by Mrs. Chaponne in 1783, and with whom, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, she formed a most tender and intimate friendship, which lasted till the close of that lady's existence. So confidential indeed was the intercourse between them, that Mrs. Delany, not being herself equal to the task, from having almost entirely lost the use of her eyesight, entrusted to Miss Burney the examination of her letters and manuscripts, who assisted her in determining what should be preserved or destroyed. She even began revising and continuing a memoir of Mrs. Delany's life; but this unfortunately was never completed.

At Mrs. Delany's house, Miss Burney met with a small but select society. The Duchess Dowager of Portland was an almost constant visitor there; also the Countesses of Bute and Bristol, Lady Wallingford (daughter of Mississippi Law), Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chaponne; Horace Walpole, Owen Cambridge, and Soame Jenyns.

But this coterie of "the old wits," as they were termed by Dr. Burney, was broken up by the death of the Duchess of Portland, in 1785, just as Miss Burney was on the point of paying a lengthened visit at Bulstrode Park.

When the melancholy tidings of her death reached Miss Burney, she was with her father at Chesington, where she was acting as his amanuensis; but she immediately repaired to Mrs. Delany, to endeavour, as far as was in her power, to alleviate her affliction for the loss of such a friend, whose society was invaluable to her, and whose house had ever afforded so delightful and salutary a change to Mrs. Delany,—it being regarded by her as another home, where her presence was always welcome.

Immediately on hearing of this sad event, the King and Queen offered to Mrs. Delany a residence at Windsor, anxious that she should suffer no privations by the death of her friend; and thither she repaired at the end of the year. She was soon afterwards visited there by Miss Burney, and the circumstance ultimately led to a new epoch in Miss Burney's life. She was there first personally introduced to the Royal Family, who often called on Mrs. Delany in the most easy and unostentatious manner. The result of this introduction will presently be seen.

In the summer of 1785, the celebrated Comtesse De Genlis came over to England, and at her express desire, Miss Burney was invited to meet her at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. "She was then about thirty-five years of age, but on the whole her appearance was nearly ten

years younger," says Miss Burney. "Her face, without positive beauty, had the most winning agreeability; her figure was remarkably elegant, her attire was chastely simple; her air was reserved, and her demeanour was dignified; her language had the same flowing perspicuity, and animated variety, by which it is marked in the best of her works; and her discourse was full of intelligence, yet wholly free from presumption or intrusion." Dr. Burney was forcibly struck with her, and his daughter was enchanted.

Madame De Genlis had with her the lovely Pamela, afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald, and on one occasion, when Miss Burney had, by appointment, been spending a morning with the Comtesse, the little girl, by a number of playful manœuvres, contrived to detain her in one particular position for a considerable time, when, to her great surprise, she found that a painter, in the room, had been employed in clandestinely taking her likeness, which, from a dislike to being exhibited, she had hitherto constantly refused to have done.

But though Madame De Genlis "warmly, and with predetermined partiality, sought the friendship of Miss Burney," yet so many unfavourable reports were put into circulation concerning her, that, "notwithstanding the most ardent admiration of her talents, and a zest yet greater for her engaging society, and elegantly lively and winning manners, she yet dared no longer come within the precincts of her fascinating allurements."

Berquin was another foreigner who paid homage to Miss Burney's literary celebrity. "We had a droll interview enough," writes she; "he desired my mother to deliver the books, (*L'Ami des Enfants*), 'to Ma'amelle,' with a thousand fine speeches, and never once suspected I was the *Ma'amelle*, though I was in the room all the time."

The favourable impression the Queen had received of Miss Burney from her venerable friend's account of her, having been confirmed by a personal acquaintance, one evening, which she was spending in St. James's Palace, Mr. Smolt, who belonged to the Queen's household, requested to speak with her in private, and to her very great astonishment, he communicated a message from her Majesty, offering her the situation of keeper of the robes, which had just become vacant by the resignation of Madame Haggerdorn. This was a confidential place immediately about the Queen's person, with apartments in the palace, a footman kept for her, together with other comforts, and 200*l.* a-year.

Miss Burney was surprised and almost bewildered at this offer, which was the more flattering, from its having been entirely unsolicited, and even unthought of by her, whilst it had been sought for earnestly by many women even of rank. After much hesitation on her own part, she appears to have been persuaded by her friends to accept the situation, and accordingly, in July, 1786, she was installed in her new office, and in her new apartments in the Queen's lodge at Windsor, or, as Horace Walpole describes it, was "royally gagged and promoted to fold muslins."

Though this appointment was highly creditable to the Queen's discernment, and a singular testimony to Miss Burney's merits, yet was it a situation little calculated for a woman of her habits and tone of feeling; moreover it entailed many privations,—an incessant attendance upon the royal person—a continued confinement to court—with no power over her own time, and not even the

liberty to receive and pay visits without express permission.

By the Queen herself, and indeed by every member of the royal family, Miss Burney appears ever to have been treated with the greatest kindness and courtesy; but Madame Schwellenberg, the senior keeper of the robes, tried her powers of forbearance to the utmost, by her frequent ill-humour and tyranny.

Miss Burney's life at Windsor was monotonous in the extreme. She rose early, to be ready for her attendance on the Queen between seven and eight o'clock; after which she had a little time to herself, which was necessarily devoted to business, and to her wardrobe, a certain attention to dress being indispensable in her situation. She was again in attendance on her royal mistress about one, after which she had two hours to herself,—which she generally devoted to a journal which she kept for the amusement of her friends, and by the recent publication of which, so many amusing details of the interior of a royal ménage have been revealed to the public. At five she dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg, where a few guests were occasionally invited, and in the evening some of the equerries drank tea with the ladies. About eleven she was again summoned to the Queen, when she herself afterwards retired to bed—"and to sleep, too, believe me," says she; "the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle, and laid down my head."

Miss Burney appears to have been not very well fitted for her office. She had been brought up too independently quite to relish the duties required of her, whilst at the same time, never having been used to the punctilios of a court, she appears often innocently to have infringed upon royal etiquette. Moreover, from being the petted, flattered and caressed favourite of the literary circles, in which she had hitherto created such a sensation, she was here sunk into a dependant, in a subordinate situation, which, whilst to others it appeared highly honourable, she felt to be beneath that in which her abilities might fairly and justly entitle her to shine.

Her Majesty, who was "all sweetness and encouragement" to Miss Burney, does not appear to have exacted from her more punctuality or attention than any lady would expect from her immediate personal attendant; but, notwithstanding all her condescension and good nature, Miss Burney seems to have been any thing but happy during her sojourn at Windsor. The constraint of a court, the numerous requisitions upon her time, but above all, the insolence of her colleague, and immediate superior, Mrs. Schwellenberg, all contributed to render her situation disagreeable to her; though, on account of the mortification her father would have experienced had she given it up, she appears to have endeavoured to reconcile herself to her "monastic seclusion."

The death (in 1788) of Mrs. Delany, to whom Miss Burney had been accustomed to confide all her troubles and grievances, and from whom she received the kindest attention, was a heavy loss to her, and her own health eventually beginning to suffer from the confinement she necessarily underwent in her attendance upon the Queen, her friends exhorted her father to advise her to give up her situation. "The matter, indeed," Boswell told her, "was powerfully discussed at THE CLUB, Charles Fox in the chair, where it was in contemplation to send a round robin to Dr. Burney, to recall his daughter to the world."

At last, after much hesitation, and with much reluctance, did Miss Burney resolve to leave Windsor, where, for five years, she had been treated by the royal family with the most marked and uniform friendship. At parting, which took place in July, 1791, whilst she herself was melted into tears, the Queen, with weeping eyes, laid her fair hand upon her arm, repeatedly and gently wishing her well and happy.

By a tour to the west of England, and by the use of the Bath waters, the broken health of the invalid was at last restored.

It was at Norbury Park, the seat of her friends the Lockes, that Miss Burney was first introduced to General Alexander D'Arbly, one of the royalist refugees of the French Revolution, and the mutual attachment which was formed ended in a marriage, which took place on the 28th of July, 1793, at the village of Mickleham, where her sister, Mrs. Phillips, resided.

The newly-married pair immediately settled down quietly at Bookham in Surrey, where, in their domestic and fireside enjoyment, they found the utmost felicity, which was afterwards increased by the birth of a son, the late Reverend Alexander Charles Louis D'Arbly, who died before his mother, in January, 1837, after having been fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and perpetual Curate of Camden Town Chapel.

Mrs. Crewe, the daughter of Dr. Burney's early friend, Mr. Greville, interesting herself greatly in the fate of the French clergy, of whom she had, at East Bourne, seen a great number wandering about in banishment and beggary, about this time, benevolently set on foot a plan for the amelioration of their condition, and Madame D'Arbly's pen was called upon to assist in the project. "The Address to the Ladies of Great Britain in favour of the Emigrant Priests," together with "Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy," were accordingly written by her, and the profits arising from their sale were assigned to their benefit.

In 1795, a tragedy, entitled "Edwy and Elgiva," of Madame D'Arbly's composition, was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, but was never subsequently published.

Madame D'Arbly now found herself obliged to exert her abilities for the benefit of her own immediate family, their pecuniary means being small, chiefly indeed confined to the 100*l.* per annum which the Queen assigned to her on quitting her situation at Windsor, and which she enjoyed for the rest of her life.

Accordingly, in 1796, was published by subscription, "Camilla, or a Picture of Youth," in five volumes. For this work she received three thousand guineas.

Though a pleasing and interesting work, and one which was extremely admired at the time of its publication, "Camilla" can scarcely be considered equal to Madame D'Arbly's more juvenile performances of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," nor indeed was it ever, perhaps, quite so popular as its predecessors, though much more profitable to the writer.

Shortly afterwards, with the money arising from the sale of "Camilla," the D'Arblys built a small cottage on a spot adjoining Norbury Park, according to a plan of General D'Arbly. It was called jokingly "Camilla Cottage," by Dr. Burney, but this name was afterwards generally adopted for it by their friends. In this pleasing retirement the D'Arblys spent some years previous to their leaving England for the Continent.

After the publication of *Camilla*, Mrs. Crewe was ex-

tremely anxious that Madame D'Arblay should undertake the management of a periodical paper, to be entitled "The Breakfast Table," in which she thought, by persiflage and ridicule, the Jacobinism of the day might be discounted. But the peculiar situation of her husband, with other circumstances, rendered this undertaking inexpedient, and she declined it; and the project, though it was to have been supported by Canning, Wyndham, and other distinguished persons, ultimately fell to the ground.

In the October of this year, Dr. Burney lost his second wife. By her, he had one son, Richard Thomas, who subsequently died in the East Indies, leaving a large family, and a daughter, Sarah Harriet, the authoress of several pleasing novels, &c.

On the 6th of January, 1800, at Park Gate, whilst on the road to visit her father at Chelsea College, died the third daughter of Dr. Burney, Susanna, Mrs. Phillips, who had long been in a declining state of health, to the great grief of all her friends, but, in particular, of her sister, Madame D'Arblay, who, till the year 1813, regularly devoted the anniversary of her death to meditative commemoration; but at the exhortation of her father, she was subsequently induced to abandon this indulgence of morbid sensibility.

In 1802, at the peace of Amiens, the minister plenipotentiary sent over by Bonaparte chanced to be General Lauriston, a descendant of the famous Mississippi Law, and an old friend of General D'Arblay, who joyfully received his former comrade again, whom he had thought mingled with the slaughtered on the 10th of August. Through his mediation, a letter was conveyed to Berthier, then minister of war at Paris, and it was arranged, that on condition of General D'Arblay's serving a year in the Island of St. Domingo with General Le Clerc, the first husband of Napoleon's sister Pauline, he should be allowed to retire from the service with rank and promotion.

General D'Arblay, who had gone over to Paris on this occasion, having obtained leave to return to England to take leave of his wife and son, and to make arrangements for his departure to St. Domingo, wrote from thence a candid but somewhat indiscreet letter to Napoleon, in which he signified his intention never to bear arms against the country of his wife, after which he embarked for France, in February, 1802. The consequences were, that his commission was annulled, much to his annoyance, though to the joy of Madame D'Arblay, who contemplated with dismay his expedition to so unhealthy a climate as St. Domingo. Notwithstanding his displeasure, the Emperor, however, carried his resentment no farther than the saying to La Fayette, who interceded for him, "Il m'a écrit un diable de lettre!" but stopping with a smile, half gay, half cynical, he continued, "However, I ought only to regard in it the husband of Cecilia!"

General D'Arblay determined to remain at least a twelvemonth in France, in order to evince his readiness to serve, in case of any change of mind on the part of the Emperor; and he therefore desired to be joined by his wife and son, intending, at the end of the year, to return to his quiet seclusion at West Hamble. Madame D'Arblay, therefore, left England in April, 1802, having first had the honour of a parting interview with their Majesties, who entirely approved of her following the fortunes of the man to whom she had given her hand.

In the mean time war broke forth again; and the D'Arblays were compelled to remain in France, where the next ten years of their life were spent. Madame

D'Arblay's correspondence with her family was now necessarily curtailed, and became both uncertain and unfrequent. Their letters by post were unsealed, and those by private hands undirected, their contents, of course, being brief and unsatisfactory, on account of Madame D'Arblay's fear of compromising her husband's safety.

In 1812, whilst the Emperor Napoleon was absent in Russia, General D'Arblay with difficulty procured a passport for his wife and son to leave France, which, had Napoleon been there, would have been utterly impossible. After six weeks' detention at Dunkirk, they were landed at Deal from an American vessel, which was captured, though, as English, they were immediately set at liberty.

However rejoiced Madame D'Arblay would naturally feel at returning to her native land, she had, notwithstanding the peculiarity of her situation, been both cordially received, and treated with a warmth of friendship in France, that did credit to the heads and hearts of those who became acquainted with her. She also formed intimacies with a chosen few, among whom Madame de Maisonneuve is particularly specified by her, as her "faithful, chosen, and tender friend."

Twelve years had naturally wrought their usual changes in her family, and Madame D'Arblay found her father, grown old and feeble, still residing in his apartments in Chelsea College, which, indeed, he now never quitted. Her eldest brother had just completed his "General History of Voyages to the South Sea;" her second was considered to be the third best Greek scholar in the kingdom, Porson and Parr being alone his superiors; whilst her sisters, Mrs. Burney and Mrs. Broome, were surrounded by blooming young families; and her half-sister, Sarah Harriet, was rising in reputation as a novel-writer.

On the 12th of April, 1814, the day succeeding a general illumination in honour of the glorious victory of England and her allies over the Emperor Napoleon, Dr. Burney, in his eighty-seventh year, breathed his last; his affectionate daughter, Madame D'Arblay, being by his side, where she had remained during the whole of the preceding night; while rockets and distant fireworks were illuminating the sky, and presenting a singular contrast to the chamber of sickness and death.

In the same year appeared "The Wanderer," by Madame D'Arblay, a novel in five volumes, founded on incidents arising partly out of the French Revolution, the notes of which she took with her to France when she quitted England, in 1802. For the copyright of this work she received 1,500*l.*; but whether the taste of the public was altered, or that her magic pen had lost its virtue in a foreign land, this work certainly never attained to the popularity of her preceding publications.

On the 3d of May, 1818, Madame D'Arblay had the misfortune to lose her husband, General D'Arblay, who died at Bath. He was a general in the French service, and had been made one of the Legion of Honour by Louis XVIII. He originally came over to England in the early part of the French Revolution with Talleyrand, Lally Tollendal, and other distinguished French emigrants.

In 1826, Madame D'Arblay had an interview with Sir Walter Scott, and the following is an account given of it by himself, in his interesting Diary, 1826, November 18th:—"Was introduced by Rogers to Madame D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of 'Evelina,' and 'Cecilia:' an

elderly lady, with no remains of beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quiet feelings. She told me she had wished to see two persons—myself, of course being one, the other George Canning.

"Madame D'Arblay told us that the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of 'Evelina' being printed. But the following circumstance may have given rise to the story:—Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale recovering from her confinement, low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out, "You should read this new work, madam—you should read 'Evelina;' every one says it is excellent, and they are right."* The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Madame D'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry-tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again."

In 1832, Madame D'Arblay published the memoirs of her father, in three volumes, arranged from his own manuscripts, from family papers, and from personal recollections.

After the death of her son, which took place in 1837, Madame D'Arblay withdrew almost entirely from general society, admitting none but relations and intimate friends. Notwithstanding her advanced age, however, her conversational powers and her faculties remained unimpaired till within a short time of her decease, which took place in her house in Lower Grosvenor Street, on the 6th of January, 1840, in her eighty-eighth year. Her remains were deposited, by her own express desire, in Walcot Churchyard, in Bath, near those of her husband, General D'Arblay, and her only son, Alexander Charles Louis D'Arblay.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that Madame D'Arblay's productions were among the first of their class possessing merit and popularity, which might unhesitatingly be placed in the hands of youth; and though not professedly writing for the instruction of her readers, she, at all times and in all places, advocates and advances the cause of religion, morality, and good principles; and notwithstanding her undergoing that greatest of trials to the sobriety of the mind, a sudden transition from obscurity to fame and celebrity, yet did she never fail steadily to fulfil her social duties in a most exemplary manner: she was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, a devoted wife, and a faithful friend.

* This account does not correspond with that given by Madame D'Arblay, in her "Diary," &c., now in the course of publication. She there states that "Evelina" was first read by Dr. Johnson, at the recommendation of Mrs. Thrale. Of course the latter version is the correct one. But we allow the other to stand, as a literary curiosity, professing as it does, to be reported from the lips of the lady herself, and by so celebrated a person as "the author of Waverley."

WORKS.

Evelina; or, the History of a Young Lady's First Introduction to the World, 1778.

Cecilia; or, Memoirs of an Heiress, 1781.

Camilla; or, a Picture of Youth, 1796.

Address to the Ladies of Great Britain, &c.

Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy, 1795.

The Wanderer, 1814.

Memoirs of Dr. Burney, 1832.

Diary and Letters, edited by her Niece, 1842, 43, 44.

MRS. GRANT, OF LAGGAN.

ANNE MAC VICAR, afterwards so well known as Mrs. Grant of Laggan, was born at Glasgöw in the February of the year 1755. On her mother's side she was descended from the ancient family of Stewart of Invernahyle, a Argyleshire. Her father, Mr. Mac Vicar, was an officer in the British army, and shortly after her birth he accompanied his regiment, the 55th infantry, to America, under the auspices of the Earl of Eglintoun, with the intention of eventually settling there, should he find sufficient inducement for so doing. He was subsequently joined by his wife and infant daughter.

In alluding to this country, many years afterwards, she says, "I was fond of it to enthusiasm, and spent the most delightful and fanciful period of my life in it, for mine was a very premature childhood. The place where I resided was the most desirable in the whole continent; there my first perceptions of pleasure, and there my earliest habits of thinking, were formed; and from thence I drew that high relish for the sublime simplicity of nature which has ever accompanied me. This has been the means of preserving a certain humble dignity in all the difficulties I have had to struggle through."

In a situation so remote as our American colonies, at that period, might be considered to be, there were, of course, but few advantages for the education of young persons, and Miss Mac Vicar was constrained, from circumstances, to obtain here as she best could. By her mother she was taught to work and read; and so apt and diligent a scholar did she prove, that before she had entered her sixth year she had perused, and was well acquainted with, the contents of the Old Testament.

From an old sergeant in a Scottish regiment, she received her only lessons in penmanship; he, observing her love of reading, one day made her a present of a copy of Blind Harry's "Wallace," which, by his assistance, she was enabled not only to decipher, but also to understand and to appreciate; and her admiration for the heroism of Wallace and his companions kindled in her breast that enthusiasm for Scotland, which, as she herself expressed it, remained ever after with her, as a principle of life.

Of the Dutch language she early obtained a knowledge, and was enabled to speak it, in consequence of having been domesticated in her childhood for some time with a family of Dutch colonists, in the State of New York.

Her fondness for literature was soon generally observed by her father's friends; and an officer in his regiment con-

ferred on her an inestimable treasure, by presenting her with a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which, young as she was, she perused with the greatest interest; and to its diligent study Mrs. Grant ascribed the formation of her taste and character, observing, that, whatever she had of elevation of spirit, expansion of mind, or taste for the sublime and beautiful, she owed to her familiarity with Milton. The effect of this became so evident in her conversation and habits, as even at this tender age to secure for her the notice of several of the most eminent settlers in the State of New York.

In her own immediate family, Miss Mac Vicar's literary tastes received but little encouragement. By her mother she was doomed to spend hour after hour in needlework, an employment possibly very necessary to the limited income of a subaltern officer; whilst her father's religious prejudices, amounting, when sick, even to enthusiasm, occasionally would induce him to issue forth the (to her) terrible decree, that she was henceforth to read "no more idle books or plays."

Mr. Mac Vicar was at this time a subaltern in the 55th regiment, which was stationed at Oswego, on Lake Ontario, but in consequence of the then troubled state of the country, his wife and daughter were at first left below Albany. On his being sent thither to purchase stores for his regiment, they accompanied him on his return to his quarters, a perilous journey for females, but with which Miss Mac Vicar was greatly delighted; "it was a change, from sitting pinned to her sampler by her mother till the hour of play, and then running wild with children as young and still simpler than herself." She also found herself the object of much attention, and was of course not a little flattered with her new-found importance.

At Schenectady the party embarked, and proceeded up the river in six batteaux, to one of the most charming scenes imaginable, where was built Fort Hendrick, so termed in compliment to the principal Sachem, or King of the Mohawks, whose palace stood on an eminence, surrounded by palisades.

They did not fail to wait upon his majesty, whom they found sitting on the floor, beside a large heap of wheat, surrounded by baskets of dried berries; whilst his son, a pretty boy, was caressing a young foal which had unceremoniously intruded into the royal presence. "The monarch smiled," she says, "clapped her head, and ordered her a little basket, very pretty, and filled by the officious kindness of his son with dried berries. Never did princely gifts, or the smile of royalty, produce more ardent admiration and profound gratitude. Indeed," adds Mrs. Grant, "I am not sure but that I liked kings all my life the better for the royal specimen to which I was so early introduced."

After many delays to their journey, they finally reached Fort Oswego. Here she found the confinement, and the long tasks incident to a deep fall of snow, an ill exchange for the freedom of her forest life; and as an amusement, she used to study the Old Testament as a story-book, being too young at that period to derive much other benefit from it. Wallace, and Welwood's *Memoirs of the History of England*, were her next acquisitions.

When once the winter set in, Oswego became a perfect Siberia, cut off even from all intelligence of what was passing in the world. But at last, "spring returned with

its showers," and converted their frozen and forlorn retreat at once into an uncultured Eden, rich in all the charms of sublime scenery. "It is in her central retreat," says Mrs. Grant, "amidst the mighty waters of the West, that nature seems in solitary grandeur to have chosen her most favoured habitation, remote from the ocean, whose waves bear the restless sons of Europe on their voyages of discovery, invasion, and intrusion. * * * It is in the depths of these forests, and around those sea-like lakes, that Nature has been purposely kind, and discovers more charms the more her shady veil is withdrawn from her noble features. If ever the fond illusions of poets and philosophers—that Atlantis, that new Arcadia, that safe and serene Utopia, whose ideal quiet and happiness have so often charmed in theory—if ever this dream of social bliss, in some new-planted region, is to be realized, this unrivalled scene of grandeur and fertility bids fairest to be the place of its abode. Here the climate is serene and equal; the rigorous winters that brace the frame and call forth the powers of mind and body to prepare for its approach, are succeeded by a spring so rapid, the exuberance of vernal bloom bursts forth so suddenly, after the disappearance of those deep snows which cherish and fructify the earth, that the change seems like a magical delusion."

The Indian war, which broke out in 1762, occasioned the detention of the 55th regiment in America till 1765, during all which time the garrison was commanded by Colonel Duncan, who seems to have taken paternal pride in the comfort and the improvement of those under his care, inciting them to study, and engaging them in agricultural and horticultural pursuits, combined with hunting, shooting, and fishing, to vary their employments.

Mr. Mac Vicar, however, was sent again to Albany, to purchase stores; and, accompanied by his family, he returned by his former route, stopping at Fort Brewston, where his little daughter, being captivated by the copper-plates in an edition of "*Paradise Lost*," put before her for her amusement, Captain Campbell, when they were taking their leave, said, "Keep that book, my dear child; I foretell that the time will come when you will find pleasure in it." "Never," says Mrs. Grant, "did a present produce such joy and gratitude. I thought I was dreaming, and looked at it a hundred times before I could believe any thing so fine was really my own. I tried to read it, and almost cried with vexation when I found I could not understand it. At length I quitted it in despair; yet always said to myself, 'I shall be wiser next year.'"

The next year (1762) found the little damsel shut up in the fort, with no companion, and never suffered to go out without her mother, and even this indulgence very seldom granted. All the forenoons she sat and sewed; and in the evenings, when others went to play, she was generally sent up into a large waste room, to learn by heart some grave and repulsive lesson.

She now again applied to her Milton; and by the aid of an old tattered Bailey's Dictionary, which accidentally lay there, and with the assistance of any one who would attend to her, she gradually understood and became attached to that divine poet, and the waste room, once a gloomy prison in her mind, became converted into the scene of all her enjoyment. She had, at this time, attained eight years of age, and was entirely uneducated, excepting in reading

and needlework. But when company came, and she was sent out of the way, she flew to her solitude with rapture.

Here she often heard of the fame of Madame Schuyler, at this time residing principally at Albany, her former home, the Flats, having been burnt down in 1759. Having courteously invited the Scotch strangers, who had moved to a house next door to her own, to spend an evening with her, the little Mac Vicar was astonished and filled with awe and reverence when first introduced into the presence of so august a personage.

"In the course of the evening," she says, "dreams began to be spoken of, and every one in turn gave their opinion, with regard to that wonderful mode in which the mind acts independent of the senses, asserting its immaterial nature in a manner the most conclusive. I mused and listened, till at length the spirit of quotation (which very early began to haunt me) moved me to repeat, from *Paradise Lost*,

"When nature rests,
Of in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft."

"I sat silent when my bolt was shot, but so did not Madame. Astonished to hear her favourite author quoted readily by so mere a child, she attached much more importance to the circumstance than it deserved; so much so, indeed, that, long after, she used to repeat it to strangers in my presence, by way of accounting for the great fancy she had taken to me."

Although peace had been for some time established in Europe, America had not yet settled down into perfect quiet, and the newly-acquired territory of Canada required all the care and prudence of Sir Jeffery, afterwards Lord Amherst, the then commander-in-chief. This was the more necessary in consequence of a mutiny, which took place amongst the British troops, who now found themselves treated with coldness and suspicion by those who were previously dependent upon them for protection. The Indian war, however, which shortly afterwards broke out, for some time occupied all attention.

The guard-house was opposite to Madame Schuyler's; and on the occasion of the mutiny, Miss Mac Vicar beheld the extraordinary spectacle of all the soldiers laying down their arms, and refusing to take them up, as was simultaneously done in various other places. Sir Jeffery Amherst, by his calm and dispassionate address, however, soon quelled this incipient disaffection; and the crafty Pontiac, the chief of the Indians in the neighbourhood of the lakes, by his sudden attack upon Fort Detroit, having caused great alarm in the provinces, the soldiers were again looked up to for protection and safety, and military preparations and arrangements were carried on with all possible activity.

When this Indian war, after causing great disquiet, boundless expense, and bloodshed, came to an end, Miss Mac Vicar was witness to the joyful ceremonies of the conclusion of peace, and of the mutual exchange of children, which in the course of predatory excursions were frequently carried off by the enemy,—a day engraven in indelible characters upon her memory. It took place at Albany; and as in many cases the Indians had become extremely attached to their little captives, many touching scenes took

place between the mothers who recognised their long-lost offspring, and the adopted parents who were obliged to resign them, to whom they fondly clung, unknowing of any other, and from whom they were only separated with heart-piercing shrieks.

The 55th regiment now again prepared to embark for their native land, to which they were enthusiastically attached; and Mr. Mac Vicar, having obtained a valuable portion of land, made up his mind to settle in America, though he accompanied his corps to New York.

In the summer, Mr. Mac Vicar proceeded to his location, which was considered to be a most fertile and valuable estate, consisting of dry land, without any swamp, through which passed a beautiful stream, where the beavers had already cleared for them thirty acres of good hay land. And now the "Township of Clarendon," as their property was termed, was to repay them for all former troubles.

But all these hopes of the golden age again returning proved illusive. The Stamp Act and its subsequent repeal began to set the public mind in a ferment; and Mr. Mac Vicar became so disgusted with the scenes around him, and with the lawless invasion of his rights, by those who daringly questioned the legality of his claims, that it caused him a serious fit of illness, and eventually he resolved to return to Scotland.

The river Connecticut had long been considered as the boundary of the State of New York, when the limits of property were not accurately defined. But now arose a fierce set of Republicans and Squatters, who insisted that the real line of demarcation was twenty miles farther from the river; and that, consequently, all the patents, including that of "the Township of Clarendon," were null and void. They ultimately carried the day, rather by force than by argument; and the little State of Vermont was formed out of this debateable ground, from which were eventually expelled the original English settlers.

Previous to this, however, Mr. Mac Vicar and his family had regularly settled themselves at Clarendon, though his daughter was allowed to spend her winters with her kind friend, Madame Schuyler, at Albany.

Miss Mac Vicar's summers, however, were passed in the seclusion of Clarendon, whither she carried for her amusement a few volumes of Shakespeare, which, when at the Flats, she used to read on a raft of wood which was drifting down to Albany, but which had become, as was often the case, shelved on the banks of the river. On one occasion, whilst compassionating the sorrows of Othello, sitting on a plank wrapt in attention, on accidentally raising her eyes, she beheld a long serpent on the same board at her elbow, in a threatening attitude, with its head lifted up. Othello and his young admirer ran off together, and on examination, it was found she had actually been studying in the midst of serpents, a nest with seven eggs being discovered under the very plank she had been wont to select for her favourite seat.

Their voyage down the Hudson was, by contrary winds, protracted to a whole week; Miss Mac Vicar's grief at quitting her friend Madame Schuyler was soothed by the far-famed beauties of the river, and at New York she was charmed with the easy gaiety and social kindness that then prevailed; though even then the spirit of discord was ready to burst forth, and their slumbers would occasionally

be broken by intoxicated electors thundering at their doors to demand a vote for a favourite candidate.

The following is the account Mrs. Grant wrote to one of her numerous correspondents in 1773, whilst the recollection of her virtues was still fresh in her memory, of the origin of her introduction to her revered friend, Madame Schuyler. "In the eighth year of my age we removed from the fort, to make room for some other regiment. Lodging next this good lady in town, I took a great fancy to a beautiful child, a relation whom she was bringing up in the house; and my father attracted Madame Schuyler's notice by his piety, not very frequently a distinguishing feature in the military character. I will not tire you with the detail of all the little circumstances that gradually acquired me the place in her favour which I ever continued to possess. She saw me reading 'Paradise Lost' with delighted attention; she was astonished to see a child take pleasure in such a book, and no less so to observe, that I loved to sit thoughtful by her, and hear the conversations of elderly and grave people. My father, on leaving the army, took a small farm of hers: she grew still more attached to me, and I lived with her two winters. She professed a desire to keep me entirely, if my parents would part with me. I was admitted to the honour of being her constant companion, slept in her room, and was entertained with many interesting details, which to hear did I, like *Deedemon*, 'seriously incline,' and she was gratified with my attention. Whatever culture my mind has received I owe to her. Beyond the knowledge of my first duties I should scarce have proceeded, or rather, I should have become almost savage, in a retreat which precluded me from the advantages of society, as well as those of education."

Mrs. Grant, in her letters, has also given a sketch of the useful and happy life of this estimable and singular character, the friend of her childhood, the instructress of her youth, and the existing model, in her mind, of the highest practical virtue.

"Madame, or Aunt Schuyler,—for so, by universal consent, she was indiscriminately called, in the province of New York,—was daughter to one of the first and most respectable characters existing in that province, when it fell under the dominion of the English. His name was Cuyler, and his descendants are still numerous and prosperous in that country, to which prosperity my friend's wisdom and goodness contributed not a little. This Cuyler was the person who brought over the four Mohawk kings, who were mentioned by the Spectator as exciting so much wonder in England. He was introduced to Queen Anne, and had several conversations with her. She offered to knight him, but he refused, not choosing an elevation unusual in that country, which would make an invidious distinction betwixt him and his friends.

"Some years after his return, his daughter Catalina, then about eighteen, was married to Colonel Schuyler, who possessed an estate in Albany, in the direction which led to the vicinity of the French and the hostile Indians. He was a person whose calm, temperate wisdom, singular probity, and thorough knowledge of the affairs and interests of the bordering nations, had given him a very great influence, not only in his own province, but among the Indians and Canadian French, whose respective languages he spoke fluently. He was wealthy, and very

generous, and so public-spirited, that though he did all in his power to prevent war, being in fact, a

"Lover of peace, and friend of human kind,"

yet, when he saw it inevitable, he raised a regiment at his own expense, and was the first who gave character or energy to the provincial troops.

"To detail instances of public virtue in this truly great and good man, would, in fact, be giving the history of the province during his lifetime. From the place where he lived, he stood, as it were, a barrier between the Indians and the inhabitants. Of high and distinguished utility was this mild, philosophic, and Christian character; yet, unless he had met a congenial mind, he could neither have done so much good, nor prevented so much evil. Luckily for the public, they had no family; therefore, greatly resembling each other, both in taste and inclination, and intellectual powers, their efforts were all directed one way.

"At that time there were not many settlers in the province who were acquainted with the English language; and these generally entertained a rooted prejudice, nay, aversion, to the very army which came to protect them. In the hospitality, intelligence, and pleasing conversation of this very worthy pair, these officers always found a refuge; from them they met with cordial kindness, sound advice, and useful information.

"Petty and crooked policy was unknown in this patriarchal family, where a succession of adopted children, judiciously educated, and a number of domestic slaves, very kindly and tenderly treated, formed a happy community, who were directed with such prudence, that they left leisure to their rulers for beneficence still more widely diffused, and for studies of the most useful nature."

"They had three objects in view, besides the great primary one of making their large family as good, and wise, and happy as possible; the first was, to prevent injustice being done to the Indians, to conciliate their affections, and to ameliorate their condition; the second, to alleviate the hardships and difficulties to which the British troops were exposed, from marching into unknown wildernesses, by receiving them into their family, making them acquainted with the nature of the country, and the manner of managing the stubborn tempers of the boorish inhabitants, avoiding ambushes, and reconciling Indian nations to our government. On these occasions, they would accommodate in the house those officers whose morals and manners recommended them most, and also gave the parties of soldiers, as they passed, a lodging in their offices, and an abundant supply of milk and vegetables.

"The third object to which their wisdom and humanity were directed was, the protection and comfort of new settlers, on their neighbouring boundary, to whom they were ever ready to extend a helping hand, both in the way of advice and assistance. Indeed, so well did they understand the interests and defence of their growing colony, and the important frontier in which they lived, that every new governor always came up to consult them, and no public measure was thought safe till the colonel approved of it.

"In the mean time, their house was an academy for morals, for manners, and for solid knowledge. There the best company was always to be met; there the most im-

portant topics were discussed dispassionately and fully; there conversation, properly so called, was cultivated and tasted. The little embellishments and elegancies of life, perhaps, had no great share in these discussions, but she,

'Whose mind was moral as the preacher's tongue,
And strong to wield all science worth the name,'

was well skilled in the Holy Scriptures, and intimately acquainted with the writings of the best divines and historians. I say she, for the colonel died before I knew her, after they had lived forty years together, in unexampled happiness, and reared (from the time of their being weaned, till they were married, or launched out into active life) fifteen nieces, nephews, or other relatives, several of whom have since been distinguished both for their merits and their uncommon success in various pursuits.

"Soon after the death of her lamented partner, Madame Schuyler removed to the town of Albany, that she might more freely enjoy her choice of society,—people, whom experience in the world, or superior attainments, made suitable associates for a mind so sound and so enlightened. Her husband had left her all his possessions. The use she made of her wealth was to keep a kind of open table for strangers who were in any respect worthy of admittance, and to educate, in succession, the children of different relations of her beloved consort."

Such was the lady with whom the most happy days of Miss MacVicar's childhood were passed, and by whom her mind was formed, and trained in the habits of virtue and reflection.

Miss MacVicar's father had, with the view of permanently settling in America, received a large grant of land there, already alluded to, to which he made several valuable additions by purchase. But when, on falling into bad health, he was advised and determined to leave that country, he did it so precipitately that he had not time to dispose of this property. Soon afterwards the revolutionary war broke out, when it was confiscated, and thus the chief means of providing for the support of his family were cut off; and thus ended, as Mrs. Grant observes, "The History of an Heiress." He returned to Scotland, with his wife and daughter, about the year 1768, and a few years afterwards he was appointed barrack-master at Fort Augustus, in the county of Inverness.

The MacVicar's set out from Balclutha (Glasgow) in April 1773, for their highland abode on the banks of Loch Ness. Of the commencement of their journey Miss MacVicar gives the following account:

"We left Balclutha so mournful, 'thin darkness covered our beauty, and we looked forth from our hill, like half-seen stars, through the rainy clouds of night. The sigh of the manly youths awaited our departure, and we went away, very sad indeed.' I am sure if St. Mungo's spire were capable of gratitude, it owes me some, for the many sad looks I cast back at it. I shall ever love my dear native Balclutha, not only for what I have enjoyed, but for what I suffered in it. What I have suffered was the common lot of humanity; what I have enjoyed was much more, for who ever had such friends as mine?"

They proceeded on their way, the whole party lost in meditation, "till the sight of Loch Lomond roused us. What a happy faculty is an active imagination to combat

the evils of sickly sensibility! I passed over all the beautiful groves and corn-fields that adorn the lower side, for I had seen such things before, and they brought images of happiness and tranquillity which my mind could not relish in its depressed state. But the solemn and melancholy grandeur of the lofty dark mountains, and abrupt rocks tufted with heath and juniper, that rose on the other side of the lake, and seemed to close its upper end, arrested my attention at once. I peopled their narrow and gloomy glens with those vindictive clans, that used to make such fatal incursions of old. I thought I saw Bruce and his faithful few ascending them, in his forced flight from Bute. A train of departed heroes seemed to pass in their clouds in long review; and, do but guess who closed the procession?—no other than the notorious Rob Roy,* riding up the Loch side with the lady he forced away, and the 'twenty men in order,' who make such a figure in the ballad. My mother knew the family, and tells the whole history of the transaction. The lady, it would appear, was too delicate a subject for such a rough adventure, for she died of grief soon after."

As the travellers drew near Loch Ayr, they had a glimpse of Barabreck, familiar to the writer, as the often-described abode of her ancestors. "Here," continues she, "we had a long detail of their simple manner of life, their humble virtues, and the affectionate confidence that subsisted between them and their copartners in the same profession. My father delighted to show us the stream where he first caught a trout, and the little island which had been the object of his first excursion in search of nuts and raspberries; and I listened with delight to tales of other times, told with so much animation; I felt as proud of the genuine worth and unstained probity of my ancestors, as if they had been all that the world admires and envies, and only wished that I might not prove unworthy of them."

Having seen and admired the princely abode of the Duke of Argyll, at Inverary, on the banks of Loch Fyne, they continued their route to Oban, across the Mona Lise, or Gray Mountain, an endless moor, without any road but a small footpath through which the guide conducted with difficulty their horses, and which, the very region of storms and clouds, the imagination of Miss MacVicar peopled with "fleeing spectres, and half-seen visions, melting into gray mist."

A storm having driven the King's wherry back to Oban, in which Mr. and Mrs. MacVicar had set out to Fort Augustus, their daughter was seized with the strongest desire to accompany them, which she accordingly did.

In a rural scene, a little to the north, on a projecting point at the junction of the Oich with the lake, stood her father's house, surrounded with tall ash trees and gardens. "The serene grandeur of this lake in a calm is not to be described. Bold, steep mountains rise on the south side; little retiring bays and sloping woods give variety to the north; and the reflection is so fine; nothing interrupts it for twenty-five miles, at the end of which the lake discharges, through the short rapid river Ness, into the Mur-

* Rob Roy Macgregor, the leader of a train of banditti, the last person in Scotland who carried off an heiress forcibly.

ray Firth. The immediate scene, in short, is tranquil and beautiful, while the surrounding objects are all rude and majestic."

In this remote and retired spot did Miss Mac Vicar spend several years, varied by a little excursion to the celebrated Fall of Fyers, a trip to Blair Atholl, and a visit to Inverness, the northern capital, a cheerful-looking place, with good society, and frequent assemblies, superior to those of Glasgow, being attended by the families of the neighbouring gentry, whose great distance from the metropolis caused them to make that town the scene of their winter amusements.

Of their own society at Fort Augustus, she observes, "Reading, walking, and all speculative and solitary amusements, you know, can be enjoyed here as well as in town. You have no idea how townised folks are, in all these little garrisons, and how these small circles, which necessity has driven together, ape the manners of the great world, that they have reluctantly left behind. We, too, have our visits, our scandal, brought from thirty miles distant, our tittle-tattle, our jealousies, our audible whispers, and secrets that every body knows. Not to dwell on each minute particular, believe that our handful of antiquated beaux and rusticated belles just do every thing in the country that yours do in town, only with more languor and ill-humour."

She, however, took pleasure in the contemplation of the natural beauties with which she was surrounded, and after complaining of having no one to admire them with her, says, "I feel my mind rise to a kind of melancholy greatness—but I think I should rejoice once more if I met with one that tasted all this that I do. Nobody will understand me. I cannot blame them. I am too rustic, too simple at least for people of this world, with whom manner is every thing, and though myself uneducated, I painfully feel I have too much refinement, too much delicacy for uninformed people, with whom I feel no point of union but simplicity. . . . The retired manner in which I have been brought up, equally remote from the refined artifice of higher life, and the necessary activity and confined notions of the mob, have nourished my peculiarities. So has the little company I have kept; these were of the same primitive cast, and lay under the same disadvantage of being unfit for vulgar, and what the world calls elegant society. The mournful event to which you are no stranger,* blasting the flattering picture of felicity which my heart had so fondly indulged, fixed in my mind a cast of pensive thought, which has been alternately sustained by the tenderness of friendship and the reveries of solitude; so that I am now neither fit for any other situation, nor desirous of a change, lest it should prove

'A bitter change—severer for severe.'

A change of a more pleasing nature than she had anticipated, however, took place eventually in her situation, as in the month of May, 1779, she was united to the Rev. James Grant, chaplain to the fort, a young clergyman of accomplished mind and manners, connected with some of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood.

Two months after their marriage they went to the vil-

lage of Laggan, in Badenoch, Invernesshire, of which place Mr. Grant had been appointed minister, and took up their abode in "the Pastor's Cottage," which was "literally pastoral," situated in the centre of a vale, through which ran the clear and rapid Spey, and at the foot of a mountain which screened it from the north wind. It was twenty-five miles distant from Fort Augustus, from which it was separated by another immense mountain called Coryarich, a barrier impassable during the winter months, when its top was veiled in clouds, and the descent particularly dangerous, and subject to whirlwinds and eddies that gave rise to the traditional belief of its being inhabited by an evil spirit.

The pastor's cottage was so far removed from a market, that they were necessitated to have a farm which afforded them every necessary of life; for its superfluities, such as tea and sugar, &c., they were forced to send to Inverness, fifty miles off. The superintendence of the farm, as well as the household, appears to have fallen to Mrs. Grant's care, and a complicated affair, as she observes, does highland farming appear to be. To very few rural occupations would the men in general condescend to attend; so that the cattle fell to the care of the women, who conducted them in summer from one glen or bothy to another, wandering about in a truly patriarchal style. "Yet, as they must carry their beds, food, and utensils, the housewife who furnishes and divides these matters, has enough to do, when her shepherd is in one glen, and her dairymaid in another with her milch cattle; not to mention some of the children, who are marched off to the glen as a discipline, to inure them early to hardiness and simplicity of life. Meanwhile, his reverence, with my kitchen-damsel and the ploughmen, constitute another family at home, from which all the rest are flying detachments, occasionally sent out and recalled, and regularly furnished with provision and forage."

Even the flax and the wool grown upon the farm were manufactured at home into clothing for the family; so that the employments of Mrs. Grant were nearly as multifarious as those of the virtuous women described by king Lemuel's mother, in the Proverbs.

In addition to these cares, she had those of a large and increasing family, twelve children being born whilst they dwelt at Laggan, of whom eight survived their father, and of these but one, strange to say, outlived his mother.

An elegant and beautiful girl, Charlotte Grant, a connexion of Mr. Grant's, was also for some years domiciled beneath their roof. She afterwards became Mrs. John Smith of Glasgow, and her untimely death, in 1800, was deeply felt by Mrs. Grant, who mourned in her the loss of a "daughter, sister, friend, counsellor, and what of all binds closest, fellow-sufferer and fellow-mourner."

Though their neighbourhood was scattered and distant, yet Highland hospitality will always contrive to find society; and so much was it put into practice by Mr. and Mrs. Grant, that it was a matter of great surprise to their friends, how, with their large family and slender means, they could do so much in that way.

Mr. Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, had a house within visiting distance, and on his death, in 1796, Mrs. Grant observes, "I think we are somewhat shrunk, and

* The death of a young friend.

our consequence diminished, by losing the only person of eminence among us. "Tis like extinguishing a light."

Some years after their marriage, Mrs. Grant's father removed to Fort George, where they paid him frequent visits, as well as to Mr. Grant's connexions dwelling in and about Banff and Elgin, and every where did this amiable pair receive the utmost kindness and attention. Indeed, Mrs. Grant, who had been told, on going to Laggan, that from being a Lowlander by birth, she would not be acceptable to the inhabitants of that Highland district, took a pride and a pleasure in conquering their prejudices, and by learning the language, and acquiring the customs of the people among whom she resided, she soon became popular among all classes; her kindness and attention to the wants of the poor, rendering her as great a favourite with them, as her worth and talents with those moving in a higher sphere.

In the year 1801, the death of Mr. Grant put a stop to this almost Arcadian state of felicity, and left Mrs. Grant a widow, with eight children for whom to provide, and with debt and difficulties with which to contend. It was then that she was recommended by her friends to turn her poetical talents to account for the benefit of her family, she having been often in the habit of amusing a leisure hour with the composition of verses for the entertainment of her friends. The result was, that in a short time, more than three thousand subscribers were collected to a volume of poems, of which the longest was entitled "*The Highlanders*," which made its appearance in 1803, and some of which were described by the *Edinburgh Review*, as being "written with great beauty, tenderness, and delicacy."

The late celebrated Duchess of Gordon was one among the many influential personages who took a great interest in this publication, and by whom Mrs. Grant was, as it were, "forced before the public."

From the profits arising from her poems, Mrs. Grant was temporarily relieved from her pecuniary difficulties; but shortly afterwards the dangerous illness of her eldest daughter, Mary, who was threatened with consumption, and for the benefit of whose health she was, in 1802, obliged to go to the Bristol hot-wells, and also the outfit of one of her sons, who had obtained an appointment in the Bombay army, through the influence of her friend, Mr. Charles Grant, then chairman of the India House, involved her in such expenses, that the propriety of publishing her letters was suggested to her by her friends. It was thought that after suppressing all passages unsuited to the public eye, her artless and graphic descriptions of scenery and character would interest the public.

The well-known and beautiful "*Letters from the Mountains*" accordingly appeared in 1806. They went through several editions, and soon raised Mrs. Grant into high popularity, procuring for her the friendship and patronage of several influential personages, among whom were Bishop Porteus, Sir Walter Farquhar, Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, and several of the Scotch literati.

These letters appearing before "the Scotch Fever," as it has been termed, had commenced, had the advantage of novelty to recommend them, and perhaps they may be considered as among the first, if not the very first, of the

numerous publications which have subsequently attracted attention to Scotch scenery and manners.

In 1803, Mrs. Grant gave up her farm at Laggan, which she had been permitted to retain after the death of Mr. Grant, and removed to a sequestered but beautiful retreat near Stirling, sheltered by craggy rocks, and surrounded by pleasant woods, through which were many openings, walks, and sloping glades, full of singing birds, which found cover in the various shrubs which formed the underwood. The house stood upon a lawn, commanding an extensive and varied prospect over a level and fertile country, bounded in the distance by mountains lofty and wild, "whose fine contour was always noble, and at sunset beautiful."

Mrs. Grant's "*Memoirs of an American Lady*," which has been already mentioned, and which contains much vigorous and powerful writing, was another work of hers very deservedly popular. It was published in 1808, and was dedicated to Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls.

Mrs. Grant's "*Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland*," which appeared in 1811, were also most favourably received.

In the year 1810, Mrs. Grant removed from Stirling to Edinburgh, where she passed the remainder of her lengthened life, alike beloved and respected by all who knew her, but she had the misfortune to lose successively all her remaining children, excepting her youngest son, who alone survived her. The submission with which she bowed to the will of Providence under all these bereavements, excited the admiration of her sympathizing friends.

In the year 1825, an application was made to King George the Fourth in favour of Mrs. Grant, to which were appended the names of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffery, Mr. Mackenzie, Sir Robert Liston, and Principal Baird, in consequence of which she received a pension of 100*l.* per annum on the civil establishment of Scotland, which, with the emoluments of her literary works, and some liberal bequests by deceased friends, rendered her latter years easy and independent.

To this application, the following account of her writings was appended by Sir Walter Scott:—"The character and talents of Mrs. Grant have long rendered her, not only a useful and estimable member of society, but one eminent for the services which she has rendered to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste. Her literary works, although composed amidst misfortune and privation, are written at once with simplicity and force; and uniformly bear the stamp of a virtuous and courageous mind, recommending to the reader that patience and fortitude, which the writer herself practised in such an eminent degree. Her writings, deservedly popular in her own country, derive their success from the manner in which, addressing themselves to the national pride of the Scottish people, they breathe a spirit at once of patriotism, and of that candour which renders patriotism unselfish and liberal. We have no hesitation in attesting our belief that Mrs. Grant's writings have produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities, which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

morality. We need scarcely add, that Mrs. Grant's character in private society has been equally high and exemplary; and it would be most painful to us to think that the declining age of this excellent person, remarkable alike for her virtues and her talents, should, after such meritorious exertions to maintain her independence, and after so long a train of family misfortunes, have the bitterness of these privations aggravated by precarious and dependent circumstances."

Mrs. Grant's society was generally sought by celebrated persons visiting Edinburgh; among the rest she became acquainted with Mrs. Hemans, when there in 1829. The following is the account of another individual's introduction to her—Dr. Munro, the author of *Peter's Letters*, &c., who met her at an evening party:—"Mrs. Grant is really a woman of great talents and acquirements, and might, without offence to any one, talk upon any subject she pleases. But I assure you, any person who hopes to meet with a *blue stocking*, in the ordinary sense of the term, in this lady, will feel sadly disappointed. She is plain, modest, and unassuming, as she could have been had she never stepped from the village whose name she has rendered so celebrated. Instead of entering on any long common-place discussions, either about politics, or political economy, or any other of the hackneyed subjects of tea-table talk in Edinburgh, Mrs. Grant had the good sense to perceive that a stranger, such as I was, came not to hear disquisitions, but to gather useful information, and she therefore directed her conversation entirely to the subject which she herself best understands—which, in all probability, she understands better than any one else—and which was precisely one of those subjects in which I felt the greatest inclination to hear a sensible person speak;—namely, the Highlands. She related, in a very simple but very graphic manner, a variety of little anecdotes and traits of character, with my recollections of which I shall always have a pleasure in connecting my recollections of herself. The sound and rational enjoyment I derived from my conversation with this excellent person, would, indeed, atone for much more than all the *blue stocking* sisterhood have ever been able to inflict upon my patience."

Soon after this was written, and now nearly twenty years ago, Mrs. Grant had the misfortune to meet with a severe fall in descending a staircase, in consequence of which she was ever after confined almost entirely to the house. It was feared this imprisonment might prove very injurious to a person of her robust constitution and active habits. But though generally confined to her chair, she continued to enjoy excellent health, with her usual cheerfulness and equanimity.

A few weeks before her death, this excellent woman caught a severe cold, which assuming the form of influenza, her constitution gradually yielded to its debilitating effects, and on the 7th of November, 1838, she expired, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

Pleasing as are her published works, it is said that Mrs. Grant's conversational powers were even still more attractive, her information on every subject combining with her uniform cheerfulness and equanimity, to make her society very delightful. There was a dignity and sedateness, united with considerable sprightliness and vivacity, in her

conversation, which rendered it highly interesting, and withal, it was so unaffected and natural, and seemed to emanate from her well-stored mind with so little effort, that some of her most profound and judicious remarks, as well as her liveliest sallies, appeared as if they had been struck off at the moment, without any previous reflection. The native simplicity of her mind, and an entire freedom from attempts at display, soon made the youngest person, with whom she conversed, feel as if in the presence of a friend.

If there were any quality of Mrs. Grant's well-balanced mind which stood out more prominently than another, it was that benevolence which made her invariably study the comfort of every person who came in contact with her. Indeed, her talents may be said to have been her least recommendation, for she was a sincere Christian, an excellent wife and mother, a warm friend, and exemplary in all the duties of life.

WORKS.

The Highlanders and other Poems, 1803.

Letters from the Mountains, 1806.

Memoirs of an American Lady, 1808.

Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, 1811.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON was descended from the Hamiltons of Woodhall, one of the first of that family established in Scotland, and the stock from whence have sprung all the branches, since ennobled, bearing that name, whether in these kingdoms, France, or Germany.

In the reigns of the Charleses, the Hamiltons were zealous for the covenant, and the great grandfather of Mrs. E. Hamilton, not being able to endure the establishment of the Liturgy, left Scotland in discontent, and with his family and a few chosen friends, repaired to Ireland, where, in a remote part of Ulster, he trusted to enjoy liberty of conscience. Though a younger son, he had sufficient property to enable him to purchase land in Monaghan, which he left among the persons who accompanied him thither.

The grandfather of the subject of this memoir, having entered the army at the early age of fifteen, and having gone over to Scotland to join a regiment of cavalry, succeeded to no part of this property. At the university of Edinburgh, which he entered about the same time to complete his education, he acquired a distaste for a military life, and soon after gladly relinquished it for a civil appointment; he subsequently married a lady of distinguished beauty, possessed of what, though a small sum in itself, was at that day in Scotland deemed a considerable fortune.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Hamilton deemed it incumbent upon her to live in a style rather suited to the name she bore, than to the limited state of her finances; and being, as her granddaughter observes, "too fine a lady to be a good manager," she continued to vie with

the people of rank with whom she associated, without, like many of her countrywomen, "making up by secret privation for ostentatious display."

In vain did her husband remonstrate, and in vain did they move from one place of residence to another, in order to find a society among whom they could live on equal terms with their neighbours, without exceeding their income. The day of reckoning at last came, and his wife's fortune having been gradually dissipated in paying the debts contracted by her too profuse manner of living, Mr. Hamilton at last found himself unable to meet the demands of government; and so deeply did this prey upon him, that a friend, to whom he had one morning unburdened his mind, and who, on the following, repaired to his apartment in order to offer consolation, on drawing the curtains of the bed, found him a corpse. At his death, he bequeathed to his children no better inheritance than pride of family and poverty of purse.

They appear to have felt very deeply their change of circumstances, and its untoward accompaniments. The eldest daughter went to live with a rich aunt in Ireland, who was surrounded with numerous relatives, competitors and rivals with her for the old lady's fortune.

The fate of the youngest was still more to be pitied, for at sixteen she had formed an engagement with the eldest son of a baronet, and her marriage would have taken place in a few months, but for the untimely death of her father. This event, and the change which it produced in their circumstances, produced an equal alteration in the mind of the gentleman's father, at whose desire the poor girl was abandoned for a wealthier bride. She eventually married Mr. Marshall.

The father of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton settled in Dublin, and married a lady named Mackay. This marriage was productive of the greatest happiness, which was only interrupted by the untimely death of Mr. Hamilton, of a typhus fever, in 1759. He left two daughters and a son, dependent upon the kindness of their relatives, to struggle through the world as they best might.

The widow, with her two elder children, appears to have continued at Belfast till 1767, when she died. An elder brother of hers, Mr. Mackay, many years minister of the Independent meeting there, resided with her, and took the eldest girl, Katharine, for his own peculiar charge. This kindness, in after years, was repaid, in his old age, by the filial attentions he received from his niece.

The son, Charles, after having completed his education, spent two years in Dublin, but so great was his repugnance to mercantile pursuits, that he subsequently abandoned them for the military profession.

Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, who was born on the 25th of July, 1758, at Belfast, in Ireland, was, when about six years old, surrendered to the care of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, who were then residing in a solitary mansion near Stirling; and here, for two happy years, with a playmate of the other sex, she was allowed to run wild among the beauties of nature, an ardent love for which she retained to her last moments; and to the feats of hardihood and enterprise to which in her childhood she was stimulated in imitation of her companion, may be attributed that activity and elasticity of spirits which in her old age would induce her, "even when lame,

to descend declivities which might have daunted ladies in the full possession of health and vigour."

At eight years old, her education, which heretofore had been confined to merely learning to read, was more regularly attended to, and she was sent to board with a female friend at Stirling, from whose house she attended the best seminary that town afforded. This school, according to the fashion of the country and of the day, was presided over by a master. Three hours daily were devoted to Mr. Manson, from whom she learnt writing, geography, and the use of the globes, and in the ensuing year she began French, to which were subsequently added drawing and music. She also attended a dancing-school, and soon became passionately fond of that exercise.

On Saturday, she regularly returned to her aunt's house, and the arrival of her old horse Lochabar, her usual conveyance, was ever anticipated with great delight by the youthful scholar. That evening was always a sort of festival both to herself and her kind friends; but the Sunday, according to the Scotch custom, was spent in attending kirk or chapel, learning long tasks, and with a degree of puritanic precision, not entirely to the taste of the lively schoolgirl. She alludes to this in one of her subsequent publications, when she states, "that her recollection did not furnish her with a single instance of improvement from any of the didactic compositions she was obliged to get by heart. Often did her dear and amiable instructress listen with mingled delight and solicitude to her senseless, though accurate, recitation of passages which excited in her mind a train of ideas very different from those raised in her niece's."

And yet, notwithstanding these little drawbacks, Mrs. E. Hamilton, in allusion to her early years, says, "No child ever spent so happy a life; nor indeed have I ever met with any thing at all resembling the way in which we lived, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmer's farm and vintage." Her aunt had, during her father and mother's lifetime, received an excellent education; the latter attending to the more elegant accomplishments, whilst the former endeavoured to make his children rational and useful members of society.

Mrs. Marshall, from her niece's account, must have been a very superior woman, though disgust at the unkindness with which she had at one time been treated by some of her connexions, had induced her to withdraw almost entirely from her own relations. To this, perhaps, some remains of the Hamilton family pride might contribute, and the being unwilling to be seen by them in a sphere different from that to which she had been accustomed.

Mr. Marshall was an Episcopalian; Mrs. Marshall conformed to the kirk; but the bigotry of sectarianism was unknown to both, and to their example as well as precept, may perhaps be attributed the liberality of Miss Hamilton's religious views.

In her thirteenth year, Elizabeth returned to her uncle's house, where a young person had been engaged to assist her in music and drawing. In the former accomplishment she probably did not make great progress, as in a letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, in 1809, she says, "Had the many precious hours devoted to hammering at the piano-forte, to which I certainly had no calling, been given up

to pursuits more agreeable to my own taste, I should now be reaping the advantage."

About this time, some one intimate in the family took some pains, by ridicule, to undermine her religious principles, which, backed by the distasteful severity of the kirk service, might have produced a baneful effect, had not she determined to solve the state of doubt she was in, by privately studying the Scriptures; and the result was, the thorough conviction of their truth, for she observed, "the moral precepts were too pure to have been promulgated by an impostor."

In 1772, her brother, Mr. Hamilton, having obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, sailed from England for that country. Previous to his departure, he had paid his friends in Scotland a visit, and being five years the senior of his sister Elizabeth, it was productive of the greatest advantage to her, as her brother was a superior young man, and the most enthusiastic attachment was felt for him by his relations. The correspondence with him appears to have afforded her one of the principal pleasures of her retired situation.

About the same time, Mr. Marshall removed to Ingram's Crook, a romantic spot in the vicinity of the stream of Bannockburn, where was fought the famous battle that bears that name. It received this name from Sir John Ingram, an English knight, perishing on that memorable day. The stream formed a sort of peninsula, near which Mr. Marshall's habitation was built; a thatched cottage, covered with woodbines and roses, enclosed within a court, and embowered in the shade of orchards and other plantations.

It was here that Mrs. E. Hamilton spent nearly the whole of the following twenty years of her life—a quiet and almost monotonous existence, only varied by a little trip to the Highlands, a memorable event in her career, as being the first occasion of her appearing in print, for the journal she kept for her aunt's amusement having been shown to one of the party, was by him sent to a provincial magazine, where, to the surprise of the youthful writer, it made its appearance.

A sudden excursion to Ireland, in 1778, was another event in her life, and here she spent some months in the society of her sister, Mrs. Blake, of Oran Castle.

In 1770, when about twenty-two years of age, the death of Mrs. Marshall took place, which was a great affliction to her niece, for in her Miss Hamilton not only lost the kind friend and protectress of her youth, but in this retirement she was almost the only companionable person with whom she was acquainted.

Miss Hamilton continued to reside with her uncle, but from her letters it is evident how much she felt this almost total privation of society; and the very few opportunities she had of entering into any, particularly of a superior order, were enjoyed with the greatest delight. Speaking of the conversation of the good and wise, she says, "The enjoyment of such society has been the happiness to which I have, from my early years, looked up as the first and greatest that this world affords. When I indulged in the dreams of imagination, fancy never drew a picture of felicity in which an introduction to this society was not the first object."

In her correspondence with her brother, Miss Hamilton

thus describes her quiet and secluded life in 1780. She is speaking of Mr. Marshall, her only companion since the death of her aunt.

"He treats me with the affection of a father and all the confidence of a friend. He leaves every thing to my management within doors, and expresses approbation of every thing I do. Indeed, I never take a step without his advice. I exert my utmost power to make him easy and happy. I believe there are few houses where the genius of Concord and Peace reigns more uninterruptedly than in our little mansion."

1781. "Here, tranquillity holds an uninterrupted reign. From the time I get up in the morning, till my uncle makes his appearance at dinner-time, I have no more use for the faculty of speech than the monks of La Trappe: then, indeed, I get a little conversation on the style of the country, of the badness of the weather, the deepness of the roads, the qualities of manure, or *politics*, which we discuss to admiration.

"After settling these important matters, my revered companion takes a nap and I settle at the harpsichord, till our reading time begins, (which is usually from seven till eleven,) and then I hold forth on various subjects. History and travels are our chief favourites; but with them we intermix a variety of miscellaneous literature, with now and then a favourite novel, to relish our graver studies. This is a picture of the last three months, and may serve as one for many more to come."

1782. "This is one of the most solitary winters I have ever passed, as I have now no companions to enliven any part of it. I should not like to leave my worthy uncle to pass these long winter evenings alone, and on that account I cheerfully give up the pleasure I might expect from a more enlarged society. Indeed, I very seldom think of going farther than the gravel-walk. Happily, nature has furnished me with a good flow of spirits, and an imagination that can find amusement within itself. Were this not the case, I should be apt to feel the effects of continued dulness; and still, in some cross moments, I can't help thinking it a little hard, that with all the goodwill imaginable towards the pleasure of society, I should be condemned to pass the best days of my youth in such a solitude, that I might, to all intents and purposes, be as well shut up in a monastery; for though I am not forbid the use of my tongue, unless I were to utter my complaints to the groves and purling streams, I must be silent."

Mr. Marshall by no means wished to debar his niece from the pleasures of society, but, as after his morning walk round the farm, he fondly looked for the young companion who presided at his table, and whose absence could not be supplied by any friend or neighbour, Miss Hamilton, in consequence, made the resolution not to accept any invitation in which he was not included, and for the first six years after her aunt's death she seldom left Ingram's Crook unaccompanied by her uncle. This voluntary surrender of her own inclinations for the sake of one who had treated her with so much kindness in her childhood, places her in a very amiable point of view; the more so, as she appears during her whole life to have been particularly partial to society.

In after years she thus expresses herself in a private journal. 1823. "It is only at special times, that, by a rare occurrence of circumstance, persons are brought toge-

ther whose minds by collision emit sparks that at once warm the heart and enlighten the understanding. This singular happiness I have at different periods of my life enjoyed, and brief as was the enjoyment, I consider it as the first of terrestrial blessings." Elsewhere, she says, in a letter, "Of all the privileges enjoyed by the lords of the creation, there is none so estimable as having it in their power to form a society of their own liking. Any young man in the station of a gentleman may, with agreeable manners, make his acquaintance with characters of a superior stamp: he may gradually introduce himself to the notice, at least to the company of those from whose conversation he can reap instruction, and is under no necessity of being confined to the society of uncongenial minds; whereas poor women cannot escape out of the rubbish in which they may happen to be buried, but at the expense of many *rubs* and *scratches*."

"To persons who have the power of selection, a capital affords opportunities of mental improvement that are of incalculable advantage; for with regard to the effects of society upon the mind, your observation is too just. Like the evil spirits in Pandemonium, we shrink into the dimensions of the place we are appointed to occupy, or that we seem in the opinion of others to occupy,—never expanding to improper stature, but as we are excited by sympathy with our compeers. If the mind be thus cramped in early life, (as is generally the fate of my sex,) it is a thousand to one that it remains stationary for ever, never making an attempt to rise above the level of its immediate associates; and even where it has been enabled to expand, it is so much easier to sink to the level of others, than to raise the minds of others to a level with our own, that few in such circumstances do not sink. It is only by the love of reading that the evil resulting from the association with *little* minds can be counteracted. A lively imagination creates a sympathy with favourite authors, which gives to their sentiments the same power over the mind as that possessed by an intimate and ever present friend; and hence a taste for reading becomes to females of still greater importance than it is of to men."

In 1785, Miss Hamilton's first voluntary contribution to the press appeared in the 46th number of the "*Lounger*," where it is prefaced by some very complimentary observations of Mr. Mackenzie, though at the time it was without any knowledge of the author. This seems to have been a solitary performance, for at this period, as her memorialist observes, it is not probable that she aspired to literary fame. "A fairer vision floated on her fancy; a happiness dearer than distinction appeared to invite her acceptance; but the vision passed away without casting an invidious shade on her existence."

She subsequently, however, frequently hints at some disappointment in life; she speaks of "a time when her heart was suffering a degree of anguish, greater perhaps than any event of life ought to have inflicted on a reasonable being."

But she probably soon subdued these painful feelings, from the following sportive verses, which were written about this time, in which she supposes herself presented with a mirror giving her power to contemplate her friends after the lapse of thirty years. Of herself, she says,

"With expectation beating high
Myself I now desire to spy;
And straight I in a glass surveyed
An antique lady, much decayed,
Whose languid eye and pallid cheek
The conquering power of time bespeak.
But though deprived of youthful bloom,
Free was my face from peevish gloom.
A cap, tho' not of modern grace,
Hid my gray hairs, and decked my face;
No more I fashion's livery wear,
But cleanly neatness all my care;
Whoe'er had seen me must have said,
There goes one cheerful, pleased old maid."

Tranquillity, however, soon regained its empire over her mind, for in March, 1786, she tells her brother, "Since my return from Glasgow, I have been almost always at home, with no companion but my good old man, who is seldom within doors till dinner-time; after which he regales himself with his long-accustomed nap, and then, between reading, chatting, and backgammon, we conclude the evening; we usually retire, making the remark, that if we are not regaled by any high-seasoned amusements, we are disturbed by no uneasy cares: our peace is unmolested by anxiety, and our content unbroken by remorse." * * * "In a scene that seldom knows a variation, except what the change of season produces in the prospects around me, whereby much the largest portion of my time is spent in complete solitude, the pleasures of imagination are the chief source of delight."

Of the benefits to be derived from the exercise of this faculty of the mind, she ever retained an exalted idea, and the following admirable observations of hers, written in 1801, when at the mature age of forty-three, are transcribed, to show to the present utilitarian age, what opinion a person, endowed with such sound judgment and strong powers of mind, entertained of that power to which we are all indebted so largely, but which is yet too often represented, by the learned and scientific, the serious and the good, as a sort of scapegrace, to whom all manner of mischief is to be imputed.

"I perfectly agree with you in considering castles in the air as more useful edifices than they are generally allowed to be. It is only plodding matter-of-fact dullness that cannot comprehend their use. I do not scruple to confess to you, as I find you are a sister adept in this art of freemasonry, that I owe to it three-fourths of my sense, and half of my virtue. It is by giving scope to the imagination, that one becomes thoroughly acquainted with the real dispositions of one's own heart; it is by comparing the ardent efforts of exalted virtue, formed by the fancy, with what conscience tells us we have performed, that we are instigated to improvement, and by tracing the combinations of which our castles have been composed, we acquire such a knowledge of our own minds, as at once enlightens the understanding, and betters the heart. I seriously believe that the great disadvantage of perpetually living in a crowd, is the check it puts upon the free excursions of imagination."

"Was ever Bath belle as much improved by walking in the crowded crescent, as you and I have been by a solitary

ramble, when, at the magic touch of fancy, a new creation has arisen around us? By most of the pious people and pious writers I have met with, the imagination is treated as a sort of evil spirit, that must be exorcised and laid at rest; but, in my opinion, it is very impious, and surely very ungrateful, thus to treat the first of blessings, without which judgment will be but a sour old maid, producing nothing. Let us marry them, and we shall do better, for it is evident neither of them was meant for the single state."

That her imagination was, however, kept within proper bounds, is evident from the following observations upon this period of her life: "In the loss of my dear maternal friend, my mind experienced not only the shock of grief, and pain of sorrow, but was brought to exercise its powers in thoughtful meditation; it was then I first learnt to check the quick sallies of passion, and to restrain the sanguine flight of delusive hope; it was then I first felt the uncertainty of earthly happiness, and first experienced the comforts of a religious education, which led me, when deprived of the guide and directress of my youth, to consider myself as being still under the protection of my Almighty Friend and Benefactor, whose blessing I implored, and for whose favour I sought more seriously than ever I should have done in the giddy days of unclouded prosperity. By time, however, the strongest impressions will be in some degree effaced. Again, perhaps, might my mind have wandered in the flowery field of earthly bliss, had it not been called again to reflection by the sharp sting of disappointment, the effects of which, upon my mind, bore no proportion to the cause, and which, in the retrospect, must make me still conscious of my own weakness, and for ever diffident of my own judgment; and which ought likewise to render me indulgent to the weakness, and compassionate to the sorrows of others, even when they appear most imaginary."

But the solitude in which she lived, which it is evident Miss Hamilton felt deeply, although she bore it with fortitude, was at last cheered by the somewhat sudden and unexpected return to England of her beloved brother, who, on the 20th December, 1786, arrived at Ingram's Crook, to the unspeakable joy of his sister. Amidst the toils of his military profession, he had found time to study the Oriental languages, and had already commenced the account of the Rohilla War, in the expedition against which nation he had been personally engaged. In this he was arrested by the illness of Mr. Anderson, who had been selected by Warren Hastings to translate from the Persian the Hedaya, or code of Mussulman laws, and this more important undertaking was, in consequence, then consigned to the care of Mr. Hamilton, who obtained permission to return for five years to England, for the better performance of his engagement.

From Ingram's Crook he proceeded to Dublin, to see his eldest sister, Mrs. Blake, who accompanied him to London, and after the publication of the History of the Rohilla War had been effected, they, together, returned to Mr. Marshall's cottage, where, for the first time since their mother's death in 1767, the brother and two sisters were reunited under one roof.

Mr. Hamilton remained for some months at Ingram's Crook, engaged in his Persian researches, in which he was occasionally assisted by his sister Elizabeth; and the plea-

sure and advantages she derived from this intimate association with so superior and well-informed a person, proved of incalculable advantage to her. She delighted to ascribe to him the development of her mind, and this auspicious season was ever represented by her as the era of a new existence. Enthusiastically attached to him, she insensibly assimilated herself with his pursuits, and from him caught the idioms and became familiar with the customs and manners of the East.

In 1788, Mr. Hamilton left Scotland, accompanied by his youngest sister, who was willingly allowed by her uncle to visit the metropolis under the care of her brother. This was the first time she had ever been in London, and perhaps in England, and, as Mr. Hamilton was attached to the cause of Warren Hastings, whose trial then agitated the political world, and who had been the original proposer and patron of his translation of Hedaya, he was in consequence intimate with his supporters, many of whom were persons of talent; consequently Miss Hamilton was immediately introduced into a refined and polished society, the beau ideal of her youthful dreams. With reference to this period, she subsequently observes in her journal, "Happy were the days of my youth, spent in the bosom of peace and innocence. Yet in the midst of that happiness, how many vague wishes would arise! I longed for communication with that world which imagination painted so fair and so desirable. Vanity assured me that I should then be gratified by receiving that homage which I believed to be invariably given to superior talents and virtue. The love and esteem of my friends and companions did not satisfy my soul. I wished to know, and to be known, as fully by those whose esteem would confer a higher honour, and be more gratifying to my ambition. Thus these days of most perfect happiness were consumed in forming visions of the future, even when my mind had no particular object of pursuit."

In the summer she returned to her uncle, but in the following autumn Mr. Marshall, who had hitherto enjoyed uninterrupted health, was carried off by an epidemic complaint, at the advanced age of eighty. A monument was erected to him by his niece, who ever retained a most grateful attachment to his memory.

After this melancholy event, Miss Hamilton rejoined her brother and sister, with whom she spent the following two years in London and its neighbourhood. During this period she made some very desirable and advantageous friendships; but with the completion of the printing of the translation of the Hedaya, and upon his appointment as Resident at the vizier's court, Mr. Hamilton found it again necessary to prepare to leave England. The little establishment was accordingly broken up.

Mrs. Blake went to the north of England, and Miss Hamilton returned to Ingram's Crook, where she received a parting visit from her beloved brother in September, 1793, who now urged on her what he had often recommended to her attention—the engaging in some literary pursuit, to afford amusement in her solitude, and to beguile her grief for their separation.

Mr. Hamilton's health had long ceased to be robust, and in this last northern journey he contracted a cold, which soon assumed such alarming symptoms, that a voyage to Lisbon was recommended; but though, on the first know-

ledge of his indisposition, both his sisters hastened to him, yet it was too late for even their attentions to prove efficacious, and he died on the 14th of March, 1794, at the age of thirty-nine.

Miss Hamilton paid the following elegant tribute to his memory; "One gentleman it has been my happiness to know, who entered on life at the age of sixteen, without guide but his own principles, without monitor but the precepts of education, and the dictates of his own heart. Unsullied by the temptations of a capital, he was plunged into those of a camp; fond of society, where his cheerful temper formed him to shine, but still sonder of improvement, neither the inducement of camp nor city interrupted the unwearied pursuits of literature and science. Surrounded by companions who had caught the contagion of scepticism, he, at this early period, listened to their arguments, weighed, examined, detected their futility, and rejected them. In prosperity and adversity, in public and private life, the sentiments of religion retained their influence on his heart; through life they were his friends, in death his consolation."

Mr. Hamilton's death was a terrible blow to the sisters, who were tenderly attached to their brother, particularly Miss Hamilton, who entertained for him the most enthusiastic affection, and who looked up to him with admiration and reverence, as to a superior being. Upon this bereavement, they retired to Hadleigh, in Suffolk, where they resided in quiet and seclusion till the death of a friend there induced them to remove to Sunning, in Berkshire; and it was about 1796, that Miss Hamilton's first performance to which her name was regularly affixed, made its appearance in the literary world. This was entitled "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah;" which probably partly owed its origin to the oriental literature to which her attention had been turned whilst residing with her brother.

In the character of Charlotte Percy, Miss Hamilton's own feelings are embodied, and in Percy is delineated that of her departed brother. Though an air of melancholy pervades this work, yet the observations of the Hindoo upon the state of society evince a keen sense of the ludicrous.

The success of the work was such, that she was soon induced to attempt another, and during the absence of her sister, she lived in perfect seclusion with a family in Gloucestershire, when she proceeded rapidly with "The Modern Philosophers," till interrupted by an attack of illness, which eventually proved to be gout, to which she was ever afterwards subject.

On being rejoined by Mrs. Blake, they agreed to settle in Bath, the waters of which had proved of service to her; and here her literary undertaking was resumed, which was published in 1800, when it met with such success that it passed through two editions within the year. At first it made its appearance anonymously, and was assigned to two or three celebrated writers. Miss Hamilton was soon afterwards induced to avow her authorship.

Such was the popularity of this work, that she at once became distinguished and celebrated in the literary world, and an object of curiosity and interest to the public. Although, with the absurdities as well as crimes of the first French Revolution, the interest of the work is almost gone by, still there is much to amuse and instruct, and the sentimental and romantic damsel may take a hint from the

follies of Bridgetina, and profit from the melancholy fate of the unfortunate Julia.

In the same year, Miss Hamilton commenced her "Letters on Education," the first volume of which appeared in the following year, 1801, and had the effect of greatly increasing her celebrity as a writer, and procuring for her an eulogium from Dugald Stewart.

The fame of Miss Hamilton was now such, that her society was courted by the most distinguished visitors and residents at Bath.

In 1802, Miss Hamilton and her sister Mrs. Blake, spent some time in visiting Wales, the Lakes, Scotland, &c. They passed a few days with the celebrated recluses of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. Miss Hamilton says, "The cottage is the quintessence of taste, elegance, and comfort; and these ladies have created a little paradise around them. Twenty-four years have now elapsed since the plan was formed, and every day has increased their satisfaction in its accomplishment."

From Llangollen they proceeded to Liverpool, and that she was duly appreciated there, is apparent from Dr. Currie's remark to her friend Hector M'Neill: "That Miss Hamilton is a clear-headed creature; when we are all arguing and disputing on what we cannot determine, she comes in with one of her short remarks, and sets us right in an instant, by hitting the nail exactly on the head."

From Liverpool they continued their route to the Lakes, where they soon fixed themselves in private apartments at an inn in Bowness, a village on the Lake of Windermere, and in this secluded spot she began to prepare her materials for the "Memoirs of Agrippina," which, originally, was intended to illustrate the speculative principles in her "Letters on Education." This may be considered rather a biographical work than a novel, as it is often called, for it contains a faithful representation of the history and manners of the period, and she was indefatigable in her researches.

At Bowness, Miss Hamilton became acquainted with Bishop Watson and his family, then resident at Calgarth on Windermere; also with Miss Elizabeth Smith, who was then with her family at Coniston, eight miles from Bowness, a distance she often walked before breakfast.

From Bowness the sisters proceeded to Edinburgh, where Miss Hamilton first became acquainted with Miss Edgeworth, with whom she was, from the very first, charmed and delighted. She was ever disposed to love and admire merit and talent, in her own sex, and she would say, that "women of talents, by their reciprocation of tenderness and friendship, verified the fable of the nine Muses."

It was in this northern metropolis, that in the autumn of 1804, the two sisters finally took up their residence, and about this time Miss Hamilton was informed of the pension that had been conferred on her by King George III., in consideration that her talents had ever been exerted in the cause of religion and virtue. She was also so earnestly requested by a nobleman who had lost his wife, to undertake the care of his children, that she was at length induced to acquiesce in part, and for a limited time she resided in the family as a friend, to superintend the future arrangements. At the end of six months she resigned the charge, but still retained so much interest in her

adopted children, that she composed, during a comparatively solitary winter spent at Westham, the "Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman," which were published in the spring of 1806, and were favourably received by the public.

Miss Hamilton soon after became an active assistant in the promotion of the House of Industry, at Edinburgh, a most useful establishment for the education of females of the lowest class; and for the benefit of the young persons there, she composed a little work entitled "Exercises in Religious Knowledge," which was published in 1809, receiving the sanction of Bishop Sandford and Mr. Alison.

"The Cottagers of Glenburnie" was commenced, at first, merely for the amusement of a passing hour; but those to whom the first sheets were communicated, were so much interested and entertained, that she was induced to continue it; and when published, both in Scotland and England, its success was so great, that a cheap edition was forthwith printed, and the work circulated extensively among the Highlands. It evinces the powers of her mind, that she should thus be equally competent to form the minds and manners of the daughters of a nobleman, and to reform the simple but idle habits of the peasantry. At Ingram's Crook she probably had had many opportunities of observing the dirty and indolent, the "canna be fashed" style of living among the humble classes, and in London and Bath she had mingled with the great and the fashionable.

Although her health was now gradually failing, yet Mrs. Hamilton, as she was now styled, when equal to the exertion, regularly devoted her mornings to study, and at two o'clock she descended to the drawing-room, where she generally found some friend ready to receive her. On Mondays she deviated from this rule, and admitted visitors all the morning, and as it was considered a distinction to be acquainted with her, her levee was attended by all the principal literary characters of Edinburgh, and it was generally protracted till a late hour. Of an evening, when no other engagement intervened, the interval from seven till ten was occupied with some interesting work, read aloud for the benefit of the whole party, according to the constant custom of Ingram's Crook. She says, in a letter to a friend, "I wish you could, like me, find pleasure in rug-making. It is far better for the health than book-making; and, I assure you, I find the choice of worsteds a far more amusing study than the choice of words."

Surrounded by all "that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," it is no wonder that she should meet its approach with fortitude and cheerfulness; and the following sportive lines evince her feelings on its advances.

"Is that old age that's toiling at the pin?

I trow it is,—then haste to let him in;

Ye're kindly welcome, friend; na, dinna fear

To show yourself, ye'll cause no trouble here.

I ken there are who tremble at your name,

As though you brought with you reproach and shame,

And who 'a thousand lies would bear the sin,'

Rather than own ye for their kith and kin.

But far frae shirking ye as a disgrace,

Thankfu' I am 't have lived to see your face,

Nor shall I ere disown ye, nor take pride

To think how long I might your visit bide.

Doing my best to make ye well respected,

I'll no fear for your sake to be neglected," &c. &c.

She then goes on to bargain with him, as to what he may, and what he may not, take from her, and at length tells him, she welcomes him as her guide "to the blest arms of everlasting youth," and concludes—

"And now all's told,

Let us set out upon our journey cold.

With no vain boasts, nor vain regrets tormented,

We'll e'en jog on the gate, quiet and contented."

In 1812, the state of her health was such that she was recommended to pass the winter in England; and with her sister and a young female relation, she repaired to Kenilworth, from whence she transmitted the last pages of a long-expected work which appeared in the April of the following year, under the title of "Popular Essays on the Elementary Principles of the Human Mind," a sort of supplementary work to the "Letters on Education." These were rather of a religious than of a philosophical nature, and from her journal, it is evident she endeavoured to regulate her own conduct by the high standard of rectitude she recommends for general imitation.

This journal was a series of private papers written chiefly upon a Sunday, to assist herself in the exercise of self-examination, and which she continued for the space of twenty-seven years,—from 1788 to 1815.

From Kenilworth they went to Clifton, and from thence to Ireland, the land of her nativity, though not of her parentage and education, where Mrs. Hamilton met with every mark of respect and attention. Among other visits, they paid one to Bellevue, the beautiful and magnificent seat of Mr. Peter Latouche, at Delgony, in Wicklow. But, though prepared to admire the grandeur of their style of living, and the beauty of the scenery around, Mrs. Hamilton states these to be nothing to "the heaven-directed efforts of Mrs. Latouche in the moral improvement of all that part of the community that falls within the reach of her influence."

Delgony has not unaptly been termed "the show-place of Ireland," which title it well deserves, from the moral and natural beauty every where to be seen. Nature has there done much, but benevolence far more in this delightful village, where it is apparent that the family of a beneficent resident gentleman can work wonders in the amelioration of the situation of the peasantry of Ireland.

Mrs. Hamilton returned to Edinburgh in the winter, and in 1815 she published her last work, a small volume, called "Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Public Schools," recommending Pestalozzi's plan to their consideration.

In the following year, just previous to their quitting Edinburgh, with the idea of taking up their residence in England, she was attacked with indisposition, and although, in company with her sister, she reached Harrowgate, she soon perceived that her illness was of a mortal nature. She gradually declined till the 23d of July, 1816, when she expired, having nearly completed her fifty-eighth year. She was buried at the church of Harrowgate, where a

simple monument has been erected to her memory by her sister, the last of the affectionate trio, who, for so many years, were all in all to each other.

The singularly uneventful career of Mrs. Hamilton presents but little for the pen of a biographer to commemorate, yet it is both useful and interesting to observe how she edged good from every situation in life. She was beloved and admired wherever she was known, and among her numerous literary friends and acquaintances may be enumerated Miss Edgeworth, Elizabeth Smith, Joanna Baillie, Dr. Currie, Dugald Stewart, Alison, and Hector McNeill, the bard of Stirling, who knew and appreciated her from her earliest youth, and with whose description of her this memoir shall be concluded.

"In all my intercourse with the world, I never knew any one with a finer mind, a warmer heart, a clearer head, or a sounder understanding; and, perhaps, were we to particularize the most permanent feature in Mrs. Hamilton's intellectual character, we might select the two last-mentioned as the most remarkable. Such was the clearness of her conceptions, and such the quickness of her discrimination, that she seldom or never hesitated a moment to give her opinion decidedly on any subject introduced,—and, what is equally remarkable, seldom or never were her opinions erroneous. Such is the result of my observations on one I knew above forty years, during which she continued to rise in my estimation. In her death, I have sustained a loss which I have reason to think I can never retrieve; but while my heart bleeds at the thought, it ceases not to glow at the remembrance of her virtue."

WORKS.

- Forty-sixth Number of *Lounger*, 1785.
- Letters of a Hindoo Rajah, 1796.
- The Modern Philosopher, 1800.
- Letters on Education, 1801.
- Memoirs of Agrippine, 1803.
- Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman, 1806.
- Exercises on Religious Knowledge.
- Cottagers of Glenburnie.
- Popular Essays on the Elementary Principles of the Human Mind, 1812.
- Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Public Schools, 1815.

MRS. HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, so well known in the poetical world as Mrs. Hemans, was born on the 25th of September, 1793, in Duke Street, Liverpool, in the house now occupied by Mr. Molineux, where the first five or six years of her infancy and childhood were passed.

Her father, Mr. Browne, was an eminent wine-merchant in that city, and a native of Ireland, of a branch of the Sligo family. He failed in his business, in common with many others engaged in similar speculations during that revolutionary period, and removed with his family into North Wales, where, for the following nine years, they resided at Gwrych, near Abergelge, in Denbighshire, in a

large old mansion, the greater part of which has since been taken down.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Browne again engaging in commerce, went out to Canada, where he eventually died.

Mrs. Browne, who was of mingled Italian and German descent, was a very superior and accomplished woman, by whom her daughter Felicia was educated, and to whom she was most enthusiastically attached. Felicia Dorothea was the fifth of the seven children of her parents.

The bright and blooming Felicia was richly endowed with talent, beauty, and sensibility. The extraordinary facility with which she acquired information, was only surpassed by the powerful memory which retained what she had learned. Whole pages from her favourite authors she could repeat, after having once perused them; and such was the rapidity with which she read, that a bystander would imagine she was only carelessly turning over the leaves of a book, when, as if by intuition, she had taken in the sense as completely as others would do with the closest attention. She had a taste for drawing, though she had neither time nor opportunity to cultivate that charming art, beyond slightly sketching in pencil or Indian ink. On both the harp and piano she played with feeling and expression, and her voice was sweet, though she was soon obliged to discontinue singing, from a frequent recurrence of affections upon her chest.

As a child she was remarkably beautiful. Her complexion was extremely brilliant, her hair long, curling, and golden, which afterwards deepened into an auburn brown, but to the last remained silken, profuse, and wavy. Her sensitive temperament was evinced by her colour varying with every change of feeling; so much so, that a lady observed of her, in early life, that "she was not born to be happy, for her colour came and went too fast."

English grammar, French, and the rudiments of Latin, were the only things she was ever regularly taught, but such was her progress in the last-mentioned language, that the gentleman who was her instructor used to lament that "she was not a man, to have borne away the highest honours at college." She soon, however, added Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese to her acquirements, and could also read German, though it was not till after years that she fully entered into the beauties of German literature, when it became a favourite study of hers.

The seclusion in which she was brought up, and the somewhat desultory nature of a home education, were probably highly favourable to the early development of her poetical powers.

Fortunately, Felicia first carolled forth her poetic talents under the animating influence of the smiles of an affectionate and admiring circle. To her mother she confided and addressed her earliest inspirations, and by her the tastes and talents of her highly-gifted daughter were encouraged and appreciated.

Gwrych, an old, large, and solitary mansion, situated close to the sea-shore, and shut in by a picturesque chain of mountains, having the character of being haunted, appears to have had a considerable effect upon the highly imaginative temperament of the youthful poetess, who, in after years, was wont to describe "the strange creeping awe with which the solitude and stillness of the place inspired her,—and to tell how she once sallied forth, by

moonlight, to encounter a goblin, which, under the shape of a fiery greyhound, kept watch at the end of the avenue."

The sea-shore was a favourite resort with her; she loved its loneliness and freedom; and whilst yet a child, it was with her a favourite freak, clandestinely to arise, after her careful attendants had seen her safely consigned to her bed, and creeping down to the sea, to indulge in the luxury of moonlight and a stolen bath.

At about the age of eleven, and also in the following year, she passed the winter in London with her father and mother, after which she never again visited the metropolis, though she always retained a vivid recollection of several of the great works of art she was then taken to see. On one occasion, on entering a gallery of sculpture, she involuntarily exclaimed, "O hush! do not speak!" so intense was her gratification; and her mother used to take pleasure in describing the interest she excited, when visiting the Marquis of Stafford's collection, by her unsophisticated delight, and her familiarity with the mythological and classical subjects of many of the pictures.

She, however, soon ceased to care for sights and plays, and contrasting the confinement of a town-life with the freedom of her mountain-home, longed to rejoin her younger brother Claude, and her sister Harriet, in their favourite haunts and amusements,—the nutting wood, the beloved apple tree, the old arbour with its swing, the post-office tree, in whose trunk a daily interchange of family letters was established; the pool where fairy ships were launched (generally painted and decorated by herself), and dearer still, the fresh, free ramble on the sea-shore, or the mountain expedition to the signal station, or the Roman encampment."

On one occasion, she expressed her pleasure at the thoughts of returning home, in a poetical epistle, which was among the first of her early published poems, commencing

"Happy soon we'll meet again,
Free from sorrow, care, and pain;"

and which is an extraordinary production for a child of such tender years.

Her choicest recreation, even at six years old, was the reading of Shakspeare, and many hours did she hold communion with the fanciful creations of his brain, in a secret haunt of her own,—a seat among the branches of an old apple-tree,—where, revelling in the treasures unfolded to her, she would become wholly absorbed in the imaginative world called up by the poet. To a large, dimly lighted, solitary room, looking upon the sea, she was also fond of repairing, and there she would declaim and recite passages from "Douglas," and other poems and plays.

The dreamy, visionary, and poetical sensations which probably are experienced by all young persons of talent, appear to have been felt by her in no ordinary degree from her earliest childhood. A strong tinge of romance pervaded her every thought, and her aspirations after the beautiful were the most prominent signs of her poetic temperament.

In the year 1808, when but fourteen years of age, a collection of her poems was printed at Liverpool, with a dedication, by permission, to the Prince Regent, entitled

"Blossoms of Spring," in the then fashionable quarto volume. But though there are some wonderful specimens of early poetic talent, neither the youth nor the sex of the writer saved her from the severe attack of an anonymous reviewer, which was so severely felt by the juvenile poetess, that she for some days kept her bed in consequence. Fortunately, however, for those who have taste and feeling, the youthful poetess, though she quailed under the severity of the criticism, beamed subsequently forth with a strength and brilliancy that must have shamed her reviewer.

The "Early Blossoms," some of which were written when but nine years old, and which were inscribed, in an opening address, to Lady Kirkwall, dated Gwrych, October 1st, 1807, consist chiefly of birthday compliments, affectionate addresses to her friends, and little poems, similar to the first effusions of most young poets.

A second volume of poems, entitled "The Domestic Affections," made its appearance in 1812, still bearing the name of Felicia Browne, among which are some of a more heroic character—"The Bards to the Soldiers of Caractacus," "The Dying Gladiator." That entitled "The Ruin and its Flowers," is, in melody and plaintive pathos, far beyond the fugitive poetry of the day, and excels the generality of verses composed at eighteen. They were written on an excursion to the old fortress of Dy-ganwy, the remains of which are situated on a bold promontory near the entrance of the river Conway, which once echoed to the complaints of the captive Elphin, and resounded to the song of Taliesin, whilst its ivied vales, now fast mouldering into oblivion, formerly bore their part bravely in the defence of Wales.

Some of the happiest days of the young poetess were passed during occasional visits to some friends at Conway, where the charms of the scenery, combining all that is beautiful in wood, water, and ruin, were exactly calculated to kindle her enthusiasm; and the impression then made on her imagination by its lovely scenes were never effaced.

At times she would dream away whole hours in pensive contemplation amidst the remains of this old Welsh edifice, standing in solitary grandeur, and flinging its broad shadow across the waves which wash its foundation; and Miss Joanna Baillic's play of Ethwald, which she first read among the ruins of Conway Castle, was ever pleasingly associated with the recollections of them; so also were the lively chronicles of the chivalrous Froissart, with which she first became acquainted whilst at Conway, and whose pages never lost their hold upon her memory, nor their place in her favour.

With that happy versatility, which appears to have been ever a leading characteristic of her mind, she would, however, readily abandon her poetical reveries, to enter playfully into the enjoyments of a mountain scramble, or a picnic water party.

In 1809, her family removed from Gwrych to Bron-wylfa, near St. Asaphs in Flintshire, which has since been purchased by, and is now the property of her eldest brother, Colonel Sir Henry Browne.

In the preceding year she had become acquainted with Captain Hemans, who was then on a visit in the neighbourhood, when a mutual liking took place. He was, however, on the point of embarking with his regiment for

Spain; and the friends of both parties hoped that these mutual impressions might be as transitory as they were casual. But though three years elapsed before they again met, Captain Hemans, on his return from Spain, renewed the acquaintance, and their sentiments remaining unaltered, and the happiness of both seeming to depend upon a union, no farther opposition was made upon the score of worldly prudence, and in the summer of 1812, Felicia Dorothea Browne became the wife of Captain Hemans, then of the Fourth, or King's own Regiment of Infantry.

The ethereal nature of Mrs. Hemans must in fact have been but ill calculated to encounter the hardships and difficulties of this "worky-day world;" and indeed, from her own account, she ever seems to have had a distaste to what she termed "the dinner-ordering cares of life;" whilst Captain Hemans, whose health was impaired by the previous vicissitudes of a military life, including a Walcheren campaign, may possibly have required and exacted a more than ordinary attention to his own wants and wishes. Certain it is, however, that the union was not productive of happiness to either party.

On their marriage, however, Captain Hemans having been appointed adjutant to the Northamptonshire local militia, they first took up their abode at Daventry, where they resided for a twelvemonth, and where was born their eldest son, Arthur.

The corps to which Captain Hemans was attached, having been dissolved unexpectedly, the family returned to Wales in the following year, and became domiciled at Bronwylfa, and subsequently till the death of her mother, Mrs. Hemans was never drawn from her maternal care, and here were born her four younger sons.

Mrs. Hemans's eagerness for knowledge continued to be intense, and of her industry, volumes, still existing, of extracts and transcriptions, are evidence. The mode of her studies was very desultory to outward appearance, as she loved to be surrounded by books of all sorts and languages, and on every variety of topic, turning from one to another. And this course, it is said, "she pursued at all times—in season and out of season—by night and day—on her chair, her sofa, and bed—at home and abroad—in invalid, convalescent, and in perfect health—in rambles, journeys, and visits—in company with her husband, and when her children were around her—at hours usually devoted to domestic claims, as well as in the solitude of the study and bower."

At this time, her inspirations were chiefly drawn from classical subjects, and the influence that Greece and Rome held over her mind is evinced in her "Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," "Modern Greece," and the poems in the volume entitled "Tales and Historic Scenes." A number of translations published in 1818, demonstrate her familiarity with the various authors from whence they were extracted, namely, Camoens, Metastasio, Filicaja, Pastorini, Lope de Vega, Francisco Manuel, Della Casa, Cornelio Bentivoglio, Quevedo, Torquato and Bernardo Tasso, Gessner, Garcilazo de Vega, Chaulieu, Lorenzini, Petrarca, Pietro Bembo, &c.,—names embracing almost every language in Europe in which the muse has found a tongue. Her prize poem, entitled, "The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron," appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1819. A patriotic

individual having signified his intention of giving one thousand pounds towards the erection of a monument to Sir William Wallace, and a prize of fifty pounds for the best poem on the subject above alluded to, Mrs. Hemans was recommended to enter the lists as a competitor, and, to her own great surprise, her poem was selected as the best among the overwhelming number of those offered.

In the year 1818, Captain Hemans's health requiring the benefit of a warmer climate, he determined upon repairing to the Continent, and eventually fixed his residence at Rome. At this time a permanent separation was not contemplated by either party, and it was only a tacit and conventional arrangement, with a frequent interchange of correspondence relative to the education and the disposal of their children. But years rolled on, and from that time till the hour of her death, Captain and Mrs. Hemans never met again. She continued to reside with her mother at Bronwylfa, and had the five boys left under her care;—a sufficient proof that nothing more than incompatibility of pursuits and uncongeniality of temper were the moving causes of the separation.

Notwithstanding the peculiarity of her situation, in consequence of this separation, her talents, her amiable qualities, and the increasing popularity of her writings, continued to secure to Mrs. Hemans the warm attachment of several distinguished friends, among whom were Bishop Luxmoore and Bishop Heber, with the latter of whom she became acquainted in 1820, and who was the first literary character with whom she ever familiarly associated. To him she submitted the commencement of a poem, entitled "Superstition and Revelation," which was, however, never completed by her, and at his suggestion, she was first led to offer her "Vespers of Palermo" to the stage. This play, completed in June, 1821, was, after many theatrical delays, acted at Covent Garden, in December, 1823, but proved a failure. It, however, led to a correspondence with the poet Milman, who kindly interested himself in its behalf; and it was subsequently acted in Edinburgh with considerable success,—with an epilogue written by Sir Walter Scott.

"The Sceptic," the only didactic poem ever written by Mrs. Hemans, was published in 1820. Some years afterwards she received a visit from a gentleman, who thanked her earnestly for the benefit he had derived from its perusal, which he stated to have been greatly instrumental in drawing him back from the very verge of infidelity.

In June, 1821, Mrs. Hemans received the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature, for the best poem on the subject of "Dartmoor." On hearing of its success, she wrote to a friend, "What with surprise, bustle, and pleasure, I am really almost bewildered. I wish you had seen the children when the prize was announced to them yesterday. Arthur, you know, had so set his heart upon it, that he was quite troublesome with his constant inquiries upon the subject. He sprang up from his Latin exercise, and shouted, 'Now, I am sure mamma is a better poet than Lord Byron.' Their acclamations were really deafening, and George said that 'the excess of his pleasure had really given him a headache.'"

It was about this time that the return of her sister from Germany, bringing with her an ample supply of German books from her eldest brother, then with the embassy at Venice, caused Mrs. Hemans to become an enthusiastic

admirer of the literature of that country. She, in general, preferred the works of Schiller to those of Goethe, and to the "Stimmen der Völker in Liedern" of Herder, was she indebted for the first idea of her own "Lays of Many Lands," most of which first appeared, in 1823, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by the poet Campbell. She had previously been a contributor to the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, then conducted by the Rev. Robert Morehead, in which periodical appeared several of her poems, together with a series of papers on foreign literature, which were, with a few exceptions, the only prose compositions she ever gave to the world.

The *Welsh Melodies*, which were composed in the summer of 1822, and which first introduced Mrs. Hemans to the public as a song writer, soon after made their appearance.

In the summer of 1823, "The Siege of Valencia," together with "The Last Constantine, and other Poems," were published by Mr. Murray, who, the same year, gave her two hundred guineas for the copyright of her "Vespers of Palermo."

Several of her poems were written in 1822, in the laundry, a building detached from the dwelling-house at Bronwylfa, where, in consequence of certain alterations and additions that were going on, she was induced to take refuge from the obstreperous din of workmen, and from which locality, she was wont to say, it would be no wonder if *mangled lines* were to issue.

It was in the autumn of 1824, she began the poem entitled "The Forest Sanctuary," relating to the sufferings of a Spanish Protestant, in the time of Philip the Second, supposed to be narrated by the sufferer himself, who escapes to America. In point of finish and consecutiveness, this is considered by some to be her principal work, and she herself inclined to look upon it as her best. Though finished in 1825, it was not published till the following year, when it appeared in conjunction with "The Lays of Many Lands," and several miscellaneous poems, which had already appeared in many of the periodicals. She had already composed a tragedy, entitled "De Chatillon, or the Crusaders," which was published after her death, from the original rough manuscript, the fair copy having been accidentally lost or mislaid.

In consequence of the second marriage of her eldest brother, in the spring of 1825, Mrs. Hemans, with her mother, her sister, and her four boys, the eldest being at school at Bangor, removed from Bronwylfa to Rhyllon, another house belonging to Colonel Browne, and situated on the opposite side of the river Clwyd, about a quarter of a mile from the former place.

Notwithstanding its unpromising aspect, Rhyllon soon became a favourite residence with Mrs. Hemans, and here she passed some of the happiest days of her life. Here were composed the "Records of Women," which were published in 1828; and a small woodland dingle was with her a favourite retreat, where she passed many hours of enjoyment with her books, her own sweet fancies, and her children sporting around her, and to which sequestered spot many allusions are made in her subsequent poems.

But the tranquil cheerfulness of this part of Mrs. Hemans's life was to be but of short continuance. Early in 1826, her eldest brother's happiness was clouded by severe

affliction, and the impaired health of her mother threatened a fatal termination to her sufferings. Her death, which took place in 1827, was an irreparable loss to her afflicted daughter, who, being without her natural protector, clung with redoubled affection to the maternal society for shelter and security.

Could Mrs. Hemans have found consolation in fame, she might have been comforted, as her reputation as a poetess was now spread far and wide, and the interest she excited in America was so great that a liberal offer of a certain income was made to her, if she could be induced to take up her residence in Boston, for the purpose of conducting a periodical work. Indeed, the admiration felt for her there, as elsewhere, was such that she was repeatedly sought out by travellers from that country; and the homage paid to her, and the expressions of the interest she excited, were occasionally quite whimsical.

Mrs. Hemans's literary friendships and correspondences were now continually on the increase, scarcely a day passing without bringing with it some new communication, interesting either from its originality or from the distinguished name of the writer. With truth and kindness Mrs. Grant of Laggan wrote to her, alluding to Shenstone's lonely existence—"not loved, not praised, not known,"—"How very different is your case! Praised by all that read you—loved by all that praise you—and known in some degree wherever our language is spoken."

Among others of her correspondents, who were admired by her, and by whom she was duly appreciated in return, were Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, and Miss Jewsbury.

So great was the enthusiasm felt by the last-named lady for the writings of Mrs. Hemans, that, in the summer of 1828, she took a cottage in her neighbourhood, for the sake of her society; and, notwithstanding the apparent dissimilarity of character, a warm and lasting intimacy was formed between them. Many of Miss Jewsbury's "Lays of Leisure Hours," which were dedicated to Mrs. Hemans, were composed at this period; and her picture of "Egeria" in the "Three Histories," was avowedly taken from the same original. "Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me; other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw any one so exquisitely feminine."

Her birth, her education, but, above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life—it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with 'a golden finger.' Any thing abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her; her knowledge was extensive and various, but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her imaginative conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition;—the one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately 'a falcon-hearted dove,' and a

"a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses."

In conversing with her on Moore's theory of the unfitness of genius for domestic happiness, Wordsworth remarked, "It is not because they *possess* genius that they make unhappy homes, but because they do not possess genius *enough*; a higher order of mind would enable them to see and feel all the beauty of domestic ties." Of herself she says, "He has been singularly fortunate in long years of almost unlimited domestic peace and union."

So much pleased was she with the lakes, that, on leaving Rydal Mount, she was induced to hire Dove's Nest, beautifully situated on the banks of Windermere, which she thus describes: "The house was originally meant for a small villa, though it has long passed into the hands of farmers, and there is, in consequence, an air of neglect about the little demeane, which does not at all approach desolation, and yet gives it something of touching interest. You see every where traces of love and care beginning to be effaced—rose-trees spreading into wildness—laurels darkening the windows with their luxuriant branches;—and I cannot help saying to myself, 'Perhaps some heart like my own in its feelings and sufferings has here sought refuge and found repose.' The ground is laid out in rather an antiquated style, which, now that nature is beginning to reclaim it from art, I do not at all dislike. There is a little grassy terrace immediately under the window, descending to a small court with a circular grass-plot, in which grows one tall white rose-tree. You cannot imagine how I delight in that fair, solitary, neglected-looking tree. I am writing to you from an old-fashioned alcove in the little garden, round which the sweetbriar and moss-rose-tree had completely run wild; and I look down from it upon lovely Windermere, which seems at this moment even like another sky, so truly is every summer cloud and tint of azure pictured in its transparent mirror."

Even in this sequestered spot her celebrity had preceded her, and tourists from America and visiting cards found their way to her. They brought credentials that she could not but acknowledge, and, as she playfully observes, "an album was levelled at her, like a pocket-pistol, before all was over."

In the middle of August, Mrs. Hemans was prevailed upon to make a second visit to Scotland, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of her friend Sir Robert Liston, and at Milburn Tower she formed an acquaintance with the family of the late J. C. Graves, Esq., of Dublin, who were Sir Robert Liston's guests at the same time with herself, which, ripening into friendship, induced her to take Dublin in her way to Wales from Scotland; and being much pleased with that city, where, with the advantages of education for her boys, she would also be in the vicinity of her brother, Major Browne, she eventually resolved upon settling in Ireland.

She had at one time contemplated taking up her abode in Scotland, but Edinburgh was too cold for her now seriously impaired health, and she had long been troubled and annoyed with advice and prognostications of evil, resulting from what she termed her "incurrible perverseness with regard to sage advice," adding, "whenver my death, from neglect of fur-cloaks and flannel-wrapping gowns, comforters, and hare-skins, does really take place, as the fulfilment of a thousand prophecies, I have the pleasure of thinking that it will be a matter of general satisfaction."

Late in the autumn, on her way back to Wavertree, she paid her last visit to Bronwyflla, and bade a second adieu to the

"Green land of her childhood, her home, and her dead;"

and in the spring of 1831, she finally left Wavertree, which had ever been distasteful to her, possessing neither the pleasures of a town, nor the retirement of the country, to take up her abode in Ireland.

In the latter end of April she quitted England for ever; and after spending a few weeks in Dublin, proceeded to visit her brother, then residing at the Hermitage, near Kilkenny. "This," she wrote, "is a very pretty little spot; and I should be really sorry that my brother is to leave it in two or three months, were it not that the change will be one of great advantage to himself, as he is appointed to a trust of high responsibility. I have a blue mountain chain in sight of my window, and the voice of the river comes in to me delightfully. My health has been very unsettled, yet my friends are surprised to see me *looking* so well. I think that on the whole the soft climate agrees with me; my greatest foe is 'the over-beating of the heart.' My life in Dublin was what might have been expected—one of constant excitement, and more 'broken into fragments' than ever."

Of this beating of the heart Mrs. Hemans had had very serious admonitions from her medical attendant, who told her that "nothing but great care and perfect quiet would prevent its assuming a dangerous character." "I told him," said she, "that he might as well prescribe for me the *powdered diamonds* which physicians of the olden time ordered for royal patients. I must own that this has somewhat deepened the melancholy impression under which I am going to Ireland, for I cannot but feel assured that *he is right*."

But Mrs. Hemans was not fated to enjoy the quiet prescribed to her in Ireland, where, as every where else, she found herself the object of curiosity, attention, and remark, which, to one of her sensitive and retiring nature, was disagreeable and almost painful. When she went to see Woodstock, where formerly dwelt, and where then lay buried, her sister poetess, Mrs. Tighe, and where she wished to have been alone with nature and her thoughts, she found herself the object of quite a *reception*. "There was no help for it, though I never felt," she observes, "so much as if I wanted a *large leaf* to wrap me up and shelter me. Still one cannot but feel grateful for kindness, and much was shown me."

In Mrs. Tighe she had ever felt a deep interest, on account of a fancied similarity between their destinies, and her visit to her tomb was commemorated in some touching lines, published in the *National Lyric*—

"I stood where the lip of song lay low,
Where the dust had gathered on beauty's brow,
Where stillness hung on the heart of love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above."

Early in the autumn of 1831, Mrs. Hemans took up her abode in Dublin, where she first resided in Upper Pembroke Street, the two elder boys of those under her care being at school, at the Rev. Dr. Gwynne's, of Castleknock, and the youngest having his education superintended by the Rev. R. P. Graves, of Trinity College. Though she entered but little into the gaiety and general society of Dublin, she still enjoyed a kindly intercourse with a few intimate friends, amongst whom may be mentioned the Graves family, and their relations Dr. and Mrs. Percival;

Colonel D'Aquilar, the brother of Mrs. Lawrence of Wavertree Hall; Professor, now Sir William Hamilton; but above all, the Archbishop of Dublin and Mrs. Whately, together with their then inmate, Mr. Blanco White. Indeed, few individuals appear to have been blessed with more zealous and devoted friends than Mrs. Hemans, independent of her own immediate family, by whom she appears to have been almost idolized.

In the course of the autumn she paid a visit to the county of Wicklow, where, though her ill health prevented her enjoying its wild beauties so much as she otherwise might have done, she made excursions to the Devil's Glen, Lake Glendalough, and the Vale of the Seven Churches. In following the course of a little waterfall, she received from the guide, a female, the very flattering compliment of being "the most *courageous* and lightest-footed lady she had ever conducted there."

On her return home, she became a sufferer from a very severe attack of heart palpitation, accompanied with fainting fits and indescribable languor. She was shortly after attacked with a low fever, "during part of which time," she tells her friends, "when I could neither read nor listen to reading, I lay very meekly upon the sofa, reciting to myself almost all the poetry I had ever read. I composed two or three melodies also; but having no one here to catch the fugitives, they have taken flight irrecoverably. I have lately written what I consider one of my best pieces, 'A Poet's Dying Hymn.' It appeared in the last number of *Blackwood*."

With regard to her Melodies, she had for some time been sensible of a newly-awakened power in herself, of inventing airs, adapted to the words of her own lyrics, which proved a source of great delight to her, though she found some difficulty in the mechanical part of noting down, or what she called "caging," her musical fancies. In this task she was kindly assisted by Mr. Lodge, to whom she was also indebted for the symphonies and accompaniments of some of her songs. Latterly, however, she seldom played, excepting for the amusement of her friends, music making her so sorrowful as to be quite painful to her. Indeed, her altered health, and the presentiments which silently arose in her mind, appear to have greatly affected her spirits, her playful vivacity by degrees subsiding into a more subdued and serene frame of mind, whilst she took increased delight in sacred literature, and earnestly and diligently studied the Holy Scriptures.

The awful visitation of the cholera in Dublin in the summer of 1832, was a striking and impressive lesson to all; but though she felt the solemnity of "the presence of this viewless danger," she nevertheless did not take flight from the city, as was done by many families. She could, however, even now, still occasionally laugh at the ludicrous homage paid to her talents, "the gentlemen treating her as if she were the muse Calliope, with solemn reverence and constant allusions to poetry; and the ladies, as if they expected sparks of fire to proceed from her lips, as from those of the sea princess in Arabian fiction."

She still sought for relaxation from her more serious studies,—the works of Bishop Hall, Leighton, and Jeremy Taylor,—in the pages of her favourite Wordsworth, and in all such works as describe the appearances of nature, Gilpin's, White's "Selborne," Miss Mitford's, the Howitts', &c., which she was wont fancifully to term "her green books."

About this time she removed to 36 Stephen's Green,

partly for the sake of having back rooms, as she suffered greatly from the noises in the street where she had previously been living; for such was now the state of nervous suffering to which she was reduced, that it was, as she expressed herself, "as if she felt, and more particularly heard, every thing with *unsheathed* nerves." "In my literary pursuits," she observes, "I fear I shall be obliged to look out for a regular amanuensis. I sometimes retain a piece of poetry several weeks in my memory from actual dread of writing it down."

Unfortunately, her maternal anxiety, and the enormous expenses attendant upon the education of, and the establishment of young men in the world, appear at this time to have stimulated her to exertions for which her strength was but little calculated; for though not absolutely compelled from her circumstances to make her poetical talent a source of profit, it probably was expedient, and in one of her latest letters to Mrs. Lawrence, she laments the not having been able to devote herself to some great work—"It has ever been one of my regrets, that the constant necessity of providing sums of money to meet the exigencies of the boys' education, has obliged me to waste my time in what I consider more desultory effusions,

'Pining myself away,

As a wild bird, amidst the foliage, turns

That which within him thrills, and beats, and burns,
Into a fleeting lay.'

My wish ever was to concentrate all my mental energy in the production of some more noble and complete work, something of pure and holy excellence, (if there be not too much presumption in the thought,) which might permanently take its place as the work of a British poetess. I have always, hitherto, written as if in the breathing time of storms and billows."

She was gratified in seeing several of her sons provided for during her own short career upon earth. George Willoughby, lately returned from the military college at Sorèze, was now engaged in the Ordnance Survey in the north of Ireland, and with maternal pride she wrote, "His superiors make the best reports of him. He never loses an opportunity of writing to me the most affectionate letters, and takes a delight in my poetry, which, I trust, may be attended with better and higher results than those of mere delight."

An opening presenting itself for one of her sons in a mercantile pursuit, her son Claude sailed about this time for America, and, as she says, "she the less regretted his destination thitherward, as his inclinations had always decidedly pointed to that country." Her latter days were also considerably cheered by her "dear Henry," then of an age to enter upon the active duties of life, receiving an appointment from Sir Robert Peel to a clerkship in the Admiralty, accompanied with a munificent donation, through the exertions of her friend Mrs. Lawrence; a circumstance as honourable to the heart of the patron, as it was gratifying to the maternal feelings of the mother, to find that she had herself been the cause of her son's early success in life.

The spring of 1833 found Mrs. Hemans established in No. 20 Dawson Street, Dublin, the last of her earthly homes; and here she devoted herself to the preparation for the press of her "Hymns for Childhood," and her "National Lyrics,"—which were brought out in the following year by Messrs. Curry, of Dublin. The former had been written some years before, and had indeed been

previously printed at Boston, New England, in 1827, at the recommendation, and under the kind auspices of her friend and admirer, Professor Norton, to whom they had been sent for the use of his own children.

Shortly after the appearance of what she termed "The Fairy Volume of Hymns," her long-contemplated collection of "Scenes and Hymns of Life" was published, and inscribed to the poet Wordsworth. Many of these, though equally poetical, are of a more serious turn than some of her preceding poems. She also at this time contemplated a series of German studies, consisting of scenes and passages from some of the most celebrated German authors, introduced and connected by illustrative remarks. But she only lived to complete one of these papers, on Goethe's *Tasso*, which was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for January, 1834, and the language and sentiments of which are as poetical as if they had been clothed in verse.

In the preceding autumn a happy meeting had taken place between Mrs. Hemans and her sister and brother-in-law, after a separation of five years. Though they found her "sadly worn and faded, and her health very fragile, yet she rallied wonderfully, and was again her former self, under the vivifying influence of their society." With all her own cordial kindness, she busied herself in forming various plans for the interest and amusement of her visitors; and many happy hours of delightful converse and old home communion were passed by her and her sister, in her two favourite resorts, the lawn of the once stately mansion of the Duke of Leinster, (now occupied by the Dublin Society,) and the spacious gardens of Stephen's Green, which, at certain periods of the day, are almost as retired as a private pleasure-ground. There was something in the antique and foreign appearance of this fine old square, which made her prefer it to all the magnificence of modern architecture, so conspicuous in other parts of Dublin; and she would describe, with much animation, the striking effect she had often seen produced by the picturesque and quaint outlines of its irregular buildings, thrown into dark relief by the fiery background of a sunset sky.

At this time a visit to the lakes of Westmoreland, and another happy reunion there, was projected for the following summer; but in the month of July, Mrs. Hemans was seized with an attack of fever, which so much reduced her strength, that she was reluctantly compelled to abandon her long-cherished scheme. A little excursion into Wicklow, which she made for change of air, was unfortunately productive of the most disastrous effects, as she caught the scarlet fever, at an inn, and was, in consequence reduced there to an alarming state of weakness.

On her recovery, she returned to Dublin, where, being recommended to be as much as possible in the open air, she spent the greater part of her time in the gardens of the Dublin Society, where she caught her last and fatal cold. One day, whilst absorbed in a book she was reading, as was her custom, she did not perceive the gradual closing in of an autumnal fog, till its penetrating chill had pervaded her whole frame, and a sort of shuddering thrill accompanied the presentiment that her days were numbered.

The same evening she was attacked with a fit of ague, and her already wasted form was soon reduced to an excessive state of debility, which only gave way to be followed by more alarming symptoms. Country air being recommended, the Archbishop and Mrs. Whately placed at her disposal their country-seat, Redesdale, a delightful

retirement, about seven miles from Dublin, where she spent a few months, "receiving kindness truly heart-warm."

But though she derived some temporary benefit from this change, she was in March constrained to return to Dublin, to be near her medical attendants. She had at this time lost the use of her limbs, and had to be lifted in and out of the carriage by her brother, Major Browne, who, with her sister-in-law, now devoted himself to attendance upon her. They were soon joined by her sister and her son Willoughby, who stayed till called away by even more imperative claims. Her son Charles had the melancholy pleasure of attending his mother to the last.

Mrs. Hemans was now too ill to leave her room, and was only laid upon a couch during the daytime, occasionally suffering severely. But all was borne with resignation and patience, and when not able to bear even the fatigue of reading, she had recourse to her mental resources, and as she lay on her sofa, she would repeat to herself whole chapters of the Bible, and page after page of Milton and Wordsworth. Her thoughts reverted frequently to the days of her childhood—to the old house by the sea-shore—the mountain rambles—the haunts and the books which had formed the delight of her childhood. She was wont to say to those who expressed pity for her situation, that "she lived in a fair and happy world of her own, among gentle thoughts and pleasant images;" and in her intervals of pain she would observe, that "no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose." Indeed her sister observes, "At times her spirit would appear to be already half-etherialized, her mind would seem to be fraught with deep and holy and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, 'to commune with her own heart,' and reflect on the mercies of her Saviour."

On the 15th of March, after receiving the holy sacrament, she became extremely ill, but a temporary improvement took place, and on the 26th of April, she dictated to her brother, (for she had for some time been constrained to employ an amanuensis,) her "Sabbath Sonnet," the last strain of the sweet singer of the hearth, the home, and the affections.

On Saturday, the 26th of May, she sank into a peaceful slumber, which continued all day, and at nine o'clock in the evening her gentle spirit passed away without pain or struggle.

Her remains were deposited in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church, Dublin, almost close to the house where she died. A small tablet has been placed above the spot where she is laid, inscribed with her name, her age, and the date of her death, and with the following lines from a dirge of her own:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit! rest thee now!
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They, that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

A similar memorial has also been erected in the cathedral of St. Asaph, bearing the following inscription:

THIS TABLET,
PLACED HERE BY HER BROTHERS,
IS
IN MEMORY OF
FELICIA HEMANS,
WHOSE CHARACTER IS BEST PORTRAYED IN HER
WRITINGS.
SHE DIED IN DUBLIN, MAY 26TH, 1835,
AGED 41.
WORKS.

Early Blossoms of Spring, 1808.
The Domestic Affections, 1812.
Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy.
Modern Greece.
Meeting of Wallace and Bruce, 1819.
Tales and Historic Scenes.
The Sceptic, 1820.
Dartmoor, 1821.
Welsh Melodies, 1822.
Siege of Valencia, and the Last Constantine, 1823.
Vespers of Palermo, 1823.
The Forest Sanctuary, 1826.
Records of Women, 1828.
Songs of the Affections, 1830.
National Lyrics, 1834.
Hymns for Childhood, 1834.
Scenes and Hymns of Life, 1834.

MRS. MACLEAN,

(BETTER KNOWN AS MISS LONDON.)

MRS. MACLEAN, widely known to the public as L. E. L., or Letitia Elizabeth Landon, was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family, settled at one time at Crednall, in Herefordshire; where, till the disastrous period of the South Sea Scheme, they were in the possession of landed property. The whole of the patrimonial estates were then lost through the unfortunate speculations of Sir William Landon; in consequence of which, his descendants were obliged to provide for themselves by their own exertions.

One of them, the great-grandfather of Miss Landon, was the rector of Nursted and Ilsted, in Kent, where he died in 1777. His son, the Rev. John Landon, was also in the church, and held the rectory of Tedstone Delamere, near Bromyard, in Herefordshire, from 1749 to 1782.

Mr. Landon had a family of eight children, of whom Miss Landon's father was the eldest. He entered the navy in early life, but afterwards became an army agent. He married Miss Catharine Jane Bishop, a lady of Welsh extraction, and settled in the house which is now No. 25 Hans Place, Chelsea, where, on the 14th of August, 1802, was born their celebrated daughter, Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

She was the eldest of three children, of whom one, a girl, died at the age of thirteen; the other was her brother, the Rev. Whittington Henry Landon, the at-

tached and long the almost inseparable companion of her childhood and youth, and for whom she appears to have felt a peculiarly strong attachment; and to him is addressed a beautiful poem, descriptive of the feelings of their early days, when first perusing the voyages of Captain Cook.

Miss Landon received the first rudiments of education from an invalid friend and neighbour, who was wont to throw the letters of the alphabet over the carpet, and on the infant scholar bringing to her the right one, she received some trivial reward, which, on her return home, was displayed in the drawing-room, and invariably shared with her brother, who consequently was wont to look very earnestly for the hour of her appearance. She was only in her sixth year when she was sent for some months, to a school kept by Miss Rowden, subsequently Countess St. Quentin, at No. 22 Hans Place, in which house she in after years resided for several years with the Misses Lance as a boarder.

Up to this period Miss Landon had never left London, excepting on short visits to a place called Coventry Farm, on the borders of Hertfordshire, where her father, confiding the superintendence of his projects to a brother, speculated deeply, and became in consequence, subsequently, greatly embarrassed in his circumstances. In the mean time, his more prosperous brother, Whittington under the patronage and favour of the Duke of Portland, rose to honours and distinction in the church, being provost for more than thirty years of Worcester College, Oxford, besides being appointed to the lucrative deanery of Exeter, which he held till his decease in 1839. Another brother had the livings of Aberford, in Yorkshire, and Amesbury.

Miss Landon seems to have been a frequent visitor at the house of her different relatives; and upon one occasion she thus playfully describes the dismay of her cousins at her deficiency in certain fashionable acquirements; for which, indeed, L. E. L. seems never to have had any taste.

"The younger ones were sadly distressed at my want of accomplishments. When I first arrived, Julie and Isabel began to cross-question me—'Can you play?'—'No.' 'Can you sing?'—'No.' 'Can you speak Italian?'—'No.' 'Can you draw?'—'No.' At last they came down to 'Can you write and read?' Here I was able to answer to their great relief, 'Yes, a little.' I believe Julie, in the first warmth of cousinly affection, was going to offer to teach me the alphabet."

But though, as she elsewhere says of herself, "for music she had no ear, for drawing no eye, and dancing was positively terrible to her timid temper," yet was she a very clever girl, with a mind far beyond her years, though lacking the knowledge which alone could teach her how to use its powers. Plain as a child, and deficient in showy and attractive accomplishments, she was so nervously shy, that she was often unable to repeat the lesson she had thoroughly mastered, from over-anxiety to say it well, and the words died upon her lips, which were thoroughly imprinted on her memory; whilst, as is often the case with timid dispositions, the tears which rose too readily in her eyes were imputed to sullenness, rather than to their real source, bashfulness.

When about seven years of age, Miss Landon's parents removed to Trevor Park, not far from East Barnet, where, amidst scenes vividly depicted in various passages in her later works, were passed many of the happiest days of her childhood. In the "Traits and Trials of Early

Life," in "The History of a Child," she is supposed to have portrayed that of her own early years, but the account is part romance and part reality. She describes "a large, old, and somewhat dilapidated place,"—of which "only part of the grounds were kept in their original high order." Here she was wont "to wander in the almost deserted shrubberies, where the flowers grew in all the luxuriance of neglect over the walls." According to the same fictitious picture, on a small island, in a deep pond, almost dark with the depth of shadow, and partly covered with water-lilies, "with the large green leaves that support the loveliest of ivory boats, fit for the fairy queen and her summer court," grew one curiously-shaped but huge yew-tree, and in the shadows of this gloomy tree the embryo poetess was wont to conceal herself for the whole of her playtime, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and brooding over the troubles and sorrows which necessarily await every shy and sensitive person, and which are perhaps never more acutely felt than in the days of early childhood. Her childhood, however, was cheerful and often joyous.

Miss Landon appears to have been endowed with peculiarly sensitive feelings, which, though they caused her perhaps to magnify and exaggerate "the ills and woes that mortal man await;" yet, at the same time, enabled her, like all other imaginative children, to create for herself a fairy land of her own, in which she would find consolation for her sorrows and troubles, whether real or imaginary. She read with avidity every thing which came in her way, giving the preference, very naturally, to romance and poetry; and though the prudent and thoughtful cousin who undertook the care of her education whilst at Trevor Park, "always made it her particular care never to allow of her reading novels, knowing it would only weaken her mind, and give it a distaste to more serious reading," yet, despite the prohibition, Cooke's novelists and poets were all read through, even in the early days of childhood.

The reading of a new book appears to have been an epoch in her existence, and indeed of Robinson Crusoe, as she observes, the first perusal thereof is an epoch in every child's life. She says of herself, "For weeks after reading that book, I lived as if in a dream; indeed I scarcely dreamt of any thing else at night. I went to sleep with the cave, its parrots and goats, floating before my closed eyes. I awakened in some rapid flight from the savages landing in their canoes. The elms in our hedges were not more familiar than the prickly shrubs which formed his palisades, and the grapes whose drooping branches made fertile the wide savannahs."

Of the "Arabian Nights," she states, "the world thereof for a time became hers;" her little lonely island, dark with the mingled shade of the yew and the willow, whilst perusing them, was deserted for a gayer retreat, and she found a summer palace amid the beautiful boughs of a large acacia, where amid the odours of sweet smelling flowers, and the murmuring hum of bees, she made herself familiar with those splendid creations of oriental fancy. "The delight of reading these enchanted pages," she observes, "she ever ranked as the most delicious excitement of her life," and to a late friend, she fondly recalled "the delicious odour of the Russian leather in which they were bound, and the charming glance at the numerous pictures which glanced through the half-opened leaves" when they were presented to her by her father.

Whilst still a child, she would pace for hours up and down a certain lime-walk, in the grounds of Trevor Park,

deprecating interruption, "because she had such a beautiful thought in her head;" sometimes in silence, sometimes talking to herself, at others thinking aloud in verse; and at night she would inflict on her brother a long story, or an account of her intended travels; and singular to say, as a moth flits round the flame that is to be its destruction, so Africa, where she was eventually to find an untimely and mysterious death, was the country generally predominant in her mind, as that she most wished to visit. Her father's voyage thither as a young man might possibly have first turned her attention to that quarter of the globe, and this predilection was confirmed by a book which he gave her when a child, called "Silvester Trumper," which quite captivated her youthful fancy with its narratives of lions, bushmen, and other wonderful things.

Her brother did not appear, at all times, to have lent a willing ear to the marvellous creations of his sister; as, to induce him to listen to them, she was forced to agree to the bargain, that one day he should hear her stories, and on the following, she was to adopt his amusements. And a fresh stipulation was afterwards made, "that she was not to repeat the same story oftener than twice or three times at the most." One of their pastimes was playing at "being Spartans," and their greatest reproach would be to call each other "Sybarite," aiming to carry the Spartan maxims, of which they read in Plutarch's Lives, into common life.

Vain were the attempts to teach Letitia the art of fine penmanship, but no sooner could she scrawl, than her slate became her constant companion, on which the thickcoming fancies of the infant poetess were jotted down, oftentimes in the dark, as she invariably took it with her when she retired to rest, in order that she might commemorate any thought which struck her in the night. One of her first attempts at literary composition which was exhibited for perusal, though not now in existence, was on her cousin Captain Landon's return from America; another of her earliest pieces was a sketch of the character of Sir John Doyle, after reading an account of the Peninsular War.

Though the active mind of Miss Landon seems to have revolted against the drudgery and the mechanical part of education, generally so called, yet she appears rather to have acquired by intuition, than to have learned every thing in which she took an interest, and her French masters found the task of instruction a pleasure rather than a trouble, from the quickness with which she acquired the language. As for music, though vain were the attempts to force her into an artist, yet "it seemed to charm and inspire her, and for hours she would sit writing on her slate, whilst any one played or sung."

Though she emancipated herself as soon as possible from the trouble of practising, as many of the miseries of her early life had arisen from being obliged to learn to play upon the piano, few, perhaps, felt more deeply the mental enjoyment, if it may be so termed, which arises from music, when it appeals to the heart rather than to the ear, awakening a whole host of tender and practical associations. In her "Romance and Reality," she thus illustrates her own feelings on the subject.

"The love of music, like a continent, may be divided into two parts; first the scientific appreciation which depends on natural organization, and highly cultivated taste; and secondly, the love of sweet sounds for the sake of the associations linked with them, and the feelings they waken from the depths of memory; the latter is a

higher tone than the former, and in the first only are we English deficient. The man who stands listening to a barrel-organ, because he loves the tones 'he heard from the lips of his nurse,' or who follows a common ballad-singer, because her song is familiar in its sweetness, or linked with touching words, or hallowed by the remembrance of some other and dearer voice, surely that man has more a soul for music than he who raves about execution, chromatic runs, semitones, &c. We would liken music to Aladdin's lamp—worthless in itself, not so for the spirits which obey its call. We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings, it can summon with a touch."

Though she neither drew nor painted, yet with the pen she could bring the scene she described to the imagination, with a vividness that evinced she had viewed it in her mind's eye with an artist's vision, when merely perhaps the creation of her own brain. Although by no means partial to the country as a residence, yet she threw over every thing she saw there the halo of her own poetic fancy; whilst she also duly appreciated the picturesque effect of various scenes in London, only unheeded because of frequent occurrence. On one occasion she observes, "I do own I have a most affectionate attachment to London; the deep voice of her multitudes 'haunts me like a passion;' I delight in observing the infinite variety of her crowded streets, the rich merchandise of the shops, the vast buildings, whether raised for pomp, commerce, or charity; down to the barrel-organ, whose music is only common because it is beautiful. * * * Let any one ride down Highgate Hill on a summer's day, see the immense mass of buildings spread like a dark panorama, hear the ceaseless and peculiar sound, which has been likened to the hollow roar of the ocean, but has an utterly differing tone; watch the dense cloud that hangs over all—one perpetual storm, which yet bursts not,—and then say, if ever was witnessed hill or valley that so powerfully impressed the imagination with that sublime and awful feeling, which is the epic of poetry."

In her "Scenes in London," she has imparted much poetical beauty to those she has described; but with all her love for the metropolis, she, like every one else, protests against being buried there, for as she observes, "If there be one object more material, more revolting, more gloomy than another, it is a crowded churchyard in a city. It has neither sympathy nor memory. The pressed down stones lie heavy upon the very heart. The sunshine cannot get at them for smoke. There is a crowd, and like most crowds, there is no companionship. * * * No one can love London better than I do; but never do I wish to be buried there. It is the best place in the world for a house, but the worst place for a grave. An Irish patriot once candidly observed to me, 'Give me London to live in, but let me die in green Ireland;' now this is precisely my opinion."

Considering Miss Landon's predilection for London, it was fortunate that it was her fate to spend the greater part of her life in or near the metropolis, and singular, that it should be her fate, after thus protesting against a tomb there, that she should have found an untimely and premature grave on the uncivilized and almost unknown shores of Africa; there, according to her poetical wish,

"Perhaps some kindly hand may bring
Its offering to the tomb;

And say, as fades the rose in spring
So fades human bloom."

In 1815, when Miss Landon was about thirteen years of age, the family quitted Trevor Park; and after a twelve-months' residence at Lewis Place, Fulham, Mr. Landon removed to Brompton, where a considerable part of his daughter's youth was passed, excepting a year or two spent with her grandmother in Sloane Street, and some occasional visits to her relations. Here, no sooner was she emancipated from the school-room, and allowed to pursue the bent of her own mind, than her poetical reveries were committed to paper; and through the encouraging kindness of Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, to whose judgment they were submitted, while still in her teens, the youthful writer had the pleasure of seeing some of her verses first appear in print, in the pages of that periodical, and visions of fame, perhaps, in some degree comforted her for the reverses to which her family were then beginning to be subjected.

"*The Fate of Adelaide*," a Swiss romantic tale, dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, a story of love, war, and misery, with some minor poems, was published by Mr. Warren, of Bond Street, in a small volume in 1821, when she was about nineteen; and from that period till 1824, a series of "Poetical Sketches," to which were annexed *L. E. L.* only, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and speedily *L. E. L.* became a favourite with the public, whose curiosity to penetrate the mystery in which the youthful poetess seemed involved, was enhanced, perhaps, by the singularity of the signature.

The first of her principal poetical works, "*The Improvisatrice*," appeared in 1824; and in the summer of the succeeding year, followed "*The Truhabour*," with "*Poetical Sketches of Modern Pictures and Historical Sketches*," both of which volumes were published by Messrs. Hurst and Robinson.

To her father, whom she lost about this time, Miss Landon seems to have been most enthusiastically attached. He lived long enough to hail the dawn of his daughter's literary fame, and left her to struggle with all the difficulties which surround a young and fascinating female, admired and caressed by some, envied and slandered by others. She thus touchingly alludes to the discomforts of her situation in a letter addressed to her friend Mrs. Thomson in the following year.

"The more I think of my past life, and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment; from the time I was fifteen my life has been one continual struggle, in some shape or other, against absolute poverty, and I must say not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on my dress. It is easy for those whose only trouble on that head is change, to find fault with one who never in her life knew what it was to have two dresses at a time. No one knows but myself what I have had to contend with."

Much to Miss Landon's honour, it must be stated, that the fruits of her literary exertions were almost invariably applied to the support and maintenance of her family, and to the assistance of her brother when he was sent to Oxford by his uncle, as he loved, indeed, affectionately to remember and to acknowledge; and, in after times, to her amiable exertion in his behalf, when he was canvassing for the Secretaryship of the *Literary Fund*, was he mainly indebted for his success, many personages of rank and

distinction avowedly paying their homage to the merits of the sister, by giving their vote to her brother.

The Christmas of 1825 was spent by Miss Landon at the house of her uncle, the Rev. James Landon, at Aberford, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, and subsequently she boarded with the Misses Lance, in Hans Place, excepting when on visits to her friends. She continued their inmate till they quitted their house; after which she resided there with Mrs. Sheldon, who removed in 1837, to No. 28 Upper Berkeley Street West, where L. E. L. remained till within a short period of her marriage.

Miss Landon soon formed many literary acquaintances and friendships; and her society appears to have been very generally sought, as her conversational powers were as brilliant as her poetical talents were great. She possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous, and frequently amused herself by putting grave things in a laughable light, but in her satire there was nothing ill-natured or severe; and sometimes, whimsically assuming a character totally foreign to her own, she would express sentiments and maintain opinions, which would have impressed those not well acquainted with her worth, with the idea that she was a trifling and unintellectual person.

The same friend who has expressed the above opinion of her, observes that "the conversation of L. E. L. was as brilliant as her writings, showing upon all occasions, which called it forth, not merely in society, where she was the idol, but as the solitary companion of the rural walk, or fireside, always ready to amuse and be amused, and avenging any little quarrel with the world by the utterance of some misanthropic sentiment, the only ebullition of temper she was known to indulge."

Mr. Laman Blanchard, her confidential friend and literary executor, to whom she entrusted materials for the biography with which he has since favoured the world, and to the pages of which we are mainly indebted for this memoir, observes, "It would be no easy task to trace her studies in regular order, or to point out the sources of her extensive and varied knowledge. She often exhibited an acquaintance with books which could hardly by accident (it would appear) have been thrown in her way; and how she acquired, so early in life as she did, an insight into those subjects of foreign lore which she afterwards evinced a thorough acquaintance with, was little short of a mystery. She was well read in French, and almost equally well in Italian literature. She had, in truth, been an indefatigable reader; and while triflers in society listened, expecting that her talk would be of moonlight and roses, they were often surprised to hear her—unless mirth happened to be her object, or satire or mystification her choice—discussing the character of a distant age, or the rise of a great nation; the influence of a mighty genius upon his contemporaries; the value of a creed worn out; or some historical event, a judgment of which demanded—what she would not fail to exhibit if she spoke at all—an insight into the actions, the policy, and the manners of the time to which it related. Her studies, in short, put her in possession of great advantages, which her excellent memory enabled her to turn readily to account."

Miss Landon was not strictly handsome, her eyes being the only good feature in her face; but her countenance was intellectual and piquant, and her figure slight and beautifully proportioned. Altogether, however, her clear complexion, dark hair and eyes, the vivacious expression with which the latter were lighted up when animated and in good health, combined with her

kind and fascinating manners to render her extremely attractive; so that the rustic expression of sentiment from the Ettrick Shepherd, when he was first introduced to her, "I did nae think ye had been sae bonny," was perhaps the feeling experienced by many when they first beheld L. E. L.

Among the literary friends and associates of Miss Landon, with some of whom she was on terms of intimacy, may be enumerated Mrs. Thomson, the lady of Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, the authoress of the "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," the historical romance of "Anne Boleyn," &c., Mrs. S. C. Hall, with whom she became acquainted in 1828, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Procter, Allan Cunningham, Miss Jewsbury, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher, and Miss Emma Roberts.

In December, 1826, Messrs. Longman and Co. published "The Golden Violet, with Tales of Chivalry and Romance," in which a pleasing but fanciful account is given of the institution of the prize of the Golden Violet, for which compete minstrels of various countries, with ballads, tales, and romances, in different measures, "On the first-born of loveliest May," each striving for the beautiful flower of gold.

In October, 1829, by the same publishers, appeared her "Venetian Bracelet, The Lost Pleiad, The History of the Lyre, and other Poems;" and in the autumn of 1835, Messrs. Saunders and Otley published her "Vow of the Peacock," suggested by Mr. Macclise's splendid picture on the same subject, which had attracted her attention as a subject for poetical composition.

In addition to these works, she still continued a frequent contributor of poetical fragments to the Literary Gazette, in which her verses had made their first appearance. Several poems also appeared in the "Annals" and "New Monthly Magazine;" and in 1831, she undertook the management of "Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book," the eighth and last volume of which was completed in 1838, immediately previous to her departure from England. In 1832, she produced twelve accompaniments to some engravings, by the same publishers, under the title of "The Easter Gift, a Religious Offering," in the illustration of which, she states she "had the opportunity of embodying many a sad and serious thought which had arisen in hours of solitude and despondency."

In the lighter departments of criticism, she was also a devoted labourer, and it is stated that "were her opinions upon books and authors impartially extracted and collected in volumes, there would be seen in them the result of great miscellaneous reading, research in more than one foreign language, acuteness and brilliancy of remark, without one ungenerous or vindictive sentiment, one trace of unkindly or interested feeling."

L. E. L. has herself remarked, that "a history of the *how* and *where* works of imagination have been produced, would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves." A friend of hers observes, that "though a dilettante of literature would assign for the scene of her authorship a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-coloured and silver hangings, filled with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste," yet the reality was of a very different nature; for though her drawing-room was prettily furnished, it was her invariable habit to write in her bed-room,—a homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished—with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common worn wri-

ting-desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught besides the desk. A little high-backed cane chair, which gave you any idea but that of comfort, and a few books scattered about, completed the author's paraphernalia."

Love and chivalry were the favourite topics of Miss Landon's muse, and whilst she identified herself in idea with those whose sorrows she sang, lamenting, often in the first person, over disappointments and treacheries she never had then experienced, it may easily be supposed that those readers who were wholly unacquainted with the fair poetess, naturally concluded her to be the pining victim of unrequited affection. One of her friends, however, asserts, that so far from this having been the case, she manifested an extraordinary want of susceptibility in affairs of the heart, which she imputes to her having formed, in her own imagination, a beau ideal, to which standard of perfection none of her numerous admirers ever attained.

Her temper seems to have been naturally amiable and obliging, but from an extreme susceptibility of her nervous system, she was impatient under pain, and occasionally suffered severely from spasms or cramp, for which no adequate cause could be assigned. When highly excited, she experienced a sensation of atmospheric oppression,—when her constitutional irritability of temperament would find relief only in rapid motion in the open air, and however inclement might be the weather, she would pace for hours in the garden, or if she found that too bounded for her feelings, she would seek a wider space.

Her delicacy of feeling and irritability of frame rendered her very unequal to stand up against the various ill-natured rumours and remarks which perhaps were put into circulation by those who were envious of the admiration she excited, and the success of her literary labours. So deeply did she feel the unkindness of the suspicions, that of herself she broke off a matrimonial engagement into which she was at one time about to enter, though she had, in addition to the mental sufferings which she endured upon the occasion, a severe fit of illness in consequence.

In 1830, Miss Landon commenced her first novel, entitled "*Romance and Reality*," which was published in the following year. The plot of this novel is, perhaps, somewhat deficient in interest; a young lady, a beautiful, spoilt, and petted heiress, comes up from the country to be domiciled with a handsome and agreeable young man, with whom she falls in love, though his affections are placed elsewhere, and she eventually dies of a broken heart in consequence. We can all feel for a heroine who is deceived, betrayed, or ill-used, but not so easily do we sympathize with one who volunteers an attachment without any sufficient grounds for so doing. The story, moreover, is burdened with a number of scenes, that have no reference to the plot, and with conversations and descriptions of living characters apparently only introduced as vehicles for some piquant remark, witty allusions, or mournful and half-moral reflection.

In the following passage she probably describes her own bitter experience:

"Enthusiasm is the royal road to success. Now, call it fame, vanity—what you will—how strange and how strong is the feeling which urges on the painter or the author! We ought to marvel less at the works produced, than at the efforts made. Their youth given to hopes, or

rather fears—now brightening and now darkening, on equally slight grounds.

'A breath can mar them, as a breath has made,'—

hours of ceaseless exertion in solitude, of feverish solicitude or society: doomed to censure, which is always in earnest, and to praise, which is not. Alas! we talk of their vanity; we forget that in doling forth the careless sneer, we are bestowing but the passing thought of a moment to that which has been the work of an existence. Truly, genius, like virtue, ought to be its own reward, but it cannot. Bitter though the toil, and vain the hope, human exertion must still look to human approbation."

"*Francesca Carrara*," the next prose production of Miss Landon's pen, was published by Mr. Bentley in 1834. In this the story is considerably more interesting than that of "*Romance and Reality*;" but it is too uniformly melancholy; for as if from a presentiment of her own sad and untimely end, Miss Landon appears to have delighted in portraying death scenes, most of which are sudden and violent. In "*Romance and Reality*" there are four or five described, and in "*Francesca Carrara*" not less than eight, including the fatal catastrophe with which the work concludes.

That Miss Landon was aware of the melancholy strain of her own writings, is apparent from the following observations.

"I have been told that my writings are too melancholy. How can that be a reproach, if they are true? and that they are true, I attest the sympathy of others and my own experience. If I have painted a state of moral lassitude, when the heart is left like a ruined and deserted city, where the winged step of joy, and the seven-stringed lute of hope have ceased each to echo the other; where happiness lies cold and dead on its own threshold; where dust lies dry and arid over all, and there is no sign of vegetation or promise of change—if I paint such a state, it is because I know it well. Alas! over how many things does my regret take its last and deepest tone—despondency! I regret not the pleasures that have passed, but that I have no longer any relish for them. I remember so much, which, but a little while ago, would have made my heart beat with delight, and which I now think even tiresome. The society which once excited, is now wearisome. The book which would have been a fairy gift to my solitude, I can now scarcely read. So much for the moral world: and as for the imaginary world, I have overworked my golden vein. Some of the ore has been fashioned into fantastic, perhaps beautiful shapes, but now they are for others, and not for me! Once, a sweet face, a favourite flower, a thought of sorrow, touched every pulse with music. Now, half my time, my mind is too troubled, too worldly, and too sullen for song. Alas, for pleasure, and still more for what made it pleasure!

"But still more I regret the energy of industry which I once knew. I no longer delight in employment for the mere exertion—I am so easily fatigued and disheartened. I see too clearly the worthlessness of fulfilled hope. How vain seems so much that I once so passionately desired; and yet not always. The more disgusted I am with the present—with its faithless friends, its petty vanities, and its degrading interests, the more intensely does my existence blend itself with the future—the more do I look forward with an engrossing and enduring belief, that the creative feeling, the ardent thought, have not poured themselves forth wholly in vain. Good heaven! even to

myself how strange appears the faculty or rather the passion of composition, how the inmost soul develops its inmost nature on the written page!"

These somewhat querulous observations, however, perhaps only resolve themselves into the sensation of disappointment on the part of the young and inexperienced, that we cannot at the same time enjoy the blossoms of spring, the foliage of summer, and the fruits of autumn, and that the same individual cannot at the same period expect to possess the prize of hope, the pleasures of memory, and the benefits of experience.

The truth is, that Miss Landon's disposition was peculiarly lively and cheerful, her conversation was playful, and her letters were so characterized by easy gaiety, as to induce her friends to wish that she had no other employment than that of chronicling passing events, and painting the form and fashion of the time.

"Ethel Churchill, or the Two Brides," the last of Miss Landon's novels, which was published by Mr. Colburn, appeared in 1837. In elegance of expression and beauty of description, this perhaps far exceeds her preceding performances, but unfortunately the plot is an unpleasing one, and Lady Marchmont, one of the brides, becomes so disgustingly and revoltingly wicked, that the interest of the work is seriously injured thereby.

It appears, indeed, that in Lady Marchmont's derelictions from virtue, Miss Landon had a moral object in view, as she states in the preface, "To show the necessity of a strong and guiding principle—to put in the strongest light, that no vanity, no pleasure can ever supply the place of affection; to soften and to elevate, has been the object of the following pages. I know too well that I cannot work out my own ideal, but I deeply feel that it is beautiful and true."

It was in the summer of 1834 that an opportunity occurred for Miss Landon, through the medium of Sir A. Farquhar and his daughter, to visit Paris, where her friend, Miss Turin, was then staying. She had, in fact, determined on laying the scene of a new novel in the period of the French revolution, and it was desirable for her to become acquainted with the locality of the places she was to describe.

Though expressing herself delighted with Paris, she seems to have had a horror of sight-seeing, for she says of herself, "I really do not, in my heart, care for all the articles in marble, stone, or brick, that were ever ushered in with a paragraph in the Stranger's Guide. In my plan of Paradise, people will ride very little, and walk not at all. In revenge, they shall have the most comfortable chairs, and talk from morning till night."

A pleasing though somewhat melancholy little volume, entitled "Traits and Trials of Early Life," containing prose stories for children, by L. E. L., was published by Mr. Colburn in 1836. In the "History of a Child," she appears to have recorded the reminiscences of her own childhood, which render it particularly interesting, and perhaps in the picture of her own she has described the feelings and sensations of most timid and reserved, but at the same time clever and imaginative children.

It was in the autumn of 1836, that Miss Landon first met Mr. George Maclean, at the house of a mutual acquaintance at Hampstead. This gentleman was the eldest son of the Rev. James Maclean, of Urquhart, Elgin, and nephew to Lieut.-General Sir John Maclean. When about eighteen, he had been appointed secretary to the governor of Sierra Leone, and was still very young when he was himself appointed to the responsible situa-

tion of governor of Cape Coast Castle. Africa, the object of Miss Landon's early interest, was a ready topic of delightful conversation, and, like Desdemona, she soon learnt to "love him for the dangers he had past;" and perhaps "he loved her that she did pity them."

A mutual attachment ensued, and their marriage took place on the 7th of June, 1838, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, the ceremony being performed by the bride's brother, and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer enacting the part of father upon the occasion, by giving the bride away. On the 5th of the following July, the ship Maclean, having the governor and his lady on board, sailed from Portsmouth for Cape Coast.

Up to the period of her embarkation, L. E. L. seems to have continued her literary avocations. On one occasion she poetically illustrated the "Flowers of Loveliness," for Mr. Ackermann, and also edited a "Book of Beauty" for Mr. Heath. She likewise still contributed to the "Literary Gazette," "Court Journal," "New Monthly Magazine," and Mr. Schloss's "Bijou Almanac."

"Castruccio Castrucani," a tragedy, a posthumous publication, seems to have been only barely completed before she left England. "In this," she says, "her aim was to represent the first risings of the feudal system, and Castruccio is the attempted ideal of the hero and the patriot."

Though obliged to resign the editorship of the "Drawing-room Scrap-book," &c., in consequence of her leaving England, she, notwithstanding, entered into many literary engagements. Another novel was to be written, to be published by Mr. Colburn; the "New Monthly Magazine" was to receive contributions from her pen; and for a publication of Mr. Heath, she was to illustrate the female characters in Scott's novels, some of which were written from memory, but, through the kindness of Mr. Hutton, a gentleman at Cape Coast Castle, she was enabled to reperuse them there, "with a pleasure which only those who have been placed in similar circumstances can understand." Indeed, during her short abode in Africa, her pen appears, notwithstanding the climate, and other various calls upon her attention, to have been quite indefatigable.

The voyage to Cape Coast, where they landed on the 1st of August, seems to have been unattended by any incident of interest, beyond its having given rise to a beautiful "Address to the Polar Star," which derived particular interest from appearing in the same magazine which, on the 1st of January, 1839, gave an account of her melancholy and untimely end.

In her letters to her friends, she gives several pleasing accounts of her feelings in that distant part of the world, where she states she was enacting "a sort of female Robinson Crusoe." In one place she says, "I am very well, and very happy; my only regret—the emerald ring that I fling into the dark sea of life to propitiate fate—is the constant sorrow I feel whenever I think of those whose kindness is so deeply treasured." In another, written on the morning of her death, she describes the place as infinitely superior to all she ever dreamt of. "The castle is a fine building, with excellent rooms, on three sides surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed to pieces, like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining path of love or hope—a moment white, then gone for ever. The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very

striking,—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been ever said in her favour."

In several places she playfully describes her troubles in housekeeping, to which she had never been accustomed previously. She tells her brother, "You would be surprised at the pains I have taken. I give out every thing. I have made lists of every thing, and I stand over the cleaning of every thing. But I will give you the history of one day: I rise at seven, breakfast at eight—give my orders—give out every thing; flour, sugar, &c., from the store—see to which room I will have cleaned, and then sit down to write—lunch at one on roasted yam, and then write—much interrupted by having to see to different things till six—dress—walk in the verandah till dinner at seven." At that hour Mr. Maclean came in from the court, but till then she describes herself as never seeing a living creature but the servants. "The solitude (she writes to Mr. Blanchard) is absolute. I get up at seven o'clock, and till I see Mr. Maclean at our seven o'clock dinner, I rarely see a living creature except the servants. You may suppose what a resource writing is. * * * If my literary success does but continue, in two or three years I shall have an independence from embarrassments it is long since I have known. It will enable me completely to provide for my mother. Mr. Maclean, besides what he did in England, leaves my literary pursuits quite in my own hands, and this will enable me to do all for my family I could wish."

Previous to her departure from England she had contemplated a republication of her minor poems, selected from her favourite work, "The Drawing-room Scrap Book;" and in one of her letters to Mr. Fisher, she states, that "some of her very best poems had made their appearance there." In the volume which appeared in 1839, she observes, "For the last few years the 'Drawing-room Scrap Book' has been the cherished record of my poetical impressions, and my only poetical work; and I grew gradually to look forward to June and July, as recalling my first keen delight in composition." What she did not live to perform herself has devolved upon her friends, "The Zenana, and Minor Poems, by L. E. L., (with a Memoir, by Emma Roberts,)" were republished after her decease, by Mr. Fisher, in 1840.

Shortly after their arrival at Cape Coast Castle in August, Mr. Maclean was taken seriously ill, in consequence of being wet through in landing through the surf, during which period Mrs. Maclean appears to have been his attentive and most indefatigable nurse. For four nights she never attempted to do more than for half an hour, when he was still with opiates, to lie down on the floor in her shawl. At one time, as he afterwards told her, he had felt sure of dying, and then his only thoughts had been what would become of her. On which occasion, looking up in his face, she touchingly answered, "And do you really think that I could survive you? Never believe it, nor take any thought about my fate, for I am sure I should not live a day after you."

Though subject to spasms, hysterical affections, and deep and instantaneous fainting fits, whilst in England, Mrs. Maclean describes herself in her letters to her friends, as enjoying excellent health and spirits at Cape Coast Castle, with the exception of excruciating headache, and an abscess forming and breaking continually in her ear, which, indeed, had rendered her lately deaf on that side.

Previously to the fatal morning of the 15th of October,

she had been for three or four nights in constant attendance on Mr. Maclean, who was indisposed, which, probably, impaired her physical strength. On the preceding day she had appeared in her usual health and spirits, though at night she was attacked with spasms, for which she took some drops. On the following morning she complained of weariness; and having risen at six o'clock, went to bed again for an hour and a half. She then rose and employed herself in writing letters to her friends, as her maid, Emily Bailey, was to sail for England in the course of the day. She saw her mistress thus occupied at that time, and observed nothing particular in her appearance or manner. Half an hour afterwards, she had a note given her for Mrs. Maclean; and on going to deliver it, she found some difficulty in opening the door, and on entering the room, she discovered her mistress lying against it, quite senseless, on the floor, with an empty bottle in her hand, labelled with the name of the medicine she was in the habit of taking. The alarm was immediately given; but, notwithstanding surgical aid was almost instantly procured, life was extinct!

An inquest was held upon the body of this lamented lady; and the surgeon's evidence very clearly proved that, in his opinion, her death was caused by the improper use of the medicine (Prussic acid) which Mrs. Maclean had been in the habit of taking for the spasmodic affections to which she was subject, and which she appears to have considered essential to the preservation of her life; though Mr. Maclean had occasionally threatened to take it from her. The spasms coming on, whilst in the act of taking it, Mrs. Maclean might, he stated, involuntarily have swallowed more than she intended, or the spasms themselves might have occasioned her death, before she had time to call for assistance. The body, strange to say, was not opened.

On the day following her unfortunate end, Mrs. Maclean was interred in a grave dug near the castle, and within the wall enclosing it, and a handsome marble tablet has since been sent out to Cape Coast, to be erected in the castle, with the following inscription in Latin:

HERE LIES INTERRED

ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF

LETITIA ELIZABETH MACLEAN.

ADORNED WITH A PURE MIND,

SINGULARLY FAVOURED BY THE MUSES,

AND DEARLY BELOVED BY ALL;

SHE WAS PREMATURELY SNATCHED AWAY BY DEATH

IN THE FLOWER OF HER AGE,

ON THE 15TH OF OCTOBER, 1838,

AGED 36 YEARS.

THE MARBLE WHICH YOU BEHOLD, O TRAVELLER,

A BORROWING HUSBAND HAS ERECTED;

VAIN EMBLEM OF HIS GRIEF.

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THE END.

Du. 151.



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